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EDITORIAL

THE OLD TIME CHRISTMAS

IT began weeks before when mother made mysterious things and hid them under the bed and in the spare-room cupboard. It began with odors from the kitchen, odors of mince meat and fruit cake and dumpling.

One Christmas Eve we stood before the chimney and arranged our stockings, with never a one missing, and next morning by dull candlelight we were down to tear them from their pegs and carry them back to bed. All in one bed mind you! What whooping and yelling! What tugging and tearing! Now the beat of a drum, and now the squeak of a bugle, now the hugging of a doll and now the flourishing of a pair of skates. And then breakfast!

At ten o'clock precisely they began to come. First grandpa and grandma, talking to everybody at once, and admiring every gift over and over again, then Uncle Joe and Aunt Maria and Mary Jane and John Wesley and all the children until there wasn't a nail without clothes on it, nor a box without a child on it, nor a room without a crowd in it, nor a minute without a noise to match it.

At twelve o'clock the dinner was made in the kitchen—room for the grown-ups at the big table, and for the little ones at the bake-trough or bunk or at the big box borrowed from the granary.

The turkey! It could not be believed that such a big one, such a fat one, could walk on two legs. And as for dressing, and gravy, and potatoes, and turnips, and cauliflower, and pickles and sauces—there was no end. These, of course, were mere preliminaries to the pies—apple, mince, pumpkin, so deep that you could bury a spade in them, and swimming in cream so rich and plenty that they looked like floating islands.

You remember the games after dinner—the fiddle and the melodeon, the old time songs, the riddles, the ring games, with baby sitting on grandma's knee and grandpa nursing the boys and girls in turn.

Then came the supper and after that the harnessing of the horses and the jingle of bells, and long good-byes and then to bed.

And through it all the spirit of love and good will and good cheer. This surely is the spirit of Christmas; and may it come to us this year, and all the year, until the end of time.

"Thank God, there are no standard weights or measures by which to gauge the value of a caress a helpful warning, a laugh, or even a tear of joy or sympathy."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

AT Christmas the thought of the world goes out to the children. It is the season for bestowing and receiving gifts, and none enter into the game so heartily as the little ones who hang their stockings by the chimney side, and the wrinkled grandpas who act the part of Santa Claus.

Now there are gifts and gifts, and the choice that a parent makes measures his wisdom and his family devotion. For it is an easy thing to go to the store and make a purchase, but it is a supremely difficult thing to obtain the gift that is beyond price.

What children need more than anything else in this world is parental affection, and no gift however costly will take the place of this. Beautiful then is it to see a mother making something with her own hands for her children's stockings. No mittens are like mothers, no muffler so soft and soothing as one knit by her fingers. And did father really stop to consider it, there would be nothing so valued as an article which he assisted in making, or which he took trouble to test before the purchasing. It is not a mere gift that the child is seeking but a gift that conveys the love of the parent. A boy of fourteen would not take his bedtime snack from any one but his mother. "It doesn't taste the same," was all he said, but he gave the impression that he had a taste of mother every time he took a bite. Fortunate the mother who has her children bound to her in this way.

The best equipment a parent can give his child is not in the form of material wealth. There is no capital like the capital of heart and brain. One who neglects the education of his children and who seeks to atone for his neglect by giving a present of some kind at Christmas is making the greatest of all errors. Nor can education be given wholly in a school no matter how excellent it may be. The best that is in a man he should bequeath to his children and it can be transmitted only in a personal way. To talk to his boys, to associate with them on their work and play, to read to them and with them, these are the high opportunities of fatherhood, They are the gifts that may be presented day by day throughout the year, and they are of inestimable worth. And the mother's greatest gifts are similar —not dresses and ribbons and gew-gaws, but sympathy, and needed information and co-operative industry and play.

Of course, there are little Christmas gifts that every parent will delight to give, but the parent who lives with and for her children will make no mistakes and will not stint herself in the giving, and the children with quick sensibility will understand and appreciate.

The Christmas Season

Christmas is the Festival of the Affections. These affections are working all the year and are perhaps the strongest of the forces by which the world is moved. It is, however, only at Christmas time that we permit them to put on their holiday garb and display themselves in force.

The Christmas spirit is the best cure for all our individual and national ailments. Be it ours to perpetuate it in this land that has been given us as one of the greatest heritages that has come to any people.

The Western Home Monthly wishes its readers a joyful Christmas season.

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

Parents get gifts at Christmas tide. The best gift a child can make to his father and mother is a good reputation, a clean record of speech and action. It is possible that with our overgiving and ostentation we may have conveyed to the children a wrong impression. The thing of supreme value is a clean white soul, possessed of such virtues as obedience, faith and love. In its mad rush for material wealth, the world has brought itself through war and famine to the brink of the great abyss of self-destruction. Would it not be well now to put the emphasis on spiritual excellence, and would it not be well to begin in the greatest of all institutions, the home!

CHRISTMAS, 1922

ONCE again the bells ring in the message of peace and good-will reminding us of Him who came to earth to redeem mankind, and who in His words and actions continually preached the four great truths—My father, my brother, righteousness of the inner life; the law of fulfillment. It is because He was true to these ideals that He was the Prophet of Peace. Peace and good-will are impossible unless these teachings are transmuted into practice.

God, the Father. When men and nations get this thought imbedded in their consciousness, when it becomes an ever-present motive in their lives, they recognize that love is at the heart of the world. There may be temporary retrogression, failure to realize opportunity, faithlessness in the discharge of duty, but there is yet every reason for trust, peace, hope, courage. God is not dead. His help is available for all, and every act of filial devotion, personal and national, brings its sure reward.

Man, the brother. Men are indissolubly bound to each other—members of one another. All war and hatred; tyranny and cruelty are unworthy of those who were created in His image. The ideal is that each should live for all and all for each, that each should esteem his neighbor as himself.

The consistent life! Men cannot boldly be partially good and partially evil. Every sinful act leaves its trace in general decline. A man cannot be good on Sundays and run wild on week days. Life is all of a piece. One cannot proceed on the principle that it is good to be righteous and kindly at home, but crooked and corrupt in business dealings. The heart of a good man is white to the centre.

Sincerity of devotion! No formal devotion, no mechanical righteousness is sufficient. When a man puts down his mat and turns his face to Mecca, his words may be many and his prostrations prolonged. Yet if his heart is not behind it all in reverence and love the act availeth not. And what is true with worshippers of Mahomet is true with all. Real worship is of the heart, and forms and ceremonies are but secondary. Murder, rapine, and all other crimes are primarily of the heart, and God considers origins rather than overt acts.

Has Western Canada accepted the teachings of the Man of Nazareth? That after all is the most important question that could be asked today. For permanent well being, all true peace and good-will depend upon the acceptance of these principles. At times when we hear of rum-running, of bank robbery, and when we read of strikes and illicit combinations, when we see churches deserted, family ties dissolved, and political infidelity in places, we are alarmed and despondent. Yet we need not despair. Two thousand years ago, one man stood alone to proclaim the new gospel of love. Now there are thousands who accept the teachings and who more or less loyally follow His example. On every hand are institutions reared in His name, in which are performed gracious ministries—homes for the aged and infirm, for children and for orphans. Then there are joyous relationships in home and society of which the older world knew nothing, and these are the noblest testimony to Him who preached the new beatitudes. Today around us on every hand is evidence that the truly blessed are the meek and merciful, the poor in spirit and the pure in heart. The Man of Galilee has triumphed.

And this is only the beginning, for civilization acting through its institutions is slow to learn. Yet can we not see that in family life a revival of the feeling of responsibility and a recognition on the part of parents that their greatest treasures are the children; in the vocations have we not seen the return to normal honest practice and the widespread denunciation of dishonest practice; in the exercise of justice have we not heard unprecedented protest against enfeeblement of the judiciary by unwise appointments; in schools do we not witness the reign of love rather than the rub of force? And as for religious organizations, always conservative and pronounced in their self-assurance, do we not observe a loosening up, a willingness to co-operate, a tendency towards democracy and simplicity in devotion? Surely we are on the eve of better things. We are slow to learn, but thanks to the Master our ideal is definite and our faith in it unquestioned. Shall we not in the year that is before us actualize our possibility?

THE NEW SPIRIT

Today the Christmas call is for a new chivalry, a chivalry in which the chief ambition is service, and the willingness to risk all for a cause. Canadians need to be worthy of their pioneer ancestors. They toiled and suffered and conquered, in the Christmas Spirit. With them, self-surrender came high, but, as always, the price was worth the paying.

CHRISTMAS at RORY'S HOPE

TO find it one must go far northward, beyond the country of the Crees, beyond Ile a la Crosse and by way of the long Buffalo Lake up to where the Portage la Loche rises between the long chain of waterways southward and the flow of rivers that sets toward the Frozen Ocean; then miles and miles through the deep winding valley of the Clearwater where pine-clad hills are high, and on to the Forks of the Athabasca; after that, leagues along the broad reaches of the mighty river and straight away into the wilderness that stretches ever northward to the "Meeting-Place-of-Many-Waters;" and there, where the lonely waters of the "Lake-of-the-Winda" lave the granite rocks, it will be found—the Hudson's Bay post at the Fond du Lac. There alone in the country of the Chipewyans for seventeen years had lived old John Hawkins. Once, four years before, his dogs had travelled many weary miles southward to Fort Carleton to meet the winter packet.

Twelve days' journey farther still into the North, beyond the border of the Barren Grounds and far across wintry wastes to the desolate shores of the Great Slave Lake, lay the way to "Rory's Hope." There alone at this little lost fur-trading post for sixteen years had lived old Roderick MacQuaig in the country of the Slave Indians and the Dog-Ribs. Once, three years before, his dogs had dragged his sled south and east, many weary miles over the frozen distances to the Fort at Fond du Lac.

And at that time these two old traders had agreed that three years hence they would meet, God willing, and spend Christmas Day and the Yuletide together. For three years now each had been looking forward to this.

For great friends they had been in younger days when side by side they worked for the Company as clerks at old Fort Garry, two thousand miles to the south; that was before the remoter wilds had exiled both from the far-off busy world of men and their activities. And great friends they were now when the years had laid upon their beards and sifted in their hair the silver frost that does not melt away; and the friendship of their latter years had grown mighty in the dreary isolation of the lone spaces where pine trees stretched arms to an icy sky.

Big-framed, broad-shouldered, bright of eye and red of cheek was the Englishman, John Hawkins. His work was always well done; the Company knew what they were about when they made him factor at Fond du Lac. His store within the stockade was filled with blankets, colored cloths, guns, ammunition, bright handkerchiefs, ribbons and staples of Indian trade; in his storehouse the pelts accumulated till from the beams hung myriads of skins, worth many a gold-piece in the marts of London City—martens and minks and dark otters, fishers and black foxes, bears and beavers. The Indians came in blanket robes and dirty-white capotes; the pointed poles of a wigwam or two would rise on either side of the outer palisades while the Indians stayed and smoked; by-and-by they would go away. From the tapering staff, day after day, the red flag flew in the cold north blast.

Throughout the long, rigorous winters it was so; throughout the short lonely summers too. In the summer, the harsh cry of the "wavy" kept time to the lapping of the waters on the rocky shores of Athabasca; the pine islands rustled in the western breeze—nothing else moved over the eight thousand square miles of crystal sea; perhaps at long intervals, the canoe of a Chipewyan might glide along the bay-indented shores or cross some traverse of the open lake. In the winter—but only the "winterers" themselves could really know what that was. Late dawns, a few hours daylight; dusks, closing into long dark nights; tempests sweeping and roaring and moaning through stunted pine forests while wrack and drift hurled across the frozen lake. Landscape and life alike a drear monotony without excitement, each day just a little taken from the dreary prospect before and added to the hopeless separation behind. Wailings of storm and the haunting hush of solitude. Firelight and memories of far-away Scottish glens and English lanes, primroses and heather. Roderick MacQuaig had known these things for 16 years and for seventeen, John Hawkins.

The one bright break in the long winters for the Factor at Fond du Lac was when he journeyed two hundred miles to Fort Chipewyan at the west end of the lake to meet the winter packet. There the huskies of the voyageurs from the far Yukon and the distant Peace River country came together and fought; there the voyageurs themselves sat and smoked and told stories of the long trails while they waited. And there among these untamed men of the pays du nord had waited old John Hawkins many a time for the coming of the packet—had peered many a time far away through the "poudre" haze that hung low upon the surface of the lake for the first glimpse of an incoming dog-train.

And the excitement that always broke loose when at last shadowy figures could be seen through the drift. Sacre! but there was one grand noise! Maybe it was only Antoine la Fleur, a solitary "Freeman" from the Quatre Fourche, going like a good Christian to his prayers at the French Mission; but maybe not. For were not the dogs steering for the Fort? Hurrah! Voice le pacquet!

THAT was the way of it. Here was news—glad news, sorry news, letters from far-away homes, tidings of great doings on the earth, brought after months of toil, two thousand miles through a winter wilderness. No wonder there was excitement. No wonder there was noise! How could two wooden boxes possibly carry so much? Here at Fort Chipewyan they must be unpacked and packed again into three. Then on to the North goes a train of dogs for the distant Yukon; on to the West a train of dogs for the head of the Peace River and Eastward once more the dogs of old John Hawkins.

Not this year. He had it from Baptiste Charette, the half-breed voyageur, just in from the long Yukon trail—the swarthy Baptiste of the tasselated cap and the swift racquettes. He had passed Rory's Hope more than ten days before and he had seen the big white Factor there, and the Factor's face was white and thin and his voice weak with sickness. Had not Baptiste stayed there a whole day because of it? The weather had been very bad and few had passed that way, even Indians; the big Factor was much alone. But him, Baptiste, what could he do? He had already lost one day; he must go on.

That very afternoon a train of dogs set out swiftly into the dark of the quick-coming night and at the gee-pole sped the Factor from the Fond du Lac. Twelve more nights and it would be Christmas Day. At the old Mission near the Pointe de Gravois they were to have spent it; but not now. He had need to travel swiftly, for far across wintry wastes to the desolate shores of the Hope and old Roderick MacQuaig was weak with a sickness.

There was a moon that night and he was able to push on without a stop. It came up out of the ocean of snow, round and yellow; after a little, it turned to silver that stole brightly over the white wilderness and showed him the track. For a time he skirted the rim of the frozen lake where the pines threw black shadows along the steep rise of the shore; between the trunks the moonlight slanted and the snow, piled high on forest wreck, sparkled and glowed in the fretted light. Debouching from the forest, he descended into a marsh and reached the river. All night they travelled in the bright open of the river reaches and when the daylight came, the last sand ridges and island-tops of Lake Athabasca had sunk beneath the horizon.

SO the long journey began. The short twilight at the end of the first day found men and dogs alike fagging with the speed of their going, but well on their way. A few scant willows raised dry, leafless saplings through the snow at the place where they made camp and by burrowing in the deep drift of the willow bushes they found shelter for the night. In this manner they went on, each day but a repetition of the day before, and each night the man crawled into his sleeping-bag, the dogs close at his feet, miles deeper into the freezing waste that stretched to the north in endless distances of hard, drifted snow.

The sixth day found him at Pointe de Gravois; but he paused there only long enough to rest the dogs, then pushed on as before through the nip of the freezing cold. For two more days they pressed on while the light lasted and when the dark closed in, they made camp and the man hauled the bag of frozen fish from the sled and fed the dogs. The next night they rested for a few hours only, then broke camp and went on under a sky that blazed with Northern Lights; there was another reason now to hasten John Hawkins besides the sickness of his friend; for he knew that he must travel nights as well as days if he hoped to reach his journey's end before a northern blizzard filled the air with flying "poudre" snow.

"Mush! Mush!" His sharp command became a constant urge on the lagging dogs while the icicles gathered in his moustache and clung thick in his beard. But always the great drifts rolled in billows as far as he could see, piled up by the violent winter storms that had swept down from the north. The breath of dogs and man smoked white on the frosty atmosphere and the dry snow complained beneath the sled. Two of the dogs were limping badly; but the man in front, breaking the path, only clenched his teeth and went on, beating his mittened hands together as he went.

Another day of this, then just before the dark fell, there suddenly opened ahead a vast expanse of frozen lake. The Factor from the Fond du Lac gave a glad shout as he saw it. The dogs were quick to catch the new note in the cry and sprang forward with fresh vigor. They pressed on a little longer in the teeth of the bitter north wind.

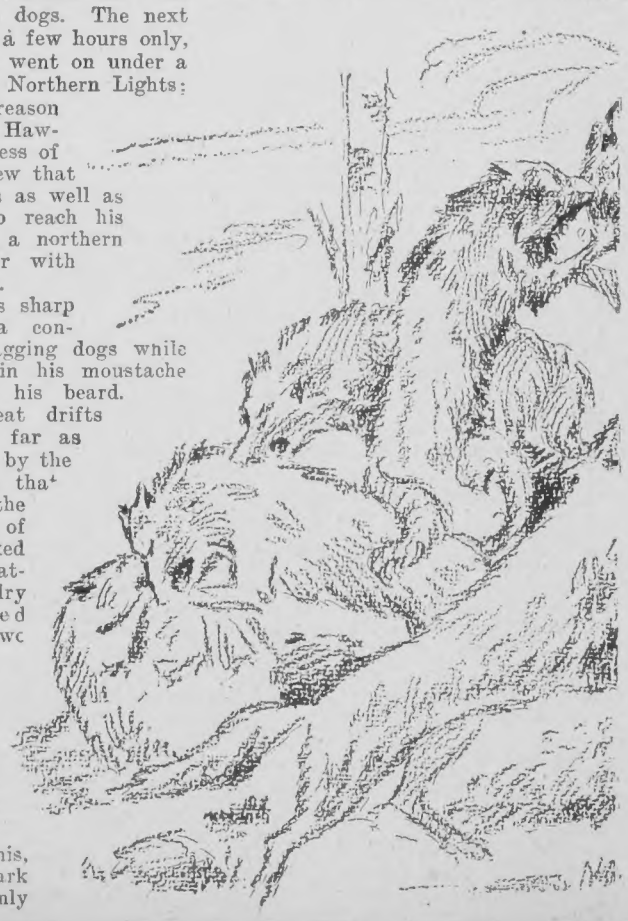
CHRISTMAS morning broke on a chaos of swirling snow. The "poudre" caught in the whirl of the gale, smoked in clouds along the frozen crust and sailed away, never ending. The air was blind with flying snow; it bore down with the shrieking wind upon the huddled buildings of Rory's Hope, eddied about the gables, swept and drifted. Veiled in by the sheets of fine snow that filled the air, a man and a team of dogs hugged the lee of the shore, slowly fighting their way.

"Mon, mon! and is yrsel—yr very shout was smothered in the roar of the wind and flung far away on the wings of the blizzard. The dogs needed no urging; plunging forward through the driving wind and snow, they headed straight for the shelter of human habitation with unerring instinct. They were on top of the place presently and they staggered in at last to Rory's Hope.

"Mon, mon! And is it y'rsel'—y'r very ain sel'? I knew ye'd cum, John, old friend—ou-aye! I knew ye'd cum!"

Poor old Roderick MacQuaig! That was all he could speak while he stroked the hand of the Factor from the far-away Fond du Lac and would not let it go. Over and over he said it, half hysterically, tears of gladness rolling unheeded down the furrows of his cheeks. Baptiste Charette had spoken truth; the face was very white and thin and the voice little above a whisper.

"Aye! John, it's the heart's gane wrang, I'm thinkin'. I hae been readin' a' aboot it in yon almanac, hangin' by the wee bit string. It speers twenty-sax times so't a mon may unnerstaun



By
Hopkins Moorhouse

when somethin's gane wrang wi' his heart. Twenty-sax!—one after the ither, till a mon micht gae fair daft and losh wi' frettin' did he no trust i' the Lord. I hae been tellin' 'em ower, John, and I maun say to ye I hae twenty o' them things the matter wi' me! I'm nae sae sure aboot the ither sax."

Aweel, ye needna fash yer noddle. I maun just bide patient for deleeverance and be thankfu'—aye, sae thankfu'!" He propped himself painfully on an elbow, slowly shaking his white head from side to side in the wonder of his joy while the hunger of his loneliness looked from his eyes. "Mon, mon! but it's the bonnie sict for sair een ye are!" He patted the other's rough hand fondly. "And it's Chrus'mus morn, lad, d'ye no ken? And we're alookin' into one anither's eyes and ahaudin' o' one anither's honds, just as we planned it a' three lang year ago. A Murry Chrus'mus to ye, old friend! A Murry-Murry—Chrus'mus!" He sank back weakly among the blankets of the bunk.

IT had needed but one keen glance to satisfy the Factor from the Fond du Lac that Roderick MacQuaig was a sick man and the shock of that first look had startled him like a blow. He had expected to find him ill; but not like this—not a mere shadow of his former rugged self. There came to him quickly a vision of the long, lonely hours, dragging by so slowly, one by one there in that little storm-swept log building, and when he tried to speak his voice was husky with a great tenderness.

Christmas Day had indeed come and they had met, just as they had planned it all three long years ago; but—Yes, and God willing, it would be a merry Christmas; it must be! He would see to it; wasn't that what he was there for? It could not be the Christmas day they had planned exactly, with a great old-fashioned dinner and all that. MacQuaig was too sick for that; but he could be made comfortable and with a great fire roaring up the big chimney, they could be cozy in there, let the blizzard howl its worst. They were together again after three long years and that in itself was the real pleasure. Besides, there was hot broth, steaming hot and savory, made from tender moose venison—surely he was not too sick to sip a little hot broth! And it was such a great strengthener, hot broth! Perhaps they could have their "musquash talk" about the Company's affairs after all and who knew, before the day was over they might even get down the old checker-board and settle that never-settled dispute as to who was best man! A merry Christmas it should be in spite of the sickness; nothing was ever so bad it might be worse and they had a lot to be thankful for. He'd have MacQuaig out of that bunk and eating like a timber wolf before he left him.

JOHN Hawkins hummed cheerfully as he began to potter around and "tidy up a bit." He soon had a brighter blaze crackling musically in the great fireplace. He pulled his fur cap down tightly over his ears, muffled up in his big fur coat and went out into the blizzard to attend to the dogs, housed near by. When he came back he brought a load of evergreens with him and these he decked about the blackened rafters and the log walls till the place took on quite a festive appearance. And the Factor of Rory's Hope, lying back snugly in his blankets, chuckled in the pure contentment of it and his eyes grew brighter and brighter as they followed every move the big man made.

"John, lad, wull ye no cum here a wee." he called faintly from his bunk at length. There was a certain mystery in his manner that puzzled the Factor from the Fond du Lac. "Oop on top o' yon shelf ye'll find it—i' the tin box—Aye! I hae a bit giftie to mak—the lid, mon;—tak the lid aff! Canna ye unnerstaun? Noo, ye maun just lift oot the ither box—Aye! She's in there—Losh! mon, but ye're slow!—Lift her oot! Lift her oot!" he urged impatiently.

"Plum puddin'!" fairly shouted Hawkins in astonishment. He stared, his mouth open.

"Aye."

Snf!—Snf! He poked his nose eagerly into the tin. He sniffed at it.

"Great bumble bees an' hummin' birds!" he ejaculated, eyes round with wonder. "Why, it's English pulm puddin'—real old English plum puddin'! Don't tell me it ain't; I'll bet fifty beaver skins that there puddin' come from the other side! I know the smell of 'em! I ain't had a wiff o' one for years an' years but you can't fool me on that flavor."

"Aye, she's travelled some, John," nodded MacQuaig.

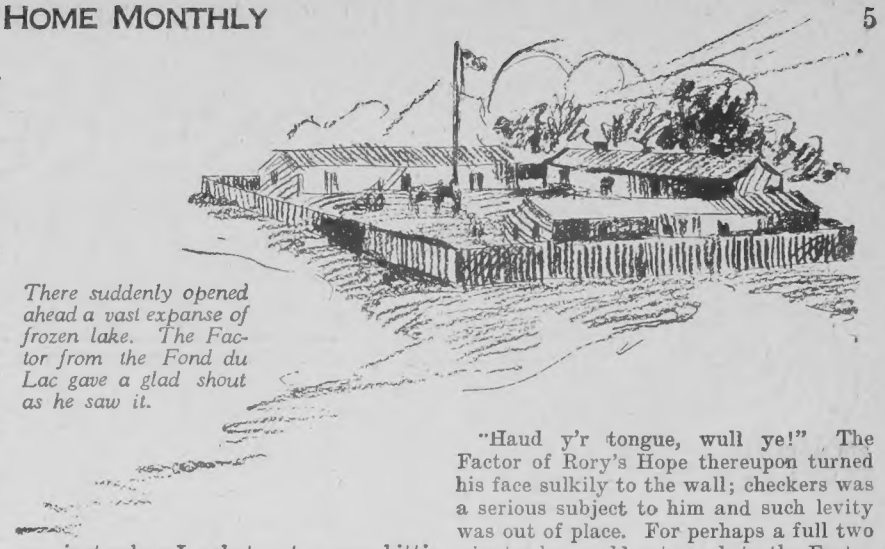
"Where'd you get it? Where on earth'd you get it?" demanded Hawkins excitedly. His whole face was wreathed in smiles. He was as tickled as a boy.

"She cam' by the packet twa year ago." said the Factor of Rory's Hope proudly; his eyes were beaming. "Twa year ago, mon, and I maun just a be-savin' of her ever sin', awaitin' for ye to cum and hae a bit wi' me."

Hawkins lifted out the little round sack and poised it solicitously on his knee. He stared into the thin face that looked from the bunk.

"Two years!" he repeated slowly. "Do you mean to say, MacQuaig, yu've had this here puddin' in y'r possession for two years an' y' ain't et any of't?"

"Aye. She cam' alang in Feb'uary. Last Yuletide I was sair tempted, she looket that guid, mon. I tuk her oot to haud her a wee and there I was like ony dom fule, a-spankin' of her and a-snuffin' at her an' a-wishin' 'twur y'rsel' was wi' me so't we micht hae spread her oot an' discusset her to the last crumb. It was a sair temptation, John, but I had said I wadna tech her twull ye cam'. But noo, I hae a confession to mak ye' an' if ye wull just be untyin' the string we will see just whur I poket oot a wee bittie wi' my finger. She looket that guid, mon, I was fair daft to tak a wee taste, knowin' ye wadna mind—"



There suddenly opened ahead a vast expanse of frozen lake. The Factor from the Fond du Lac gave a glad shout as he saw it.

Then did John Hawkins' lips come tight together till his whole bewhiskered face bulged indignation. He deliberately tied the string again about the pudding-sack, got up with equal deliberation, strode over to the bunk and brought the pudding down with a thump among the blankets. He wobbled his big fist within an inch of the other's nose and scolded till even his mighty chest was empty of breath.

"Hoots, mon!" gasped the Factor of Rory's Hope with spirit. "Dinna ye claver i' that feckliss fashion! Haud y'r tongue will ye! I'll hae ye unnerstaun I want nae mair o' y'r blab! Haud y'r tongue an' dinna let it be rinnin' awa wi' ye! Ye maun just sit doon this very meenit an' eat a piece o' yon puddin'—!"

"An that's just what I won't be doin', MacQuaig!" snapped John Hawkins resolutely. "Do you think I come away up here for Christmas Day, on'y to be gettin' up a spread for myself an' eatin' it in front of your very nose when y' aint able to join in, you blatherskite! Tut! Tut! I'll tell just what I am goin' to do; I'm goin' to make some hot soup for you an' what's more I'm goin' to have some of't myself whether you say I can or whether you don't. We'll eat the puddin' when you're well enough to enjoy it an' we ain't goin' to eat it a minute sooner whether you say so or whether you don't. We'll have the puddin' on New Year's. Today it's soup—good hot broth an'—"

"Broth!" snorted the Factor of Rory's Hope. "Broth for y'r Chrus'mus dinner!" He lay back, weak with his disgust.

"NOW, look here Rod, 'taint goin' to do no good, you gettin' up that Scotch temper o' yours. Who's bossin' Rory's Hope while you're abed? Who's y'r doctor? It's doctor's orders you just be quiet an' peaceable or first thing you know, you won't get any soup even. I've got you at my mercy an' you better behave yourself. Soup, I said; then a good old talk an' then—checkers! Eh? It's a great drubbin' I'll give you—"

"Haud y'r tongue! Ye know verra weel ye canna do ony sic' a thing!"

Hawkins only laughed as he bustled about the fireplace.

"I see you've forgotten the lickin' I gave you the last time at Fond du Lac," he chuckled.

"Ye cheatet me oot o' two men i' the last game—I'm still thinkin' that," retorted MacQuaig, and one o' 'em micht hae been a King, d'ye no ken? Onyway, hae ye forgotten the turrible lickin' ye got the time before last? Losh! mon, but I beat ye sae sair ye tuk to pullin' y'r snaw-white whuskers an' y'r face was fair red wi' shame. D'ye no ken?"

Hawkins grinned broadly as he swung the crane into the fireplace and broke out airily into his favorite ditty.

"Oh, a doughty Admiral he would be,
Yo ho, my lads, yo ho!
He made the coxswain pour his tea,
Yo ho, my lads, yo ho!"

"Hoots!" grunted MacQuaig irritably.

"In the rosy morn, too, if he choose,
The bos'n's shall shine his shoes;
He'll box the compass a round or two
To limber up, and when he's through,
Why, the steward shall make him a sou'west stew!
Yo ho! Yo ho! Yo ho!"

"Haud y'r tongue, wull ye!" The Factor of Rory's Hope thereupon turned his face sulkily to the wall; checkers was a serious subject to him and such levity was out of place. For perhaps a full two minutes he would not speak to the Factor from the Fond du Lac.

Outside, the storm gusts ramped, swirled, drove. The powdered snow flew in clouds, hissed, drifted and smoked from the roofs of the wooden fort buildings. About the eaves of Rory's Hope the wind whistled and whined and threw the snow rattling against the parchment windows; from the forest came a dull booming like the sweep of turbulent surf on some wild night along the far-off coast of Stornoway.

BUT within, where the fire roared up the great chimney, the two old "winterers" were oblivious of the storm, of everything but themselves and the joy of being together once more for the first time in three long years. The hours passed quickly; there was so much to talk about—old times, old homes and home folks in the old land, their work. A faint smile played with the lines in the thin face of old Roderick MacQuaig. The excitement which the day had brought lent him unnatural strength; it glittered in his eyes and burned in the hollow cheeks. His voice was stronger now than it had been for days.

The sun had been muffled in the clouds all day and the dark came even earlier than usual. Hawkins lighted the big oil lamp with the rusty tin shade, got down the checker-board and dropped another coal into the bowl of his pipe. The Factor of Rory's Hope felt very tired; but he could not remember the time when he had been too tired for a game of checkers. They began to play and the game in the hands of these two past-masters was no give-away; every move was the subject of much careful deliberation and the wooden men changed hands very slowly. The sounds of the fire alone broke the silence of the game's absorption.

Time flew beyond all reckoning when John Hawkins was pondering over a checker-board; he could not have told just how long they had been playing. If he remembered correctly, they were in the middle of the fifth or sixth game when he looked up, after waiting a full two minutes for the other to make his move, and found him lying back among the blankets that had propped him up. Hawkins could scarcely believe his eyes at first.

"Well, 'pon my word, if he ain't gone to sleep!" he muttered in astonishment. "Gone to sleep in the middle of a game of checkers—Well sir-ee!"

He got up quietly, chuckling to himself. For a moment he stood there, enjoying the situation; then he leaned over the edge of the bunk and peered into the face of the Factor of Rory's Hope.

"Sleepin' like a top, by golly!" he chortled. And in the middle of a game of checkers—Lordy! Lordy! what a joke on MacQuaig this was! He'd never let him hear the end of this!

Quietly he gathered together the checkers and packed them back into their wooden box. He tip-toed across the room and put them on the shelf, grinning as he did so. He laid another log across the dog-irons, taking great care to make no noise. Then he went back and sat down on the up-turned box beside the bunk.

"Tuckered out—clean tuckered out!" he muttered. "I might 've known—" He leaned over and drew the blankets closer. His eyes roved to something lying on the blankets in front of him and he reached

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ONE OF THE McTAVISHES

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

DONALD McTAVISH looked at what he had done. Great beads of sweat gathered on his forehead. Falling on his knees beside the prostrate ox, he peered anxiously into its glazing eyeballs.

The heat in its body still gave him hope —dead things were stiff and cold, and old Prince was still warm and his legs pliable; but the eyes, so glassy and unresponsive, looked at him accusingly. He looked and looked into them to see if his old friend would not give him a sign—a word of explanation. Old Prince lay on his side, looking sightlessly down the trail.

Donald would not admit to himself that the ox was dead. It could not be. It took more than a tap to kill an ox, and it was only a tap with the back of an axe—not a very heavy axe, either. Old Prince did not contradict him, but in his silence and majesty seemed to ask his master to wait and see—wait and see; time was nothing to those who had entered upon eternity—eternity would prove all things, make all things plain....Wait!....Wait!

A dark shadow fell at last on the white ox's side, and, looking up, Donald saw a carrion-crow circling, gently, deliberately, and with settled purpose, over the fallen one. Donald threw up his arms and screamed, and the crow flew cawing away, a hateful, hoarse, flesh-hungry cawing, that seemed to Donald to link with the devil himself.

He felt again for old Prince's heart. It was still, and even under the foreleg the flesh was growing cold. A groan broke from Donald's throat. He, Donald McTavish, a Christian man, had, in a fit of temper, killed his best friend, and left him food for the carrion-crow.

"I am a man of sin!" cried Donald, and fell on his knees, his arms around the ox's withers. He tried to pray, but his thoughts would rise no higher than the sightless eyes of the old ox. Tenderly he closed them, and lovingly patted the faithful head; but he did it mechanically, for there was no softening of his own heart—it was heavy and cold in his breast. He wanted to cry, but the sound that came forth was an oath, and he turned and fled.

When he reached home, his collie dog shrank from him, with tail hanging, his face full of fear. Donald called him, with an oath, and the dog ran yelping away. The lonely homesteader looked after him in dismay. When a dog deserts a man, he is a lost soul!

He went to the sod-roofed stable where Charley, the mate of Prince was tied. He called to Charley to stand over in such a changed tone that the ox shrank shivering over to the wall, as if he feared a blow. Donald reached out his hand to touch the ox's warm side—he must touch something warm and breathing. The ox shivered with fear, and tried to shake off his hand as he would a fly that was biting him.

Then Donald McTavish knew—knew that he was leagued with the devil and all his powers—with the flesh-eating crows, and the worm that dieth not; for had not he destroyed flesh, driven the light from an eye, the beat from a heart, and the heat from a living body!

"I am a man of sin!" he groaned again.

He went into the house, and called his cat by name. She was gone! Nothing but a small alarm clock beat against the silence of the house, and tried to keep it from swallowing him; and when suddenly and for no reason, it struck a whirring alarm, and, jarring itself off the table, fell to the floor, cracking its glass straight across, he sprang up and completed its destruction by kicking it into the farthest corner.

It was a sunny day in May; the sun poured down its warmth and light on the budding earth; but to Donald McTavish even the sunlight was intolerable. Every bird that sang seemed to be taunting him with its song of gladness, and he would gladly have strangled them all. What right had they to life and warmth, when over there that white mound lay so still and cold?

The dead ox seemed to him now three times as big as an ox should be. He watched it, fascinated, and almost made himself believe that he saw it move; but when his heart stopped pounding, so that he could see, it lay there just the same—a huge white bulk; and what was that?—something black moving by its side.

The thought of night coming on terrified him. It was intolerable now in the bright light of day: what would it be at night, when a hundred mocking voices would come out of the darkness, and pitiless faces would look in through the curtainless windows?

He pulled his hat down, and began to run.

THE Rev. Alfred Kingston, making pastoral calls upon his scattered flock, was driving his team of broncos along the old Commission trail, when he was suddenly confronted by a man running towards him.

"Are you a preacher?" was Donald's first question.

"Of the Anglican Church," said the Rev. Alfred. "Are you in trouble?"

Donald looked at him sharply. The Rev Alfred Kinsgton was a small, anæmic man, with long slender hands, and thick glasses. He intoned his ordinary conversation, as he did the Church services. When he asked of Donald, "Are you in trouble?" it sounded like a chime of bells.

Donald leaned over the wheel of the buckboard.

"Can you pray for a lost soul— a man of sin, who has taken the life of one of God's innocent creatures?" Donald demanded.

The clergyman was not accustomed to such requests, and his face went a shade paler, but his voice rang clear and thrilling, "I can pray for any of the children of men!" he said.

"But can you pray for a man of sin—a child of the devil?" Donald almost roared at him.

The clergyman came out of his buckboard, and, taking his prayer book from his pocket, and raising his right hand in invocation, began sonorously:

"God, who at sundry times, and in divers places, has spoken to His people by the mouths of His prophets"—

Donald shut his eyes, and tried to listen, tried to go back to the "sundry times and divers places," but all he could see was a huge, white shape, silent and waiting, full of strength that had gone out, full of heat that had turned to cold; a great, white, pulseless, waiting something.

He roused himself, and shook off the clergyman's hand.

"Hit it again, mister!" he cried. "Try another one— that one don't get me. Haven't you got a hotter one? one with more zip in it?"

The clergyman leaved over his book, and began again, intoning beautifully—

"Inasmuch as it hath pleased God to chasten the soul of His servant.". . .

Donald interrupted again. "Good Lord, man, that kind of prayer doesn't suit me. I am a guilty man, I tell you, with a heart of hate, and hands of blood. Can't you make up one for me? These prayers were made years ago—good prayers then, but they're cold now. Rip off one of your own. Go to it now, mister I need it so bad."

Donald fell on his knees, and the clergyman knelt beside him.

Haltingly, the clergyman began to pray. Never was heart more sincere in its desire to help; but the habit of years was on him; he could not break from his traditions, and so his prayer was a succession of phrases culled from the prayer-book—burned out eloquence, their fires long dead. There was not one human, nourishing sentence; and Donald's guilty heart found no balm.

He groaned aloud, and the clergyman redoubled his efforts.

"No use!" Donald cried at last, rising to his feet. "I know you're doing your best, but you don't seem to be able to touch my case at all." Donald's nice sense of justice prompted him to add, "But I'm mightily obliged to you, just the same."

The clergyman looked at him gratefully. He was not accustomed to being thanked for his prayers; his own parishioners had always shown him that they considered it quite generous on their part to let him say prayers for them.

"I am sorry," he said, candidly; "I am afraid I am not very powerful in prayer."

Donald groaned and beat his breast. "It's a devil of a way for a man to be in.

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PEACE ON EARTH BEGINS AT HOME

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

THERE is a bad old thought, deeply rooted in the sub-conscious mind of the world, that war is inevitable, that because we have always had it, we always will, that nations must fight every so-often— that it is human nature, and human nature cannot change. This is the thought that has poisoned the world, and even yet lies festering in the hearts of men. Even at this blessed season of Christmas, the poison from this thought is gathering, inflaming, swelling, fed by vicious newspapers, fiery orators and the countless idle and bitter words, which people thoughtlessly utter, for words are things of mighty importance.

The thought is wrong on every count. There is no greater falsehood than the belief that human nature cannot be changed. Human nature is not a static thing, Christ knew that the evils of human nature could be cast out —the stony heart exchanged for the heart of flesh; and that fear, which is another name for hatred, could be cast out by the perfect love. Christ not only knew this—he lived it, and demonstrated it. Not only that, but he died in support of the principle. Every time we say that human nature, meaning the evils of human nature, cannot be changed, we deny the success of Christ's mission. We declare that the Saviour of Mankind was mistaken. That is what the passage means when it says, "They crucify the Lord afresh."

The place to begin to bring about peace on earth is in the individual heart—yours and mine. We will never be rid of great wars until we can overcome the little hatreds, jealousies and suspicions near at hand.

The world is made up of nations, nations are composed of communities, communities of individuals.

Just as hatreds and jealousies have spread from individuals to whole communities and so to nations, even so can the gospel of good will, win its widening way.

Let us begin it as definitely as we ever began house-cleaning. Let us drag out into the sunlight of love, the old feuds, bitternesses, sore thoughts and suspicions that have darkened our days.

Let us begin the movement for world peace by declaring peace in our own hearts, our own families, our own societies and communities. Let us overcome our racial prejudices and stop thinking that we, and our nation, and race are the chosen ones of the Almighty.

Then, having cast out the evil thoughts, God will have a chance with us. There are certain promises that we can only claim, after we have squared things with our neighbors.

To bring about world peace seems like a big undertaking, and mortal spirits faint with the seeming hopelessness of the task. But there are certain signs of great hopefulness. All over the world there is a crying out for the Living God, and these individual cries are not the futile, feeble, ineffectual breathings that they seem.

"For mankind is one in spirit, and an impulse bears along,
Round the world, eclectic centre, its swift tale of right or wrong,
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibre, feels the thrill of pride or shame
In the good or ill of one race— all the rest have equal claim."

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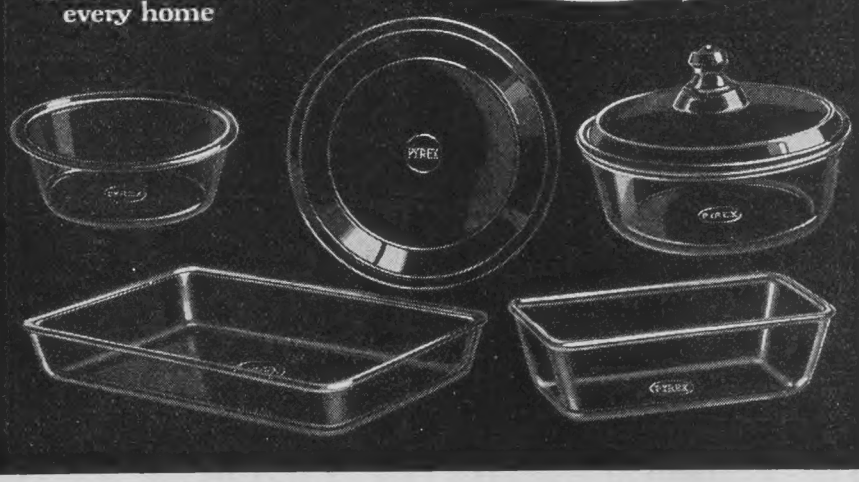


ONE OF THE McTAVISHES—Continued from page 6

I don't suppose there is anyone who can help me? You don't know of anyone, do you? I heard a man in the Salvation Army once pray for a poor drunkard, and he just seemed to be talking to God face to face. He put it up to the Almighty to save this poor soul so strong that we just knew He could not refuse. You couldn't sidestep that man; he covered every point with God's own word, I wish I could get someone like that. And then he added, feeling that his words implied an invidious comparison "He was a good deal older and bigger man than you; and those Salvation Army people have more experience with hard cases."

There was a struggle going on in the clergyman's soul. The man in him counselled one thing; the clergyman of the Established Church another. The man won.

"I'll tell you where you can get help" he said, speaking without his clerical accent. "There is a man in Calgary who is said to have a great power in prayer. He is a Methodist parson, a preacher. I have heard that he has helped many."

Donald looked at him gratefully.

"You can take my ponies," the clergyman said. "To-morrow is Sunday, but I can walk to my appointments."

"I can't leave my stock, though," said Donald. "The grass is not long enough yet for feed. They'd starve."

Martin Luther and his Family

"I'll stay by the stuff," said the clergyman, without a minutes hesitation. "I may not be able to pray, but I can look after your things as well as anybody, and I think I would like to do it. Come and show me what to do, and then get started for Calgary. The ponies will take you there in three days."

An hour later, Donald started on his long drive.

"Don't hurry," the clergyman called after him. "Stay as long as you like, and good luck to you." He no longer intoned his words, and his voice was singularly sweet and companionable.

THE first night Donald reached "Sixteen Mile House," where he told his troubles to the kind-hearted landlady. She reassured him with many instances of the Calgary minister's power of turning evil men to better ways.

"Sure, and we have a case here in our own house," she said. "Harry Loftus, here, that's doing chores for us, used to be such a liar that, upon my word, the pigs wouldn't come when he called them; and he got converted in one of the Methodist meetings in Calgary last winter, and now a finer man I have never seen. I wasn't sure but what he'd break out again, but last week he put up stove-pipes for me, and he never said a word that ain't fit for a child's readin'-book. I says then, 'Harry's got a dip, all right,' I says. I'll get you a bite of breakfast as early as you like, and get you started; and be sure and give us a call on your way home."

When he wanted to pay his reckoning the landlady declared he owed her nothing.

"Sure, and do you think I would charge anything for a night's lodgings for a poor man who was in distress about his soul, and on his way to get relief? I am just proud to be able to help you, for, mind you, though I'm a rough woman now, so busy cooking for hungry men that I have hardly time to comb my hair, much less say my prayers—still, mind you, I was brought up strict, and my poor old father could put up as good a prayer as you ever listened to."

The next morning at daylight Donald was again upon the trail, with the ponies dog-trotting off the long miles.

On the evening of the fourth day, after a trip of two hundred miles, including the fording of two rivers, a tired man, driving two drooping ponies in a rattling buckboard grey with dust, came across the Bow River Bridge, and slithered down the dust of the long, unlighted street.

Without difficulty he found his way to the Methodist parsonage, and rang a bell, which gave forth no answering clang.

A head appeared at the window above.

"What's wanted?" a deep voice asked.

"I want the minister," said Donald.

"Want to get married?" the voice enquired.

The question was so unexpected that Donald did not immediately reply, and the voice went on—

"All right, I can marry you from here, Get the lady and the ring and the license. I'm in quarantine here with smallpox, but I can marry you all right. I've done three couples this afternoon."

"But I don't want to get married," said Donald. "I want to see you—I'm in trouble. I want you to pray for me—I'm a guilty man."

The head at the window seemed to draw nearer, and Donald was conscious of two big kind grey eyes shining through the gathering darkness.

"Put your team away," the minister said, "and come back. The door downstairs is nailed up, but I'll haul you up with a rope, if you're not afraid of smallpox."

"I am not," said Donald. "I mean I am, but I am more afraid of other some things, and I'll come."

"You may be here a while," said the minister, "a week perhaps; our time is nearly up—we've been here for five weeks now."

Donald stabled his team, and made provision for them to be well cared for until he came for them; and then came back to the quarantined parsonage, where the minister, with some difficulty, drew him with a stout rope to the upper window.

Dusty, hungry, tired, he sat in a chair, and looked about him.

"Who has got it?" he asked.

"My boy," replied the minister, pointing to an inner room. "His mother is away, and I couldn't get the nurse I wanted, so I nursed him myself—pretty bad case too,; but he's over it now, and we'll be out in a week. Now, what's the trouble?"

Donald told him about the ox, sparing himself not at all, but dwelling with painstaking Scottish introspection on his own sinfulness of heart, telling also of the Anglican clergyman who had directed him hither.

ONE OF THE McTAVISHES—Continued from page 8

When he had done, the minister asked his name.

"Now, Donald," he said, "you are tired, and hungry, and dusty, and worried, and for all of these things, the Lord has provided a cure. For your hunger, we have food; for your travel-stained body, we have soap and water and clean clothes; we have a bed for your tired legs; and God's grace is sufficient for all the perplexities of your soul. Step in here and have a bath, and here you will find clean clothes, and I'll go down and get a good meal ready for us two. We'll attend to the body first, and then we'll have a talk about what troubles you."

Donald gratefully did as he was bid; and when supper was over, the minister took down the Book, and gravely read the story of the Prodigal Son.

"Now, Donald," he said, "you have made the move; you are seeking peace and pardon. You have come a long way to find help. God the Father is coming out to meet you. Do you believe He is as good as the old man in the story?"

Then they went on their knees, and the minister prayed the prayer of a strong man who walked with God; a great, swelling, triumphant prayer, on whose surging tide many faint hearts had been safely carried into the kingdom. It was a great prayer, human, vitalising, piercing, that had many times scattered the mists of sin and fear and unbelief.

Donald remembered that when the Salvation Army man was praying, the drunkard for whom he prayed had many times cried out in agony, and at last had risen from his feet, shouting, "I am saved," and the glow in his face had triumphed over the marks of sin.

He listened now to the one who pleaded for him, expecting every minute that a mighty impulse would seize him to shout or sing. But when at last the minister was done, and he opened his eyes, there was no change anywhere—the room was the same, the green felt tablecloth was the same, the minister was the same, the heavy feeling of guilt in his heart was the same.

Donald rose gravely from his knees, and said, "minister, you have done your best; you've prayed strong enough to save a city-full; and I know now I am a lost man, who has sinned away his day of grace."

"Don't ever say it, Donald man," the minister said, kindly. "God has many plans—as many plans as there are people. Some men are saved through fear, some through love; some are preached into the kingdom; some are sung into it, some are pushed in, some are prayed in—some work their own way in. I believe that you are the kind which will work your own passage, which is entirely different from beating your way. But, Donald, don't forget there is Someone else working on your salvation all the time, trying harder than I am to find the right way. Your Church of England friend tried and failed; I have tried and failed. What of it? We're only blundering men, whose lives are made up largely of trying and failing, and trying again; but we are working for a Great Master, who turns our failures into successes."

Donald looked at him perplexed. "You have shown the way to many," he said, slowly, "but their hearts were more tender, maybe. It is this load of sin —I can't believe I can lose it as easy as you say."

"Don't worry about anything being too easy, Donald," the minister laughed. "Religion is never easy, if it is any good. But I am going to put you to bed now; it's sleep you need. What did you say your other name is? McTavish? Oh well, I know what family you belong to now. It was one of your forebears who traced his lineage back beyond the time of Noah; and when a sceptical friend pointed out to him that everyone was drowned at the time of the flood except Noah and his family, your ancestor floored this doubter by explaining that the McTavishes had their own boat! Now I know who you are, Donald.

Donald laughed, for the first time for days.

"Now to your bed," said the minister, leading the way to his spare room. "Lie down in peace; we'll have lots of time to talk to-morrow."

But when to-morrow came, the minister was in no mood for talking; his head ached, his throat was sore, and he showed every indication of the dread disease. Like many another strong man he went down completely, and in twenty-four hours he was in a raging fever.

For six long weeks Donald nursed him night and day, doing the cooking and scrubbing and washing. The minister's son, a lad of ten, who had recovered from the disease, was taken out in the second week, and sent to a friend in the country to recuperate. The doctor came up a ladder to the window once a day for a week, but finding Donald so capable, declared it was not necessary for him to come any more.

Every day kind friends came to make inquiries, and many were the offerings of jelly and chicken and broth that came up the ladder.

The minister had never been sick a day in his life, and like most strong men unused to pain, he rebelled against it, and could not bring any philosophy to bear on the loathsome disease which had him in its clutches. That he, the strong one, should be brought so low, so helpless, and should be so sorely afflicted, seemed more and more intolerable. Donald saw the brave fight he was making to keep back the rebellious thought and the impatient word, and saw, too, that the minister was disappointed in himself.

One night when the disease was at its worst, in the long, dreary stretch between twelve and three, the minister, tossing restlessly on his bed of pain, called Donald to him.

"Why is it, Donald?" he asked wearily. "What is this all for? I simply can't bear it!"

"Have you no comfort?" Donald asked him. "Are there no unseen angels standing by you, soothing your pillow, and cooling your brow? What about your religion, minister"?

"What about it, Donald? That's what I want to know—what's happened to my religion?" The minister's voice was querulous with pain. "I used to think I had a faith that would not shrink.... I don't believe I ever had any religion, Donald, any sure evidence, or it would not leave me now. I thought my faith was strong, but it had never been tried; and now I haven't any; I am cut off from my God—and it is all dark."

"Minister," Donald cried, "God is teaching you. It's a hard lesson, but one we must all learn. If we were never thirsty, we would not know how good is a drink of cold water from the spring; if we were never sick, we would not appreciate our health; if we were never left without God's presence, we would not know how to prize it. He is leading you by the thorny path, just as He led me, but life, and health, and happiness are at the end of the road."

The minister gently squeezed his hand, and tears stole out under his dark lashes.

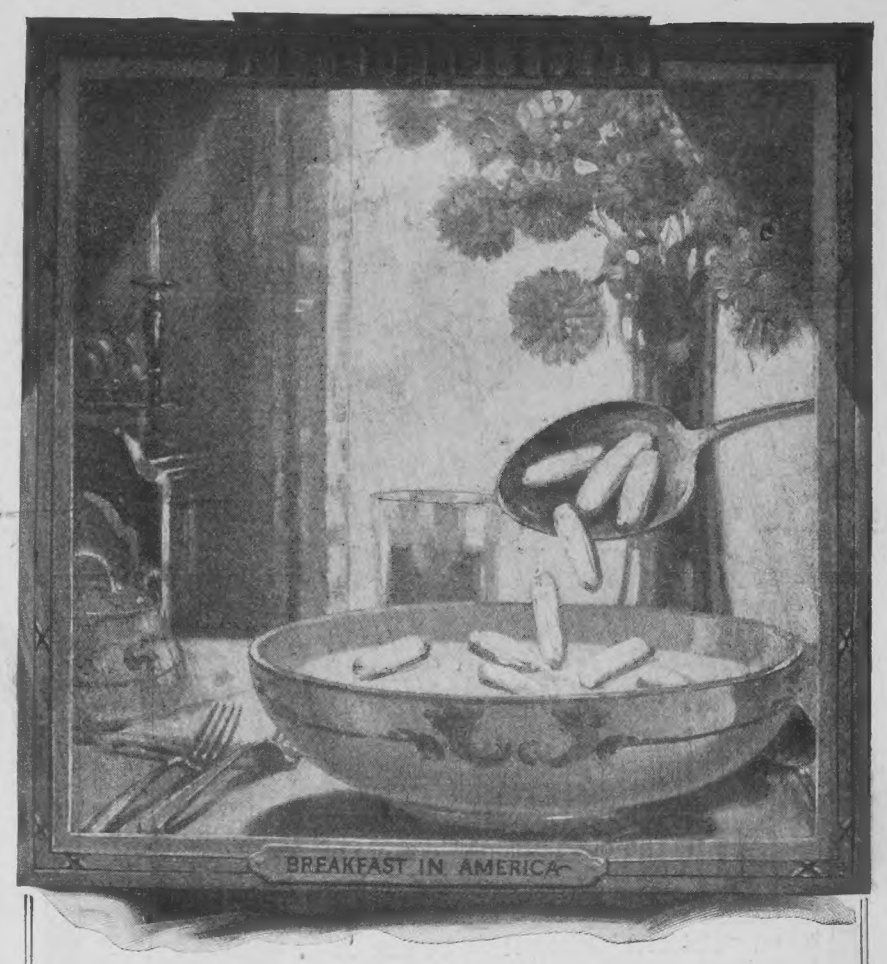
"You're a good sort, Donald," he said. "Lie down beside me, like my mother used to when I had nightmare—and don't let the black get me. . . . Hold my hand tight, Donald, and tell me about a stream, a cool mountain stream—that has speckled trout in it."

THREE weeks after this, when the minister was able to sit up, and Donald was cutting his hair, the minister said—

"When I took sick, Donald, you were all tangled up in your religion, and now you are out so bright and clear. Won't you tell me how it happened? I remember that night when you told me how hard your heart was, and that there was no salvation for you. What has made the difference?"

Continued on page 76

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.



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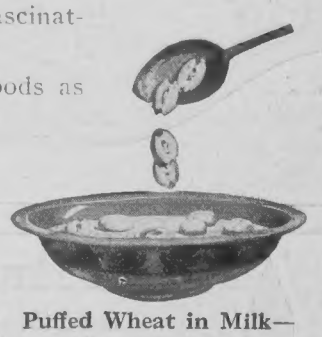

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Puffed Wheat
Steam exploded grains

Puffed Rice
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SOME CHRISTMAS

By H. Mortimer Batten

WHEN headquarters announced that a clerk was to be sent to Smoky River Lumber Camp to keep the books and to do the correspondence, Jasserman, the foreman, was wild. He took it as a reflection on his own ability on matters appertaining to literature, nor was he wrong. He had about as good a head for figures as the average nigger cook and it took him all his time to write his own name. However, there was no arguing the point, for the clerk was already on his way somewhere along the five hundred miles of rickety railway metal between Smoky River and the civilized world of the south.

"Wonder what kind of a son of a gun he will be?" quoth Jasserman, as, accompanied by Grimble, the engineer, they pushed off from the landing stage on their way to the baseline where they were to pick up the newcomer. "I ain't no special use for them as picks jobs what won't dirty their hands."

Grimble regarded his companion's own huge fists as the foreman took up a paddle. "You manage to keep yours pretty grimy, anyway," he rumbled.

There was no one about save a disreputable figure in dungarees and a wide brimmed hat.

IT was a peaceful Sunday afternoon. Blue jays shrieked everywhere and the underbrush on either side of the river was alive with squirrels. Both men were attired in their best since it was a non-working day, but it must not be thought that they were going to meet the new clerk prompted by any ideas of hospitality. They merely wanted to get first look at him, and anyway the trip to the baseline suggested a pleasant Sunday outing. So the little birchbark rippled over the mirror surface, strewn with russet leaves, till the group of log cabins which marked their destination hove in view.

As the two men swung in sight of the landing-stage they saw that there was no one about save a disreputable figure in dungarees and a wide brimmed hat sitting at the edge of the floating platform and dangling his feet in the water. No sign of the dapper, city-clad figure they expected, so putting his hands to his mouth Jasserman shouted—"Say, sonny, seen anything of a torf what calls himself Churley, just down from the railhead?"

The young man with the baggy dungarees nodded, then solemnly removed his pipe and patted his chest. "Judas!" muttered Jasserman. "You him?"

By way of reply the young man slouched up the bank, produced a huge pack from behind a tree trunk, shouldered it, and came down.

"New to the woods?" enquired Grimble by way of being affable.

The young man nodded. They saw now that he was very young, and Grimble might have saved himself the trouble of asking the question. For, without pausing in his stride, the clerk stepped straight into the canoe as though he were boarding a punt.

"Look out, my-star-" yelled Jasserman.

Too late. They were over in a trice, and the foreman's sentence ended in a series of bubbles. All three were in the water, though they did not remain there very long, for it was deadly cold. One by one they crawled out on to the landing stage, and both woodmen stared viciously at the newcomer.

"Well, if you ain't every kind of a sucking duck!" Jasserman stammered out. "What in Jerusalem are you doing here without your nursie?"

The young man stared at him blankly.

"You never ought to have left the raised sidewalks," gurgled Grimble. "For two pins I'd chuck you in again."

But the threat was in vain, for at that moment Churley espied his old hat

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SOME CHRISTMAS—*Continued from page 10*

sailing serenely down the stream about thirty yards away. Without hesitation he made the neatest dive the other two had ever seen, clearing the surface with scarcely a ripple, finally to come up almost alongside his headgear. He jammed it firmly on his head and proceeded to swim back while the two bearded lumbermen stared at each other in speechless surprise.

Churley, however, assayed to climb aboard the canoe, instead of landing on the stage, and naturally the frail craft, already full of water, turned keel under him. He made another desperate grab at the gunwale, again it turned, but Churley, having apparently lost his head, continued his efforts apparently in a desperate and drowning state. By now sundry disreputable figures had appeared at the bank top, and even Jasserman and Grimble were compelled to join in the roars of mirth which the absurd efforts of the newcomer provoked.

"Get hold of the stage, you blithering ass!" someone shouted as Churley, blowing water from his gills, went under for about the fifth time.

The idea at length struck the newcomer as a good one, and as he climbed out the crowd assembled to see what kind of a freak had come to the place. The tenderfoot, however, seemed in no way disturbed. He dashed the water from his hat, and remarked in a perfectly polite voice—"Beautifully refreshing!"

There was silence—one of wonder and incomprehension, but soon Jasserman found his toungue. "Refreshing be hanged!" he roared, shaking his fist. "What about our best clothes—you all-fired idiot!"

Churley regarded him critically, seeming to linger over his stubby chin and his locks of unkept hair. "Do you good to have a nice soak," was his final summing up.

Strong hands soon emptied the canoe, and Jasserman and Grimble, with chattering teeth and clothes still dripping, took up their respective paddles. "You can dern well walk," growled the foreman, addressing Churley.

"Yes, and hump your pack too!" added Grimble.

The young man regarded them with an injured expression, then, as the canoe pushed off, he opened the top of his pack, drew out a huge flask half filled with sparkling, brownish liquor, and very ostentatiously raised it to his lips in a long and appreciative gulp.

Grimble looked at Jasserman and Jasserman looked at Grimble. Both of them evidently, possessed some gift in the way of thought reading, for simultaneously they reversed their stroke, and next moment Churley, with his pack in one hand and his flask in the other, climbed aboard and pushed off with them.

He handed his flask to Jasserman, who was grinning now, for liquor, such liquor, brandy from the sunny south, was rare in that land. He raised the flask, his eyes sparkling in anticipation, but as the liquor gurgled down his throat, an expression of the utmost disgust overspread his countenance. "Tea!" he fairly screamed. "Blow me tight if it ain't cold tea!"

Another roar of mirth came from the bank. "Anyway," muttered someone, "the greenhorn's won!" He ain't going to walk!"

NATURALLY the news of the capsizing reached the lumber camp almost as soon as they did, and it lost nothing in the telling so far as the foreman and the engineer were concerned. It was very unfortunate for the new clerk that he had made such an unhappy start, for lumbermen are always rather critical of any newcomer till he has established himself. Thus poor Churley found himself the laughing stock of the bunkhouse and the cookhouse, and that night he was treated to an extraordinarily fine imitation of his own performance, executed by a wiry lumberman who used a hollow log by the campfire to substitute the canoe.

Next morning Jasserman strolled into the office where Churley was busy installing himself.

"I've got a letter to go to the head office," he stated, "and since you've come to do the writing, you may as well write it."

"Righto," replied the clerk cheerily. "Spout it out and I'll hammer it down on the typewriter, then you can sign it."

Jasserman regarded him closely, then he went over and pushed his big hairy face close to Churleys. "Say," he drawled, "are you straight from the old country?"

Churley grinned. "Of course I am, old bean," said he. "Only arrived in Canada six weeks ago."

A look of the utmost disdain came into the foreman's face. "Jiggered if I didn't think so!" he muttered. Then his eyes narrowed. "And not so much of your 'old bean,'" he went on authoriatively. "Remember I'm captain of this camp, and when I want any pet names from you, I'll let you know."

"Right you are old—er—Captain. What about this bally letter?"

Jasserman began to pace up and down. "Sirs," he bawled out at length. "The clerk has arrived, and in case you are sending out any more I may as well tell you that this outfit ain't a kindergarten but a lumber camp. Yours truly."

"How do you spell kindergarten?" queried the clerk mildly.

"You're writing it," growled Jasserman.

"I know, but you're spelling it. K-i-n-d-o-g-a-r-d-e-n. That correct?"

"Quite correct," Jasserman replied, putting on his hat. "Now see to it that letter catches tomorrow's packet."

The next few days the clerk confined himself mainly to his little office, decorating it with a wonderful and assorted array of picture post cards. He did nothing much to distinguish himself further, though his accent brought him a good deal of chaff. Once again he called the foreman old bean, and nearly got himself booted out of the camp, but nearly a fortnight had passed when one evening he stepped into the limelight in a most astounding fashion.

Every evening, when the motor launch which carried the mails, etc., to the down-river camps, passed by, the driver announced the fact if there were any mails by ringing a bell as he rounded the bend of the river. One of the men would then push out in a canoe, and as the launch passed her pilot would drop what there was into the bottom of it. Tonight, however, there was no one outside till the clerk appeared at his office door, to hear the launch, ringing frantically, only fifty yards away.

THEN Jasserman, looking from the bunkhouse window, and Grimble looking from the boilerhouse window, and the cook peering from the cookhouse also the cookee wallowing in the sink, saw a sight which left them breathless and wondering. They saw Churley, the canoe capsizer, run down the clearing at full speed and jump into the nearest canoe, which was half beached. As he entered it he stopped dead, his hands gripping the gunwale, and the inertia of his charge bore the boat foaming over the surface like a dry maple leaf caught by the wind.

The trick was as clearly that of an expert canoeman as is the mounting of a horse at full gallop the sine qua non of the pukka cowboy, and no one could make it out. Nor could they exactly understand what followed, for Churley caught up a paddle and accelerated the canoe to such a point that she ran gracefully alongside the motor launch, whereupon he grasped the gunwale, leaning back to be towed.

"Ain't the first time you've handled a canoe, sonny," observed the pilot as he dropped the mail into the waist of the birchbark, whereupon Churley seemed veritably to start, and he glanced quickly towards the camp. Then resorting to his paddle, he paddled idly ashore.

We'll twine the fresh green holly wreath,
And make the Yule log glow,
And gather gaily underneath
The glistening mistletoe;
All blithe and bright
By the glad firelight
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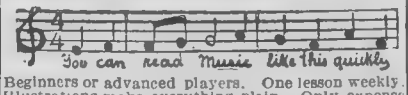

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SOME CHRISTMAS—*Continued from page 11*

Jasserman came down to meet him. He was white with rage, but for some reason he choose to say nothing. He simply glared.

"A letter for you, Captain," announced Churley cheerily as he unfastened one of the packets, and since the letter was on head office note heading it never occurred to the foreman that the type was identical to that of the little portable machine in the office. It was signed, moreover, by Charles McGill, Managing Director of the concern, and read—"Dear Jasserman: Pleased to hear your place is not a kindergarten. If it were I would recommend you to stay on another session or two till you have learned to spell. Yours truly."

Later that night the foreman and Churley collided in the passageway of the long bungalow. The foreman, when he saw who it was, thrust Churley roughly aside with an oath.

"Like your letter?" asked Churley, looking back at him.

The foreman paused, stooping a little and holding up one massive finger.

"You're an impudent young swipe," growled Jasserman. "You've fooled me once, and you'd better look out for yourself, or I'll knock your head clean off."

Churley's gaze, however was still fixed on the foreman's fore-finger. He followed it as it fell, apparently consuming all his thoughts to the exclusion of the threat.

"What an awful growth!" he muttered, turning on his heel.

They were deadly enemies now, and yet, somehow, Jasserman found it impossible to hate the clerk. He was not the kind of a man one could hate, for he did not take life sufficiently serious, yet for all his light heartedness there was something about him which was distinctly "of the man." Laugh he might, yet one felt that there was sympathy behind that laughter—sympathy for the world at which he laughed. The men joked him and traded on his greenness. They called him nicknames and treated him lightly, yet somehow they respected him. And, in the bunkhouse, when Churley said—"Shut that clatter and let's go to sleep," the clatter somehow ceased, probably because it was of no use keeping awake when Churley refused to "keep the pot a-boiling." Thus, though the mention of the clerk's name usually resulted in laughter, had anyone said anything which was detrimental to the boy it is more than likely that he would have received a biff under the chin.

One night one of the "boys" went to Churley and asked him to write a letter. The "boy" himself could not write—he was one of the most illiterate and roughest of the outfit. He wanted Churley's help, and he gave the boy the letter which had to be answered. It was written in a feeble, feminine hand, and was a sad letter, telling of a small girl's sickness and her longing to see her father, telling too of the woman's anxiety and her need of the man who was away in the woods earning a living for them.

"I see" said Churley. "Your little girl is ill, and wants you. Your wife wants you to go home, but you can't because you've signed on here for the winter, and will have to forfeit your pay if you break the contract?"

"That's it," said the man. Then because he was weak and ignorant, and perhaps because he loved his home very dearly, he burst forth into blubbering tears.

"She don't understand why I can't go," he said. "I want you to explain to her on that writing machine of yours."

SO Churley took the man into his office. He sat himself at his desk and seemed to think a moment, and as he thought he looked very much of a man for all his youthfulness. At length he thrust his hand into his hip pocket and drew forth a wad of bills which could have choked a horse. "Look here—here's your season's pay," he said, counting out his notes. "Now get away to your little girl, and remember this—that you've got something which many of the Kings of the earth can't buy. But," and his eyes brightened —"if you breathe to a single soul that I gave you that money, I'll break every bone in your body." He slammed down his desk. "Now quit," he said, and the man, muttering incoherently, went out into the night.

A few days later Churley said to the foreman—"Jasserman, that man Dodds appears to have jumped his job. He hasn't handed in a time sheet for some days. His bunk is empty and his kit is gone. I suppose I'd better cross his name off the pay sheet."

"Yes," said the foreman. "He handed in his check three days ago, and I gave him his pay up to date out of the till."

Churley looked Jasserman straight in the eyes. "Jasserman," he said, "you're lying! I know you took the money out of the till, because I missed it, but it went into your own pocket. In short—you pinched that man's pay when you heard he had cleared out to the railhead, and now you come to me with cock and bull story."

Jasserman's eyes narrowed. He spoke not a word, but he lunged a terriffic blow at Churleys' mouth. His knuckles struck only a bony forearm, which all but broke them, and the greenhorn from the south never even staggered.

"I'll give you till sundown to restore that money to the till," Churley went on. "If it isn't there when I count up tonight—then, by Jingo, it will be the Gold Coast for you, and be hanged to your wife and family!"

And when, an hour or two later, Churley counted up his cash, he heaved a sigh of relief when he found that the money had been returned.

But, after all, this was the north, where every man was for himself, and the devil for the hindmost. Honest men in the south might be thieves up here, where the awful pinch was beyond the realisation of those of sunnier climes. Churley was, at any rate, learning something about his fellow creatures—something beyond the price of gold, and though he knew that, thereafter, the foreman was holding heated correspondence with headquarters, trying to get him sacked, he did not really hate the man. Indeed, he felt that, some day, when they knew each other better, he and Jasserman might be good friends.

One Sunday evening, when Churley was writing home, some of the men came to the door in a great state of excitement.

"Churley — Churley!" they called. "We've found a woodbee's nest, big as a street car. We want you to climb up and get it, honey enough for all of us. Come along now."

So Churley hurried out. It was generally accepted that he, the youngest and most nimble, was the best man to climb the tree, and so they led him to the root of a great basswood standing alone in the forest, and indicated that the nest was about forty feet up.

The trunk of the tree was ice covered, and presented no easy grip, yet up Churley went and still up, till he was quite near the rift in the trunk, where the nest was. The men assured him that the bees would be torpid with the cold, and that there was nothing to fear for them. He had merely to lift out the great luscious globe of honey and lower it with a cord to the earth.

On the point of making the last step, however, Churley obtained the fright of his life, for from the hole there appeared the sinister, snarling face of a great lynx. Goodness, how savage and murderous she looked, her tasselled ears laid back, her eyes green, her fangs shining like ivory, and had Churley been an ordinary youth he would probably have lost his hold and fallen into the deep snow below! As it was he merely looked down at the men and grinned.

"Hell of a joke, this!" said he. "You and your blooming honey bees!"

With a roar of laughter about half a dozen of them attacked the trunk with their axes. Chip-chip-chip the blows fell. while someone shouted to him to hold

Continued on page 15

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play;
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men.

THE CHRISTMAS SAMARITAN

By

Mrs. Nestor Noel

NORA Breen's methods were old-fashioned, and this was why her customers gradually died off. In her younger days, Nora had been reckoned an efficient dressmaker; but she had not kept up with the times. The girls whom she had taught so well had left her, one by one, and she had not been able to replace them. Some of them had opened establishments of their own and were doing well. Some of them had married.

As Nora sat in her lonely workroom, she recalled the time when it had been crowded and the walls had echoed to the sound of girlish laughter. Ah! Those were good old days! Now it wanted just two days to Christmas, and she was all alone.

"I wonder why I don't get any new orders," she said to herself. "At Christmas time, I was generally rushed for work." She folded a tablecloth on which she had worked the most exquisite embroidery and she looked at it with pride as she did so. "When Mrs. Walton pays for this," she added, "I shall be able to get a little ahead with my groceries. It is such a nice feeling to be ahead and not behindhand. Ah, who is that?" She put the tablecloth in a safe place and went quickly to the front door. "Miss Talbot," she said, as a very elderly woman entered the hall. "Walk right in. I'll make you a cup of tea. I was just going to have one myself. It's very cold outside, isn't it?"

"I'm cold inside and outside," said the old woman as she sat in the only armchair of which the room boasted.

"You'll soon be warm," said Nora as she bustled about and got ready a very simple meal. "I haven't any butter to-day," she added. "Customers are few and far between now-a-days. How is the world treating you?"

"Very badly, very badly," said Miss Talbot. "People think I'm too old for work."

"They seem to think so of me too," said Nora.

"I don't see why," replied her friend. "Your work is exquisite, and you are years younger than I am. You must be more up-to-date."

"I'm afraid I'm not," said Nora. "Here, take this cup of tea. It will make you feel better. I never could afford all the modern appliances which dressmakers use now, and I'm afraid I'm not quick enough at returning work. You see, I have to do it all alone. I can't hire a girl."

Miss Talbot nodded her head sympathetically. "Too bad," she said. Then she sipped her tea. "This is a good cup of tea," she added, contentedly. "But I'm afraid it will be the last I can have here."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Nora.

"I'm to go to the Poorhouse to-morrow," said the other woman, and putting down her cup and saucer, she wiped her eyes with trembling hands. "Yes," she went on as the other did not speak, "I've no relations to keep me, and with this hacking cough, I know I can't make any more money myself."

"But you needn't go before Christmas surely?" asked Nora. "You would want to be there for Christmas?"

"Want to?" echoed Miss Talbot, "I wish I were in my grave first. If I had the money for even one more week, I could wait until New Year; but I haven't, so it's no use thinking about it." She buried her face in her wrinkled hands — hands which had worked so hard in their day.

"Haven't you any friends left in the whole world?" asked Nora.

"The old ones have drifted away, or died," replied Miss Talbot. "You know how it is. You can't have many, yourself. The poor make few new friends. Well, I didn't mean to grumble. I just came round to say good-bye."

"I wish I could do something," said Nora, helplessly.

"Never mind me," replied Miss Talbot. "I guess you've got troubles enough of your own. I feel better after that tea. I'll go home now. Good bye."

"Good-bye," said Nora, and the tears started to her own eyes as she returned to her room.

"It's dreadful," she said to herself. "It's dreadful to have to go to the Poorhouse before Christmas. I wish I could do something. They will take her to-morrow unless she has one week's more rent. I wonder if she is very much behindhand. I ought to be thankful I've always been able to manage the rent. I should hate to leave even these small rooms. They are home."

She washed up the tea things and tidied generally. Then she sat down and wrote out a list of groceries. "These will put me ahead for a few weeks," she said. "I shall be comfortable for Christmas. After that, if no orders come my way, I can at least work out. I've health on my side, and I must be ten or fifteen years younger than Miss Talbot. I hope they'll never take her to the Poorhouse. Even my rent is a little ahead. Yes, I shall enjoy Christmas in peace."

But could she do so? Ever and anon, the thought of Miss Talbot came between her and peace of mind "It's none of my business," she said out loud, as if arguing with a very visible person. "It's each one for himself or herself now-a-days. Ah! This is a hard world! Still, it's not poor people like myself who can do anything. I think I'll take that tablecloth around to Mrs. Walton. It would give me a re-assuring feeling to know my cupboard was stocked a few weeks ahead."

She dressed quickly and went out, taking with her a brown paper parcel. "In olden days," she thought, "one of the girls would have taken this for me, whilst I was busy at something else. Well, it's no disgrace to carry my own work. I'm lucky to have any to carry."

WITH a tidy little sum in her pocket, she soon returned to her room. "I think I'll get those groceries to-morrow," she said, "it's too cold to go shopping this evening." She looked at her coat covered with tiny snowflakes. "I'll have a cup of cocoa and go to bed," she added. "I'm tired enough to sleep at once."

However, Nora Breen did not sleep well that night. Ever and anon, she pictured to herself the misery Miss Talbot would feel at being taken from her cheap lodging to the Poorhouse. If it had been at any other time, she knew her friend would not have felt it so much. Her friend! A nice friend she was proving herself, to be sure! She remembered the time, oh so very long ago, when Miss Talbot had given her work. This had often come at a time when she needed it most before she had become known. How glad she had been of that work then. How had she repaid it since? Just by a few cups of tea.

"If I were rich," thought Nora, as she tossed about sleepless on her bed. "I would help her, yes, certainly, I would. As it is, what can I do?" She put her hand under her pillow as if to make sure that her money was still there, and she breathed a sigh of satisfaction on coming in contact with the handerkchief into which she had tied it. It was good to feel this money and to know she need

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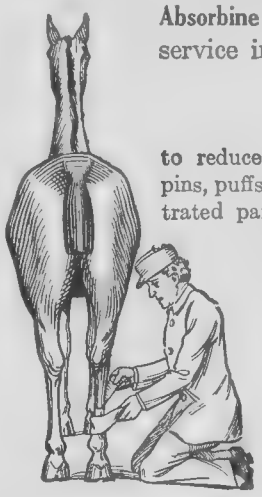

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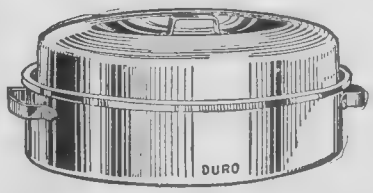

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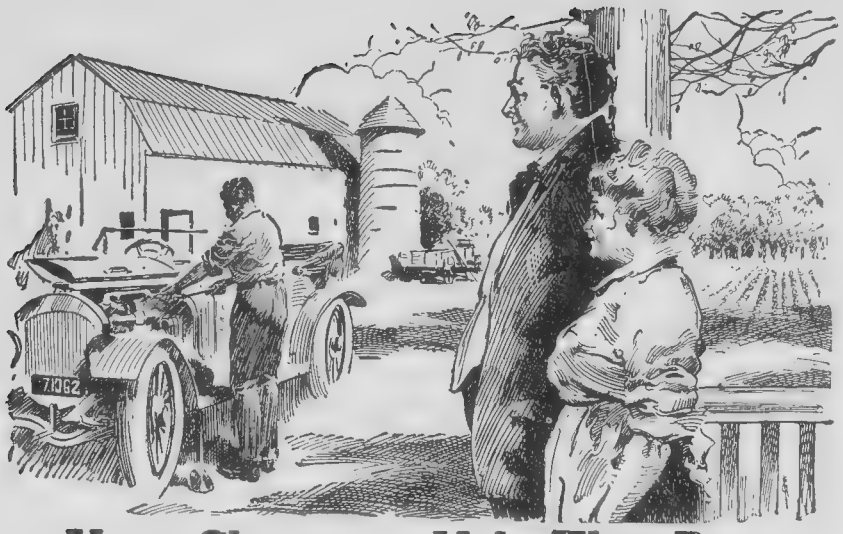

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THE CHRISTMAS SAMARITAN—*Continued from page 13*

not fear hunger for some time. She guessed Miss Talbot had often been hungry.

"Ah well," she ejaculated. "They'll feed her at the Poorhouse. I don't see why she should mind so much! If I were to give her just half my money it would only keep her one more week in her room! What use would that be?"

It would mean Christmas at home! That is what it would really mean! Home was much to Miss Talbot, even though it merely represented one small room. She had had that room for years, paying for it out of her scanty earnings. This thought occurred over and over again to Nora throughout the night. The next morning she arose early. "No use staying in bed, if I can't sleep," she said to herself. "I wonder why I bother my head so much about Miss Talbot. After all, I'm not bound to mind my neighbor's business. I'll read my chapter from the Bible and hustle about getting in my groceries, and looking for more work. I'll open the Book at random."

For a few minutes she read and then shut the Book. "Strange," she said. "Strange that I should have opened at the parable of the Good Samaritan. I wonder why I did so?"

After putting her money in a small purse, she dressed in her warmest clothes and went out into the cold air. The streets were deserted; she was so early. She saw an occasional postman and a milkman, but the rest of the business world was not yet up. Nora's steps did not turn towards the grocer's. She knew the shop would not be open. Why then did she hurry so, in the opposite direction? Why did she stop before a very shabby house, drop a letter into the mail box and hurry on as if she feared to be caught at some underhand trick?

Later on, the same day, a small boy came to her house and handed her a note. She opened it quickly and read the trembling pencil marks.

"I shall be here over Christmas. Some unknown friend gave me enough money for the rent for another week. There was enough over for food too. G. Talbot."

"It's all right," said Nora to the small boy who stood looking up at her. Then, because it was Christmas Eve and Nora's heart felt open wide, she handed him a dime.

Nothing marred the peace on her Christmas Day. What if her cupboard was not so well stocked as she had intended it should be! What if times were hard and work difficult to find! She was not going to think of all these things on Christmas Day. One heart was happier, she knew, and it was so because of her. To-morrow, she could take up life's burdens anew. For to-day, she was content to enjoy that "Peace which passeth all understanding."

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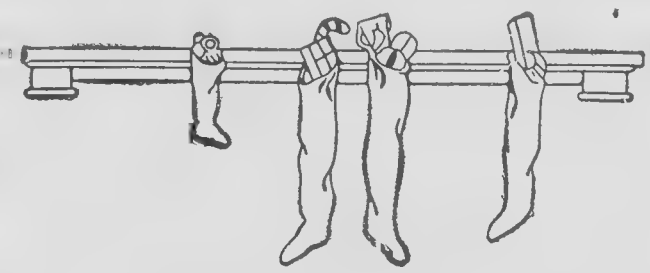

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Stockings hanging in a row,
Are waiting for some toys,
The kind that Santa likes to bring
To all good girls and boys.

Bobby's is the tiny one,
For he is only two,
He wants a ball, so he can play
The game of peek-a boo.

Jennie's stocking is the next,
She wants a great big doll
That opens and shuts its bright blue eyes
And walks across the hall.

Peter's is the last you see,
He wants an aeroplane,
So he can shoot up in the clouds
To find the snow and rain.

—*Melinda F. Stem.*

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SOME CHRISTMAS—*Continued from page 12*

tight to the trunk. He did so, and next moment the old tree crashed into the drifts, giving Churley a severe jolt, while the lynx which they had cornered galloped off in ungainly bounds, most of the men pursuing her and shooting. So they got their ounce of fun out of the greenhorn, but it was good-natured fun, rough though it might be, and no one laughed more heartily over the joke than Churley.

WORK for the season was now in full swing, and the men had little time for joking except on Sundays. Each member of the camp was busy with his own task, each had his allotted place, and so Churley and his old foe Jasserman were not brought in contact very much. One night, however, Churley went into the bunkhouse looking rather grave. "Jasserman got a case of whisky up by the packet this morning," he said. "He and Grimble were both roaring drunk at sundown. They went over to the baseline, and they haven't cone back. Now if they go to sleep on the trail tonight, goodness help them. The mercury's down below zero."

"They'll be all right," said the boys. "The question is—where's the remainder of the case? We might take care of it for them."

Churley, however, refused to regard it as otherwise than serious that two tipsy men should be out on the boose with the thermometer where it was. He did not go to bed till late, and when he did it was to sleep with one ear open. So, at midnight, the bunkhouse was suddenly wakened by Churley sitting bolt upright and exclaming—"My stars! What's that?"

The numerous snores subsided, silence fell. The moonlight shone in at the window, casting a white oblong down the centre of the aisle. Then came a sound—so thin and faint that even a wakeful man might not have heard it, far less have heeded it.

"That's Jasserman!" cried Churley hoarsely. "They're in the blowhole. Come along boys!"

He was out of his bunk in a jiffy, and they saw him glide down the passage and out into the night. Someone muttered sleepily that he was dreaming, someone added that what the deuce did it matter if Jasserman did walk into a blowhole. About the best thing for the camp.

But, when the boy did not return, they began to sit up and listen, then they heard his voice out across the snow, coming from the white and silent river. "Hold on Jasserman—hold on Grimble for God's sake! I'm coming to you!"

A ghastly silence followed, succeeded by the ring of an axe on a frozen trunk. "My God, they're through the ice all right!" someone muttered, and in an instant the whole bunkhouse was astir.

The blowhole was at the foot of the clearing, and was kept open for the fish trap. Everyone knew that it was there, and at anyrate it was visible from yards away by the faint vapour which overhung it. Jasserman and Grimble must have been very, very drunk to have walked into it, which indeed they were.

When the boys got down they saw that Churley had felled a cedar sapling and thrown it over the weak ice to the edge of the blowhole. Now he was creeping out towards the two black shapes peering above the surface of the freezing water. He locked his fingers upon one of them, but as he did so the other began to go under. Him too Churley clutched, and there he hung on, holding both men above surface, while around him the ice boomed and cracked, and the bitter, deadly cold penetrated what clothing he had.

"I can't stir," he shouted back to the others. "If I do the ice will go through. I've got them both. They're done."

"Hang on," said someone. "We're going back for a ladder."

But the ladder could not be found. Minutes passed, seeming like hours. "For God's sake be quick," panted Churley. "They're getting me down. My hands are freezing."

Somewhere in the distance sounded the sinister howling of wolves. Overhead the aurora crackled and flamed in a million colored lights. "Hang on boy," said someone. "They're coming now. Hang on, do!"

But the seconds passed, and still no ladder. The men had hurried back, half

Continued on page 72

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Santa Claus

The sleigh was all ready,
The reindeers sleek and fat,
And Santa plump and jolly
Got out the well worn sack.

He rubbed his nose—then looked about,
To see if all the toys
Were in the right condition
For his good girls and boys,

Dolls, books, horses and horns,
Marbles, boats and tops,
He stuffed them in up to the brim,
So he could fill their socks.

With pack on his back he hurried out
For the old clock was striking one,
The moon looked down with a smile so broad,
He knew there would be some fun.

Now Dasher! Now Blitzen! Now Dixie!
Now Dunder!
Hurry boys, no time for play,
We must fill the socks for the boys and girls,
Because it is Christmas Day.

—*Melinda F. Stem.*

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LAND'S END

By

R. E. Breach

A Continued Story

ANITA Westgate was twenty, and the prettiest girl in Montreal. She was also the most spoiled, for though Gregory Westgate, her father, had transformed the chaos of a mismanaged railroad into orderly prosperity, he had never been able to subdue or bring into orderly lines of conduct, his daughter and only child. As for Mrs. Westgate she was a negligible quantity in the family. Her husband tolerated and loved her, but Anita frankly despised her mother. It will thus be seen how much Gregory Westgate overlooked in his daughter.

Therefore Anita was not only displeased, but puzzled by her father's decision.

"But, daddy," she pleaded, with unusual patience, "It's such a little thing that I'm asking. My house-party will take up only the first week of our stay at Leawood. If Aunt Josephine comes, that'll mean the south suite taken, and you know that I must positively have it for the Dwyers. Maud Dwyer hasn't been well since she had the 'flu and the southern exposure suits her. Then there are the Jenkinses, and the Martins from Quebec, the most exclusive people in our set—how do you suppose they will get along with Aunt Josephine and her old-fashioned ways?"

"Listen, honey—"

"Can't she come some other time?"

"No, daughter, she can't. You know that this is the only week when she can leave Uncle Tom. Cousin Miranda is coming home for her holidays, and will give her mother a chance to get away for a rest. Your aunt loves Leawood, and I thought that a week there, with just some of the family, would suit her better than any gaieties. Now be a dear girl, and put off your party for another week."

"Daddy!"

"I'll buy you those pearl earrings you were admiring the other day—"

"No, you can't bribe me. I don't want anything but to have Leawood to myself and my friends for that one week. If you'd write and explain to Aunt Josephine about it, she would give up her holiday to please me, I know."

"Of course she would. But we won't ask her to do that, honikins. I—we—owe so much to the dear old soul. You have so many good times, Anita. Don't ask an old woman to give up the one good time she has in the whole year."

"Why doesn't she send her husband to a hospital, or a home for imbeciles, or something?"

"She doesn't send her husband—your own uncle, I should say—to a hospital, or a home, or something—because, dear girl, she loves him. He has been a mighty good husband to her. I hope you marry as fine a man."

"Daddy Westgate, are you saying that you want me to marry an imbecile?"

"Don't be unreasonable, Anita. You are knowingly taking up my words in the wrong way. If you are anxious to avoid marriage with a congenial idiot, you'd better drop that chinless young anthropoid you waste your time dancing with at the Chateau."

"I wish you'd leave Bobby alone, father. And anyway, I'm going to have Leawood for next week, so there's no use of our getting angry at each other and spoiling a perfectly good afternoon."

"That'll do, Anita. You cannot have the use of Leawood until the week after next. That's the last word!"

The last word was cut off by the noisy exit of his daughter. She was really more astonished than angry, for it was the first time in her life that her father had definitely refused her anything. What hurt the most was that she was refused for Aunt Josephine, poor bent old Aunt Josephine, with her stiff black frocks, and white aprons, and her endless yarns about Thomas, her husband, who had been a great man in his day. No doubt he had been, until the hayfork fell upon his head, and make him a child again. But why should Anita, who was innocent of that accident, suffer for it?

"It's all so sordid and commonplace," thought she. "Just because Aunt gave him his board and lodging and sent him to public school, daddy thinks they have made him what he is today. Jorkins, is that groom never coming?"

"Coming at once, Miss Anita," answered the tall footman, cheerily. "Your cob is a little high-spirited this morning, Miss, and James is having trouble with him."

"I did not ask you, Jorkins, to make excuses for James' slackness. Kindly keep your observations to yourself."

"Very good, Miss," answered the footman, standing at attention.

Anita mounted the gray without deigning to notice the groom's offered hand. She raised the cob's high spirits still higher by slashing him with her whip, and galloped off.

Anita rode to the Chateau in search of Bobby Baxter, but the chinless one was late for his appointment. To punish him she rode off with Lynn Merrivale, to whom she confided her troubles.

"Lynn, my daddy has refused me a small favor for the first time in my life. What do you say to that?"

"I should say you have been very lucky. My old man refuses me three times a day, at the very least."

"Don't be silly. It's all about this house-party. I didn't dream of daddy not wanting me to have Leawood. I came to find Bobby Baxter, to see if he could help me out. But he has failed me too, for the first time."

"Did you 'phone him? Bobby is usually on the dot."

"No, but he knows I am likely to want him in the afternoon."

"You're a badly treated little girl. What's the row with your old man?"

"I wish you wouldn't speak of father in that way," replied Anita, who never allowed anyone to abuse her father except herself. She wished now she had waited for the faithful Bobby. "Father has invited an elderly aunt of his to spend a week at Leawood, and of course he has chosen the one week I wanted."

"Tell him to ship the old lady."

"I have, but he feels himself under great obligation to Aunt Josephine. Besides, it's the only week that she can come. But he might bring her to the city, for once, I think."

"Well, I'd say to go ahead with your good work. If the old lady comes, send her down to make pies. I love country cooking. You get your people in the house first. Possession is nine points of the law. That's the only bit of legal knowledge that has stuck to me, and Dad has kept me grubbing about his office for three years now. So go ahead, dear girl."

"I think I will. Parents had their good times when they were young, so they should at least try not to hinder us. Look, here comes Bobby after us Hallo, Bobby, what kept you?"

"My old man kept me. Gave me the deuce, Anita. He says I've overdrawn, or endorsed something, and if I do it again, he's going to raise the devil."

"We young people ought to go on strike," said the young lady, as Bobby rode up beside her. "How thrilling it would be!"

"Great idea, 'Nita," cried Mr. Baxter. "I vote we do it. You'd made a stunning strike organizer. What think, Merrivale?"

"Amusin', old thing, now that it's too hot for tennis. But what would you strike about?"

This was unanswerable at present, so the three young anarchists cantered merrily along the river front, returning to the Chateau in time for a very animated "thé dansant."

Anita, escorted by Mr. Bobby Baxter, returned to the parental roof in scant time to dress for dinner. But she had her plan of campaign prepared, and her first shot was fired at once. She went to her writing-desk, and addressed the balance of her invitations for the house-party. Then she asked for her father, but he had gone out—"to a directors' meetin', Miss," the inscrutable Jorkins informed her. So she slipped the little mauve-shaded envelopes into the hall letterbox, and went indifferently up the stairs to dress for dinner, somewhat disappointed that matters were going so easily. The butler set down the bronze Japanese dinner gong and glanced reproachfully after her. His perfect appointments would be kept waiting half an hour, or more, and the chef would boil over again.

She raised the cob's high spirits still higher by slashing him with her whip, and galloped off.

"The blue chiffon, Marguerite, and be quick about it," said Anita, throwing aside her hat and coat.

The little bronze-haired maid flew towards the dressing-room. Anita liked the girl, and considered her an excellent foil for her own dark glowing beauty. But she was so pale. "Gives me the creeps," she shuddered, as she stepped into her bath.

Half an hour later she examined herself in the glass with growing approval. Marguerite waited breathlessly for the decision. Suddenly the silver mirror revealed it.

"Marguerite!"

"Yes, Miss Anita," the pale maid came running to view the scene of the crime.

"Stand in front of me and look at those puffs."

"Oh, yes, Miss!"

"Don't you see it?"

"If you would tell me, Miss, what change you desire, I could alter your coiffure—"

The storm broke. Marguerite's stupidity was the final blow of a disappointing day.

"You little red-headed fool! That puff is almost twice as large as the other, and half-an-inch too low. My head looks like a mop, a market-basket! Go, call Hortense! Go this instant. And ask Mrs. Goodwin for your wages. I won't give you even a recommendation. I never saw such careless work!"

"If you would listen, Miss Anita The puff is wrong, but my head aches so to-night. Please excuse my carelessness. I have always suited you before, Miss."

"Beat it!"

The silver mirror flew across the room, and the little maid fled weeping to Hortense, Mrs. Westgate's imported maid, who had made such a success of keeping that faded lady up to the social standard.

"Is it that I must now wait upon that tigress?" moaned the Frenchwoman. "Do not weep, my little Marguerite. I shall find you a place with one who is a real lady. Mon dieu! There is her bell. I shall be devoured alive. And all for a little puff, you say."

When Anita came down stairs, she found her mother placidly reading the evening papers before the hall fire. The butler still hovered near the dinner-gong. When he caught sight of the cloud of blue chiffon, he seized his stick, and beat the bronze bubble viciously. Dinner was thirty-five minutes late, but the word had gone forth that Miss Anita was in a tantrum, and no one, her father being absent, had dared to ring the dinner bell.

Anita, coming in great haste to Leawood on the following Saturday, found her Aunt Josephine, arrayed in a new and more ample apron, seated on the front verandah, knitting a gray sock. Her old gentle face was beatific with the beauty and restfulness of the scene before her. Anita went white. Then she ran so rapidly down the steps and around to a side entrance that the happy old woman on the porch had not time to see who it was.

She interviewed the butler, shortly, and to the point.

"Anderson," said she, in the quick, arrogant manner which she deemed the proper approach to servants, "I presume that everything is ready for the guests from town? Did you bring the extra maids I spoke to you about?"

"Beg pardon, Miss, but Mr. Westgate informed me when I spoke to him about it, that the 'ouse-party had been cancelled, and that Mrs. Tomkinson would be the only guest at Leawood this week."

"Are you telling me, Anderson, that you have disregarded my instructions?"

Anderson had long waited for this hour.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he replied stiffly, "but I must take my final horders from Mr. Westgate."

Anita lost her head at this.

"You'll leave in the morning," she stormed at the imperturbable butler. "I won't keep a servant in our house who is insolent!"

As Anderson said later to the gloating Jorkins, "I 'ad 'er, then, Jymes." "Let me tell you, Miss Westgate, that your father 'ired me, and nobody 'as the right to talk to me as you 'ave, heven if I am a 'ired servant!"

"Anderson," said the footman, "I'd have given a month's wage to have heard it. The things I have suffered from that saucy chit. If it hadn't been for my missis being sick, and the jobs so scarce, I'd have told her something, and quit, long ago."

Anita's little feet were stamping up the long stairs. She looked into the

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THE GREY OLD MOTHER EVER YOUNG

By Principal John MacKay, D.D.
Manitoba College

PROFESSOR I. B. Botsford, an American Teacher of History, went over to Britain expecting to find her in senile decrepitude, but after a few weeks' stay he wrote: "In conclusion, therefore, may I suggest with all humility and all seriousness that, while I have come to these friendly shores to study eighteenth-century England, I have made one discovery of twentieth century England—that England and the English people have a greater place to fill than ever before in their history." To all of which I say "Amen."

I went over for my first visit after the Great War expecting to find the people bowed under the weight of the terrible sorrow that has come to almost every home in the loss of eight hundred thousand of the bravest and best in the War; to find their spirits depressed and their courage at a low ebb under the terrible weight of taxation and economic loss. But while I found many sore hearts, I found no face without its smile of undying hope and unfaltering courage. Where I expected to find depression and complaint, I heard cheery words and the expression of a high faith in the destiny of the old land. Instead of bringing courage and inspiration from our great, breezy, new Northland, I found myself breathing in encouragement and inspiration from the unconquerable spirit of the gray old Motherland.

What a beautiful land she is! How well worth dying for! Who that has drunk in life from her would not give her the best life holds?

From the day I landed at Liverpool till the day, two months later, when I sailed away, I found myself every day more deeply under her spell. How green are her fields! How beautiful her copses and her hedgerows! Every little village has its heaven pointing spire and peaceful God's acre, so full of memories of the men and women who through the centuries have lived and loved and died there.

TO sail up Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, to stage through the Trossachs, with the heather-clad hills reaching away on either side to snow-capped heights beyond, is to relive Scott's Immortal Lay, and the history of the warlike, restless race which has left its mark on every side. The same race has tamed a thousand rugged glens, and built its "lone shielings on the misty islands," and rugged, storm-swept shores of every coast. Who that has dwelt among the heather-clad hills and cloud-swept valleys of the Highlands or the fertile fields of the more favored Lowlands can ever escape their spell. The touch of a people of imagination and idealism, of industry and thrift, of simple piety and grave seriousness lies on every foot of Scotland, and warms and cheers the heart where the least drop of Scottish blood finds its life.

To journey through the peaceful Lake country, with its rugged beauty, is to hear the songs of some of the sweetest English singers, and to visit the Shakespeare country is to feel the spell of the world's greatest dramatist, who, because of his greatness, was one of the most human of men. To visit Eton and Rugby and Oxford and Cambridge is to relive again some of the most stirring scenes of English history and to know something of the secret of many of her greatest sons. To go again and again to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's is to catch the spirit of British History. From the days when she was a little sea-girt isle, living her own life and trying to assimilate the diverse races who claimed her as their home, is to follow her struggle for civil and religious liberty and her slow expansion by discovery and conquest into the world's greatest Empire, on whose flag the sun never sets. You read that history in the memorials of her explorers and administrators, her admirals and generals, her statesmen and poets, her patriots and preachers, which sanctify and ennoble these splendid shrines.

At the entrance to Westminster Abbey to-day is a slab which marks the grave of the Unknown Warrior, a grave which speaks more poignantly to our hearts than all the ancient dead, and recalls in its appeal the myriad other unknown and unsung soldier sons of Britain whose bodies consecrate forever the battle-fields of the Continent of Europe, of India and Egypt, of the Soudan and of the dark places of Africa, of Canada and the United States, of China and Australia and New Zealand and the islands of the Sea.

These mute memorials recall the redemption of the vast Empire of India from the chaos of racial and religious strife to the ordered peace of British Institutions by Clive and Napier and Roberts and a host of noble administrators of whom any race might be proud; of the conquest of Canada from French adventurers and Indian savages and its transformation into one of the freest and most prosperous of the nations of the earth; of the unification of scattered units on the lone African veldt into the great Dominion of South Africa and the conversion of our bitter Boer enemies into loyal co-partners in the task of building a civilized world. They tell, too, of a time when Europe trembled before the on-march of the conquering legions of conquest-crazed Napoleon, and Britain stood alone against his fury until she broke his sword forever on the blood drenched fields of Waterloo. What pouring out of blood and treasure it all means, what doubts and fears gripping the hearts of mothers and sisters and sweethearts as the long story of danger and death unfolds itself.

Other Empires have shown a genius for conquest but none has shown her genius for reconstruction, for erecting her own institutions in alien lands with their untold treasures of liberty and justice, of security and prosperity. Other Empire's have sunk exhausted under the spoils of their own conquests, Britain has used her treasures to build up daughter nations over the whole earth, nations ruled over only by the sovereign power of love and gratitude. Nothing like her Empire was ever seen before and the past has laid foundations for vastly greater things to be.

What is the Secret of it all?

THE corner-stone of British greatness is the British home. There is an old adage that "an Englishman's home is his castle." Like every adage which has lived it throws a flood of light upon the race from which it sprang. For the Briton, home is the most sacred place on earth. There only what he wills to come may come and there he brings the choicest treasures of heart and head and life: there children are welcomed and tenderly nutured in the great traditions of the race, in the deep things of God. Instead of wasting the strength of youth in riotous living and the enervating pursuit of luxury, virile men and women dare to endure hardship to beget and rear a numerous progeny to people the waste places of the earth. And the old home nest is kept free from self-centred ignorance by the struggles and triumphs of its dear ones in other lands. Giving richly of its own best blood it receives in ever reviving flood the affectionate homage, the moral and spiritual and material backing of a greater Britain beyond the seas. In the United States and the self-governing Dominions there are now twice as many of the old stock as there are at home, building into the fabric of world civilization the ideals of the race, buttressing the old home land with their own youthful vigor and enabling the old Mother to renew her youth from that fresh tide of her own abounding life.

What a centre of love and purity, of industry and thrift is a British home, what fireside in all the earth offers to friendship so warm a welcome and receives the worthy guest with such open handed hospitality.

BURNS, in "The Cottars' Saturday Night," has given us an immortal picture of the humble Scottish home which lies at the foundation of the world wide influence of the rugged Northland. There you see the priest-like father, after his week of toil, gathering his family about him and leading their thoughts up to the eternal source of all through the pages of His word and reverent prayer, thus sanctifying all our human relations and giving them the touch of the Divine from which they come.

The Master poets and the Master prose writers of England—Spencer, Thomson, Shakespeare, Milton, Browning and Tennyson and Johnson and Ruskin show in their pages how deep inwrought in the very life of England are the matchless ideals, the noble imagery, the Heaven saturated atmosphere of the Bible.

And her sons and daughters have planted these homes in Canada, and the United States, in Australia and New Zealand, in Africa, and in the islands of the Sea, turning their waste places into God fearing, peace-loving, law-abiding, prosperous communities.

The second secret of Britain's greatness is her churches, from the prehistoric ruins of Stonehenge and Stennes to the massive and beautiful new Cathedral now being built in Liverpool. Standing on the summit of Christopher Wren's pillar monument of the Great Fire in London, you can count the domes and spires of forty churches and cathedrals and from the vantage point of any city or town or village in the land, conspicuous above all, you see the Churches. No farthest glade is without the sound of church bells, no humblest home need be a stranger to the Church's ministries.

It was in Britain that the Reformation achieved its greatest triumphs and spread over the world its glad tidings of the soul's immediate contact with a living God, Sovereign over all the Universe. Her churches have their branches in every land and spend men and money without stint in bringing in the reign of Christ.

WHEN Europe was sunk in sordid lethargy and the French Revolution was threatening stable institutions everywhere, it was from England that there sprang the fresh tides of the Wesleyan Revival which gave birth to the great Methodist Church, active and aggressive over all the earth.

While the scholars of other lands have followed every wandering fancy, her Christian teachers have pursued the path of reverent scholarship and ordered progress, and who can estimate the world's debt to her Farrars and Lightfoots, her Drivers and her Smiths, her Denny's and her Moffats. And what preachers of righteousness have arisen to call her people to higher things! All the world is richer for Chalmers and Guthrie, for Farrar and McLaren, for Parker and Spurgeon, for Jowett and Whyte, for Kelman and Black, and a host of others who have stood as bulwarks to the people and won their reverent esteem and affection.

No land can fail in high idealism and lofty enterprise with such poets and preachers, such scholars and teachers to call her people to the things that are eternal. And side by side with her churches have always gone her schools and colleges. The early Columbite and Roman Catholic monks made their monasteries and abbeys centres of training to the savage people among whom they settled, and when Knox established the Reformation in Scotland he planted a church and school in every parish that the poorest child might find the way open by honest toil to win the highest gifts of scholarship. Very early, each great district had its College or University open to all. And who can estimate what England owes to Rugby and Eton and countless other schools so willingly endowed with the wealth of her people, to Oxford and Cambridge, her schools of higher knowledge. Science owes to Britain a debt it can never fully realize for the discoveries of her Bacon, her Lister, her Davey, her Farady, her Newton, her Darwin, her Huxley, her Kelvin and her Lodge. She nurtured them but their achievements are the common possession of the whole world.

Yet these great fundamental institutions owe their permanence and strength to certain characteristics of the race. To make the Briton God blended into one great race some of the finest branches of our common human stock. Upon the original restless, idealistic Celtic stock was superimposed the Anglo Saxon, with his genius for free institutions and practical common sense, and the Norman, with his chivalry and passion for organization and stately order in life and buildings. Mingled by centuries of struggle and achievement the race has become one many-sided resourceful, confident and cheery whole, facing life with a smile, cherishing hatred to none and willing to co-operate with all mankind to make a world as happy and as free as its own beloved sea girt Isle.

EVIL tendencies there have been; black pages there are in the annals of her past, but through a strenuous millennium of history she has led the way in the paths of Christian liberty and enlightenment to an extent unequalled by any other people, and stands to-day a bulwark to all the tottering people of the earth, the champion of liberty and righteous relations among the nations. Abroad she has girdled the earth with daughter nations having all her own free institutions, bound to her only by ties of affection, ties that the shock of war has shown to be stronger than steel. This world-wide Empire, united by love, is her surest guarantee for the future, for so long as she continues to lead the world in paths of Justice and of Peace she can count on the last man and the last dollar of every free Dominion to support her in her task.

At home she has perfected her social institutions, until to-day the world see the strange spectacle of a King reigning

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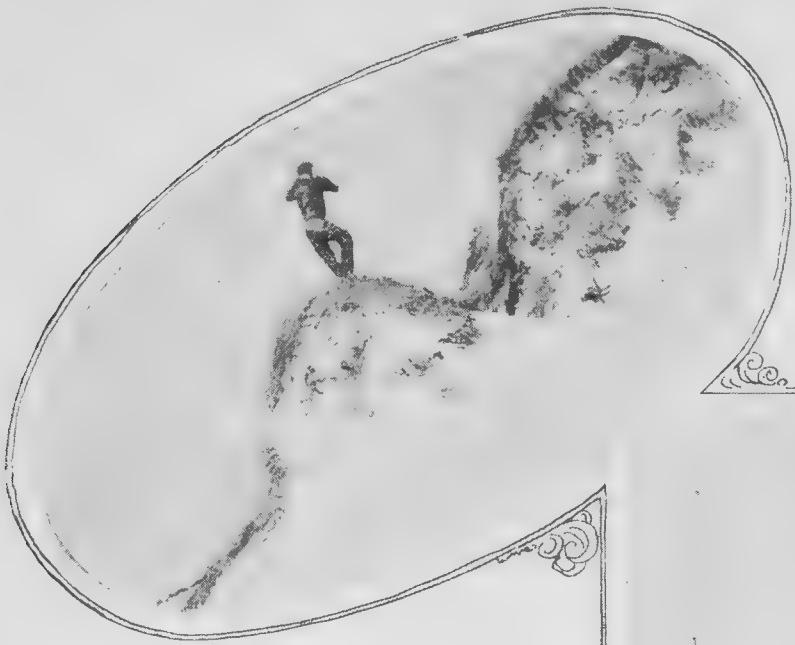
Then twine the holly and wreath the bay,
Let joy and gladness crown the day,
For sorrow and sighing are done away
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Oh sing of our life, and joy, and peace,
Of sin's decay and love's increase;
God grant the song may never cease
On Christmas-day in the morning.

THE WIRELESS PLANT AT CAPE SABLE

By Bonnycastle Dale



The Great Sandunes

Landing supplies for wireless station Department Marine and fisheries.

I WANT you to picture to yourself a wild, wind swept sand island, divided from big Cape Sable Island and the mainland of Nova Scotia by the rushing, swirling tide waters of Eastern Passage on "Hawk Inlet". All this sandy stretch is dotted with a piled up and coarse grass crowned series of sand dunes, wind twisted masses unstable as water, which every wind sends in tiny white grains scurrying over the tide flats to form fantastic dunes in new places.

Outside this long narrow strip of sand, stretches the wild Atlantic, and close in along the shore run those "Rivers-in-the-Seas" called "The Rips". On the shore edge is piled in great fort-like walls the beach-stones piled fifty feet high and a hundred feet across at the base, and six at the top, by the tides and storms of the centuries, and behind this wall we leave wireless men, light-house keepers, one good little boarding house and we two natural history field workers.

There have been times in the past when the highest high tide and the long continued sou'west winds have heaped the mountainous waves until they sent the topmost layers of stones of this wall clattering down behind like rivers of rushing stones. Out from this, Cape Sable stretches those dreaded reefs, the "Sou'west Ledges" and "Pollock Rip", and many an unnamed rock, just as willing and able to tear the bottom out of any ship which wanders from the popular steamship traffic lanes. And the winds blow and the woolly fog sweeps in and the fog horn blares out and this is Cape Sable.

This tall wireless tower, which rears its narrow spire over the Cape Sable sands, has sent out many a thrilling message, but none more intense than the one which went spitting and crackling on its way one Sunday during the war. Out of the many noises which indistinctly came into the receiver the operator on watch heard: "Go out further, there are more ships there, don't bother with these few in here, I'll attend to them." Instantly he was on the qui vive. This was a message, unbelievably in English, from the long expected submarine. Then came about three hundred numbers, totally unknown to the operator on watch which he promptly wirelessed to the Admiralty at Halifax. The original message he gave to the big strong twin towered plant at Barrington and it was spread broadcast all along the coast.

Meanwhile trouble brewed on the great waters. From where I sit writing this I can see Seal Island light some twenty miles to the south. Right off there near Seal Island, on that never to be forgotten Sunday, two fishing schooners sailed peacefully along. Up! Like some submarine monster came a devilish modern thing called a "Sub." Her decks and sides were as moss covered as the back of an old fresh water turtle. "Get your men off in dories and send them here, I am going to sink you," called out a gruff voice from the sub. instantly the men came up out of the forecastle in stocking feet or crowding their clothes on hurriedly. "No hurry," called the same gruff voice, "I'll not take any lives to-day, just sink you. Come alongside." So off went the swiftly laden dories leaving the schooner deserted. One was sent back from the sub. with a few Germans to the schooner and soon they re-appeared on deck and were rowed back to the sub. which then increased her distance from the doomed two sticker. "Puff! Bang!" roared out the bomb, and the devoted craft simply broke in two amidships and sank. "Now you men row off home, and if any of you give us away, or tell about this, next time it will be—" and he graphically passed his hand across his throat. "Tell me" he called, "do you know of any vessel with guns aboard disguised as a fisherman?" "Tell me," he roared. "No" answered one of the twenty odd alarmed fishermen, and off they rowed on the ten miles homeward course, and down dipped the sub.

The Cape Sable Wireless Station, Marconi, 185 ft. high.

THE dories halted half the way in and one man yelled out. "I seen that Captain on the sub. in Glochester, he sailed out of thar before the war." "Yes, so did I," called another. "I knew him the moment he rowed over. He's a German American codfishing out of Gloster two years ago. Now passed a few hours of intense feeling on this little sandy dune called Cape Sable. The wireless man and the lightkeeper conferred if they should send their women to the mainland in case of the sub shelling the Cape. Finally they decided not to do so until he actually appeared.

I asked one of the fishermen, "Did you see the other sub".

"No" just saw the one which sank us and our pardner, but I'll have the lawr of them yet." (They use the word lawr for law, rawr for raw, etc.)

Up popped the devilish German Submarine later in the day, and another good little Nova Scotia fisherman sought Davy Jones' locker. All this time the patrol boat lay in the harbour and none of the "Chasers" appeared in the scene and Ottawa kept wirelessing "watch for subs." As the reefs extend three miles out and a sub. periscope is no larger than a bowsprit, the lightkeeper would have had a nice keen look-out to spy one of them. But now came the wonderful part of it. The wireless superintendent had rushed up a building here, bringing the lumber from Barrington through the thick ice of February, gathering twenty men and boats and oxen and rushing the lot of building material through ice and slop and ashore over the rocks and on-to the wagon, creaking off behind the oxen, and lo! a neat little office was reared right at the foot of the tall wireless mast, and in it was installed one of those modern wizards of the wireless—the Direction Finder. By this intensely delicate instrument the operator on Cape Sable was able to locate the subs. — but that was all he could do with no navy to help him. There were anxious hearts in the six hour watches at both the wireless and the lighthouse plants that night, but the long dark hours passed away without the announcing flash and the echoing boom of the sub's. guns. The sun came up over the old familiar scenes once more, and the two German devils were away out on the banks sinking our fishing vessels in groups. The light-keeper told me "I do not think they could have brought the sub. through the reefs, but as they can get a range of four miles they did not have to." But I told him that I had noticed in all their destructive work they never destroyed the lights that were giving them such good service. Many of the fishermen living around us still recall with bitterness that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, when they lost their vessels within sight of home.

THIS is the time of the year that wrings our hearts. The mighty winds and the zero weather produces a tremendous sea and this, sweeping off shore before a true Norther kicks up a cross sea, the dread of the fisherman. On those shallows called "The Banks", fifty to two hundred miles out of Nova Scotia, our neighbors live on their nimble three masters, called tern three-masted schooners, and put out in their dories with their tubs of trawl lines and baited hooks and "kags" as they call the wee painted barrel floats. At this time of the year, the wind and "chop" soon numb the fingers and we dread to pick up the paper. "Drowning of two more Fishermen on the Banks". This time it is the "Teaser" from Glochester that reports a loss. Her flag is drooping limp at half-mast, as two of her crew are gone. There was a big sea running and one of the fishermen was coming back to his schooner in his dory, when a bigger wave than usual overset it and the happy-hearted fisherman will never bandy jokes with his mates when they are "mugging up" again. "A sad home and a sorrowful wife and family left in a cabin close to the sea, which they will forever dread as it took away a father," is a common saying on this coast.

Alas, the cruel Atlantic was not satisfied with one victim from the trim little schooner. While his mates were still bewailing the loss of a good chum, on the same oft-to-be-remembered Sunday, a monster wave came sluicing over the rail and dashed the crowd of fishermen like chips before the sea. All but one managed to get a death grip on some rope or rail or deckhouse—all but a Newfoundland boy who was swept to his fate. Even in the midst of that

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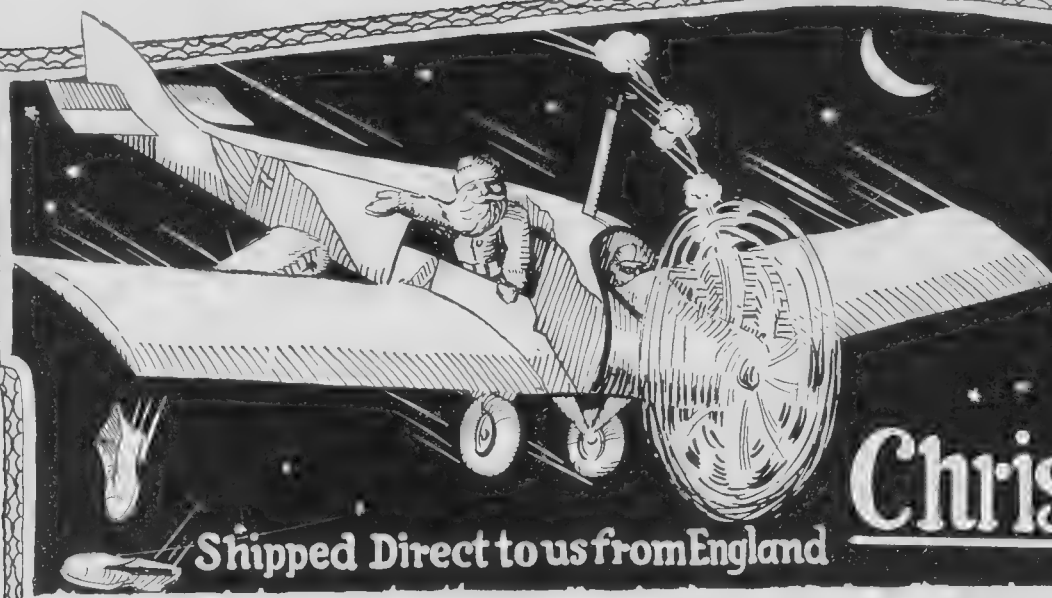
OUR FRONTISPIECE

The Publishers are indebted to Dr. M. H. Garvin, the well known Winnipeg dentist, for the very appropriate frontispiece that graces this Christmas issue of The Western Home Monthly. The reproduction, in four colors, is from an exceptionally fine painting, by the famous Florentine master, and finds an honored place among the art treasures that adorn the Doctor's office. Though devoted to his profession, and active in its discharge, Dr. Garvin has found time to cultivate his artistic tastes, and occasional visits to the art centres of Europe are to him a delightful tonic. His collection of the rare and beautiful in paintings is a real antidote to the proverbial dread of the doctor's chair.



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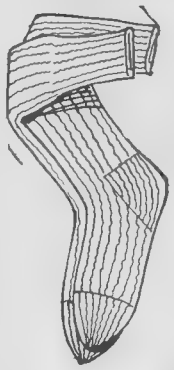

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One of the most wonderful Christmas gifts ever made available in Western Canada. For your husband, or your growing boy, or an intimate friend—wouldn't they simply lose themselves in an ecstacy of joy? Guaranteed genuine British Government Cavalry Saddle of magnificent leather, complete with Cinch and Stirrups, 4½-lb. All-wool Saddle Blanket, Riding Bridle with lines and bit, and Military Tethering Rope.

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When we ordered these we had in mind the Christmas gift trade for the farm homes of the West, and they are certainly beauties. Ideal for cold weather on the farm, and so beautifully made that they will withstand a lot of hard wear. Here's your opportunity to remember your friends.

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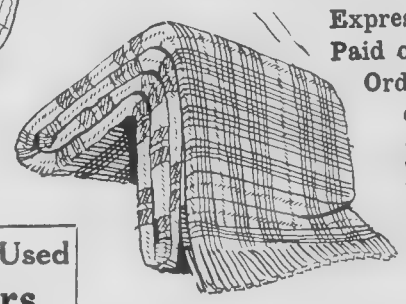

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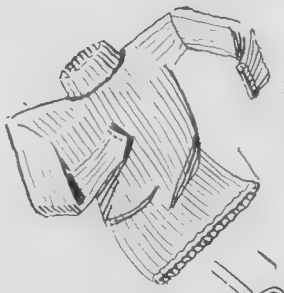

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THOUGHTS ABOUT HOME

By J. L. Gordon, D.D.

AN ancient house did not look out on a garden. The garden was on the inside, near the centre. An ancient home was built from the outside in. The occupant cared little for an exterior effect. All the splendid doors and windows faced inward. All beauty might be found in the inner court. A singing fountain, palms, ferns and roses. Walk through ruined Herculaneum amid the wreck of a past civilization and there you find the architectural outlines of an ancient home: a home built on "seven pillars." Girded with strength inwardly. Few homes are ruined by outside influences. It is the inward foe who is to be feared. Therefore we direct our attention to the subject of domestic treason—"The traitor in the home." Happy the man who can say with Mark Rutherford: "When I went home at night I entered a new world." Here all the sources of strength centre. Much can be endured of toil, struggle, conflict and tribulation if things are right at home; if not, what matters it how well we succeed elsewhere.

Every roof is agreeable to the eye if well constructed, and what an infinite variety of coverings have been conceived and invented to cover the place of human abode; but when we lift the roof and venture a glance beneath, it is then that we, too often, behold the tragedy of moaning women and hard-eyed men. This evening we shall lift the roof and gaze beneath and find the disloyal member; it may be husband, wife, son, daughter, or perhaps one who is not, even by a blood relationship, a member of the family circle.

The great problem of life is not: "How to make a living," "but how to live." A man's life centres in the home. There you see him at the best and at the worst. Gloom lies near the border line of happiness. John Bunyan, in describing his dream, remarks: "I saw in my dream that at the very door of heaven there was a gate leading to hell." The changing of the position of the railroad train, three inches to the right or three inches to the left, means "off the track"—and disaster in every possible shape and form.

I stood one day, in Charles First's Tower in Chester, and looked through the window where it is said Charles I. stood and gazed while he beheld his own men defeated by Cromwell's Ironsides. I have stood on a higher tower and glanced over a broader field and seen men and women go down to defeat. Defeat insidious and sure. The enemies within and not without. The forces of evil arising where love had planted the seeds of human care and tender regards, and where reckless youth and careless maidenhood had trodden underfoot the tender blossoms of an affection inexpressible.

A BIOGRAPHER of Charles Stewart Parnell thus paints the sad picture of a ruined home: "We walked through the house. Everywhere there was an exceptionally warm, agreeable atmosphere in very pleasant contrast to the damp outside, but an inexpressible air of sadness all the time. There was absolute silence. The house might have been almost deserted. Indeed, one felt as if one were being shown over the castle or mansion of a great chief who had passed away long ago, and as if nothing had been touched since his death. There was furniture, there were bookcases and books, all looking ancient, all apparently belonging to another time. In the hall hung a picture of the Irish House of Commons. The scene painted was an important debate. Curran was addressing the House. Around sat Grattan, Sir John Parnell, and other well-known figures of the day. But the memories which this picture awakened did not, as it were, belong more completely to the past than did the memories awakened in walking through the rooms at Avondale. We stood at a window; what a beautiful sight met our eyes! The house stands on an eminence; around rise the Wicklow hills; beneath runs the little river Avonmore, through glens and dells that lend a delightful charm to a glorious scene. For quite ten minutes we exchanged not a word. It is the genius of the Parnells to invite silence and to suggest thought. I was thinking how beautiful everything was, and how sad. I said at length exactly what I thought, 'It is most sad to wander through this house and think what might have been'."

I address myself, first, to the person, who, through a false pride, refuses to rise with the financial prosperity and social progress of the family. It is exceedingly difficult for two persons to rise together when one of the two refuses to rise. Scores of homes are blasted every year because the doors of a favoring destiny, opening and closing, receives one and rejects the other, and two persons pledged to mutual effort are compelled to walk alone. Said a cultured man concerning his life partner: "She was ignorant when I married her—I tried to teach her something—it made her angry—so I gave it up."

I knew a young mechanic, engaged to a beautiful but ignorant girl, who suddenly found himself, by force of his own genius and ability, lifted into social circumstances higher than he had ever dreamed of in his early days. The genuine purpose of his heart was to enter the new realm and lead on his arm the fair partner to whom he was engaged; so in words, the kindest and the tenderest, he painted for her a picture of the new world of social possibilities open for both of them if they cared to enter in, and with a tact as fine as love could provide, suggested the wisdom of special preparation so that she might take her place and act her part in a manner which would bring credit and happiness to both.

Her answer was as swift as his proposal had been careful and kind. If she was not "good enough" to satisfy the aspirations of his soul he might look elsewhere for a wife. "Preparation" she would have none. She "regarded" herself as the "equal" of all those whom he might be called upon to meet—and so forth and so on. How foolish! How inconsiderate! How unwise! Who would care to build a home of material so inflammable, explosive and absolutely uncertain.

Secondly, I wish to address myself to the individual who is determined to have his own way in spite of logic, argument, reason or appeal. A strong man is always reasonable. Robert Louis Stevenson, writing to his future wife, says: "I have the family failing of taking strong views, and of expressing those views strongly"; but he was a gentleman, with all, and, speaking in retrospect could affirm; "As I look back and think my marriage was the best move I ever made in my life." For companionship and association, give me such. But may a kind fate preserve me from those who seek to dictate and dominate, control and direct all the affairs of the inner life of the home. Men who would receive small considerations among business comrades, in the club room and in the fraternal organizations act at home like tyrants enthroned. Rough, uncouth, unreasonable, inconsiderate and all but insane in their cruel demands.

In the third place I have a word of caution for that uncertain character in the home who is the living incarnation of a fitful mood and a fiery temper. It was said of Lord George Sackville: He was cursed with a jealous and overbearing temper." The mother of Lord Byron died in a fit of temper after opening an unwelcome letter. A writer referring to the incident remarks: "Towards the close of the month she had an attack so alarming that her son was summoned; but before he had time to arrive she had expired, on the 1st of August, in a fit of rage brought on by reading an upholsterer's bill."

The father of the Bronte girls— Patrick Bronte, when in a temper, would tear garments to shreds and threaten the lives of his motherless children. Nobody could tell just when an explosion would take place; but in that moment no piece of furniture was safe, no family heirloom sacred, and no insane manifestation of wrath impossible. Temper, an uncontrolled temper, is a sin worse than crime—the vice of the virtuous—and all the more provoking and exasperating because beyond the reach of the hand of the law.

The wife of John Wesley belonged to the class of which we are writing. The little preacher, who weighed less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, was hardly safe when alone in her society. She would abuse him in private and insult him in public, even while he was preaching. So when she left home of her own accord, Wesley wrote in his journal these words: "Wed. 23, For what cause I know not to this day—(Wesley's wife) set out for Newcastle, purposing 'never to return.' 'I did not desert her: I did not send her away: I will not recall her.'"

Then, again, there are certain young people, an annoyance in the home life who fall into a light, insinuating and sarcastic way of speaking, which reminds us of the words of Napoleon to a young society belle of France: "My dear girl, you are cute, you are bright, you are clever; but your words are cutting, bitter and sarcastic. Correct this fault. Remember that a woman ceases to charm the moment she makes herself feared. People who laugh at your witticisms may despise you in their hearts and speak of you with contempt behind your back. Be careful. But in application, is there anything more annoying in a circle of relatives than the presence of an individual who answers every statement with an argument, every manifestation of enthusiasm with a breeze of criticism, every expression of confident hope with a lingering pessimistic moan, and every cheering bit of news with the suggestion of a change in the weather and the certainty of a falling tendency in the barometer?—Treason I call it. The betrayal of happiness. Temperamental disloyalty!

And yet again, I have a message for the person who is always criticising certain other members of the family whose ways and actions are not always to their pleasing. Listen to this encouraging remark: "I was at the prayer service the other night, my dear, when you took part and I was chagrined, I can assure you! Did you imagine that anybody was edified by your remarks? Certainly not I. I inwardly wished that I was not there. What an exhibition you made of yourself! Let this incident be the last!" It was. In the presence of his sneering wife that poor fellow never took part again in any public service. Inside of a year no power on earth could drag him into a prayer meeting. He became the companion of such as find their amusements in pool rooms and billiard halls of a low type. Within a few brief and tragic years a gloom which no light from the skies could penetrate had fallen on that home, and that young wife, once so gay and giddy, would have given a queen's ransom if she could have seen her husband clothed and in his right mind in the prayer meeting.

But I have not finished my words of warning. There is a certain member of the family who is peevish, irritable and quarrelsome, ever and always generating an atmosphere of impending woe. A certain writer, in comparing Herbert Spencer with William Hazlitt, indulged in the following sad and melancholy reflection: "When Herbert Spencer published 'The Man versus the State,' it was aptly remarked that it should have been called 'Herbert Spencer versus all England;' and in such wise one might say it always was a case of Hazlitt versus the World. He quarrelled with everybody; he had endless difficulties with his critics; he heartily despised the public—mean, stupid, dastardly, pitiful, selfish, spiteful, envious ungrateful. He could neither agree with his first wife, nor with his second; he fell out with Leigh Hunt; he was estranged from Lamb; he could never retain friends, and his postscript query, I want to know why everybody has such a dislike for me? is pathetic enough." Voltaire had discovered a member of this particular class when he registered the fact concerning Frederick the Great: "He caressed me with one hand and tore my flesh with the other".

THERE are certain self-centred creatures in the home circle who imagine that the universe exists for them. When Louis XIV saw the first piece of Gobelin tapestry he ordered that that exquisite article of merchandise should be manufactured solely and only for the rooms of his own palace. It was decreed that the superb fabric was not to be seen in any other palace in the world, much less should any humble subject of the Grand Monarch be so ambitious and aspiring as to crave a bit of the precious material for the decoration of his own home. The kingly article was to be reserved for the king—the grand thing for the grandee. So it goes.

Treason in the home life, is, in many cases, a careless indifference to the interests and concerns which are not direcly contributory to our own individual happiness. In an appendix to the second volume of the memoirs of the last ten years of the reign of George II (I am gleaning from "Court life Below Stairs") it is stated that George I. married the Duchess of Kendal "with the left hand." As though marriage were not worth while. As though love were a thing to be touched lightly. As though the most intimate relationship of life were beneath the serious attention of a favorite child of fortune. Indifference! Love's deepest insult.

THE girl who has been waited upon during a prolonged period of illness becomes the idol of the home and in course of time idolizes herself. Motherly love, fatherly affection, brotherly concern and sisterly anxiety are all brought into contribution. The child who receives every attention now, full-grown claims every consideration. Love's consecration has for its reward a perpetual demand for care, kindness, forethought, the sacrifice of personal comfort, and a homage which is beyond the physical strength or financial resources of the family. The fair creature who was to become a blooming flower, yielding fragrances rare and perfume sweet has become a cactcus, bristling with the thorny projectiles of a chronic supersensitiveness. Such creatures must be studied—handled "with care" approached diplomatically and screened from the busy, buzzing insects of the outer world. Like a delicate vase they must be placed for beauty, gazed upon with admiration, dusted with the feathery tips of an angel's wing and swathed in snowy cotton in every hour of necessary transportation. Oh, fair creation, how shall I brand thee as an incarnation of treason? They tell me of a land in the far, far South, where there are birds of most wondrous plumage that never sing and flowers of the rarest tints that never yield a breath scented with the sweet odors of summer.

That woman is a traitor to the Christian fireside who sets up a standard of material prosperity, which she imagines she finds in the lives of certain business men, her neighbors, and before the judgment bar of which she brings her own husband: "I am not happy," said a young wife in my hearing. "My husband promised me a beautiful home and handsome clothes, and I have neither." Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, says: "If you want to know why men marry less than of old, perhaps the secret is in the false whim of supporting a wife. He cannot afford to support a wife, the bachelor says. No woman ought to consent to be such a wife. She ought to say, "I am not seeking or consenting to be supported. There will be two of us. If I cannot earn as much as you, I can save more. We will plan together."

I class among the family traitors those who are not members of the home circle by birth, but who, being found there by the law of kinship, assume all the authority, in tone, gesture, voice and deed, which properly belongs to father, mother, son or daughter. Guests in the home they are by invitation and permission, but because of certain elements of strength, inherent in personality, they presume to suggest, direct and dictate just how the affairs of the family of their adoption shall be conducted. No tyrant ever had a greed and a hunger for power more voracious than is the subtle ambition of this mortal to rule and reign in a domicile in which he (very often she) has no more right than a child unborn.

A family quarrel is a good thing if in the tempestuous upheaval this traitor to human happiness is hurled, bodily, through the front door into the thronging pathway of life's outer world, or cast through the rear exit into the alley or lane reserved for that type of traffic not

THOUGHTS ABOUT HOME—*Continued from page 22*

sufficiently dignified for the piazza or vestibule. Up and be done with it. Have it out. Let the thunderbolt break. Let the lightning fall. Be over with it. A surgical operation is not the most enjoyable transaction for those who are the subjects of it, but patients who have recovered inform me that the period of ease, peace and painlessness which follow the surgeon's achievement amply repaid for all the risk, anxiety and concern which accompanied the removal of an obstructing substance in the realm of physical economics. Then, to the knife, without dream or delusion, ether or chloroform. Let the objectionable member be removed. A house is built for one family. Two seats of authority in the same home means confusion. Blessed be the man who can enlarge the boundaries of his hospitality so as to shelter and protect an aged parent or a needy relative, but benevolence is benevolence and hospitality hospitality, and when certain mortals forget that they are guests and not partners, the time has come for a social reconstruction. Out with the traitor.

That person is traitor to the home who is willing to sacrifice the peace of a Christian fireside for some insignificant thing. Why should not a faddist be permitted to enjoy his fad unmolested? If a man prefers to read heavy literature between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. why should the subject be made a matter of universal discussion? If a young woman prefers a plain, unadorned Christian Science service to an elaborate Anglican ritual why should she be made the butt of ridicule by individuals, who have no Christianity, less science, and small knowledge of the Church of England in history. Differences about little things—how often they occur. "Look at the file of your sister's letters," says Thackeray, "how you clung to each other till you quarrelled about the twenty-pound legacy."

That person is also a traitor to the happiness of the home circle who seeks to quench the spirit of religious aspiration in the life of any member of the domestic circle who is honestly endeavoring to find God or to reach a higher plane of living. I quote the following from a sermon by T. De Witt Talmage: "A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I will give you a new dress that will cost five hundred dollars, and you may wear it next week to that party". The daughter took the dress, and she moved in a gay circle, the gayest of all the gay, that night; and sure enough all religious impressions were gone and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments said; "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost five hundred dollars." The mother thought it was a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed, and the dress was hung there on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother, and then pointed to the dress and said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

IT is in the sacred relationship of the marriage bond that one generation touches another, It is here that every man and every woman may become a contributor to the physical and moral qualities of the race, and having once entered into a partnership so sublime, and weighted with responsibilities so tremendous, come under that scientific generalization expressed in the words of Holy Writ, "No man liveth unto himself." Of this great fact and law we can recall no more popular portrayal than that to be found in the words of Dr. Joseph Wild, a strong but eccentric preacher of a past generation: "Man is born with good and evil tendencies, physically, mentally and morally. In most of us, too, many persons live collectively. A child looks like its mother, for instance. At fifteen it turns into a resemblance to its father; at thirty it looks like one of his grandfathers; and at fifty there are certain resemblances to the other grandfather; and, thus in one person half a dozen other persons may live. So you can also have different lines of conduct that will remind those older of your parents or your grand-parents. Sometimes you can see it in their countenances, one angle like the mother and another like the father".

Sir Walter Besant said concerning his mother: "She gave me such imaginative powers as have enabled me to play my part as a novelist; it is my inheritance from her. To others of her children she gave other gifts; to one the mathematical mind; to another a marvelous memory and a grasp of figures quite remarkable; to a third she gave the rapid mind which seizes facts and jumps at conclusions while others are groping after the main issues; to another she gave the eye and the hand of the artisr—though this gilt was unhappily wasted.

That man is traitor the to home who lives a life which involves the welfare of future generations but who acts as if every evil habit and tendency would end with himself and could not possibly affect those who are coming after. How cruel to build the fires of sensualism in the body of a child unborn or to sow the seeds of intemperance and alcoholic brain fever for the reaping, sad reaping, of son or grandson a generation or two after. Newell Dwight Hillis remarks: "When for three generations a family uses liquor in excess, nature registers the deterioration. His biographer tells us that the first Webster represented colossal strength and sobriety. This giant had a son, Daniel, who represented colossal strength and moderate drinking, while his son represented erratic strength, and his grandson represented one who made the amusements of his ancestors to be his occupation."

That young man is a traitor the to home life who ruthlessly dishonors a great name. Think of the author of "My Country 'tis of Thee" living to see his son in the penitentiary and his own name dishonored. What gloom. What shadows. What darkness. Think of John Morley, the famous English statesman and biographer of the great Gladstone, disgraced by an adopted son, to whom he had given his name, financial standing and an entrance to the best English society. Who would ask for more?

The young man, entering a commercial concern as partner, became involved and forged Mr. Morley's name for nearly $100,000. For this he has been sentenced

Continued on page 59

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CAPE SABLE WIRELESS—Continued from page 20

terrible moment the men were able to sling a rope towards where he slopped about in the sea, but he was too far gone to grasp it, and perished miserably. For all the night long that little schooner thrashed about with the ice slowly forming all over her, and they were mighty glad to get a slant of wind that carried them to their home harbor, even if the crew was two short of the shipping list.

EVERY tale that comes to our ears is one of terror of the seas. You know just about how high a fishing schooner's mainmast is. A good fir stick and on it were the main cross trees. The mast looked a long way up when a flowing sail was tearing at the halyards. Well! the Waldo L. Stream—Captain R. Popper—was running a bit on the wind—edging off as the seas were immense but broad. "Base her," the Captain would yell, and off she would glide from the threatening sea. "Helm down a bit," brought her back, then, "She got a trifle too much." "Nothing off," came the cry and then "Steady." They saw many huge seas swishing past, but none of them dreaded them as long as the wheel was well tended. Along came an "Old Sea," one running in from some other storm. It shouldered along, creaming its forefoot and cascading down in mighty sheets and then it swelled on and struck the shivering schooner just as she was "hove down" by the wind. The top of that sea sluiced right over those cross-trees just as if they were the rail, and the trim built schooner recovered and righted from what is usually a deadly blow, that leaves a vessel on her beam ends—a total wreck. Add to the terrors of the sea the presence of a great school of whales. "The Pilot" was rising and falling on Jeffries Bank, over the big seas driven on by a wester and the Captain was closely watching his fleet of dories—two men in each—which were hauling their trawls even in that weather. Right between him and his men he saw a big black, body roll out, then another and another, and soon the water was just a tossing mass of huge black heads and tails and wide fins. "Get Whales! power on!" he howled to the cook and the cookee—all the men left aboard as the fish were a high price in Boston market. Soon she began to answer to the three copper flanges, and right in among that school the brave man drove her, and dodging huge bodies here and stopping to let one pass there, he managed to pick up all his dories without the loss of a trawl let alone a man. "But I took her out of there as fast as gas would take me," he told us.

The wind has shifted and the reefs are blowing up great plumes of spray, fantastic water feathers, against the blue and white of the sea. All day yesterday an easter howled, and then the first shift occurred to the south, making a cross sea. Now it has swung right around the compass to the nor'-west to the north, and a terrible sea is running. Out there, somewhere in the wildest of it, far off from the land and far outside the course of the coast traffic flats, the dory drifts, overturned by now no doubt and almost thrashed to pieces. This contained over a week ago a fisherman and a load of codfish. The sudden snow squall hid him from the schooner and no word has come of his rescue. What an awful night that first one must have been, rowing all the night long hopelessly shorewards against the crashing seas, letting his hands freeze to the oars lest he lose them, bailing at times, as no doubt he threw the cod fish over soon after he knew he was lost. The saddest thing is, that the sea very rarely gives up its dead. Few, if any of the fishermen's bodies, lost from this big Cape Island have ever been recovered—the fish soon strip them. If there is a run of dogfish there would be just a commotion in the water and then all that would be left would be just the bones, as these lesser sharks are "The Scavengers of the seas."

NOW, coming out of the great bay, Fundy, is a two sticker, a little fishing schooner. The fury of the gale has made her strip to a corner of the fo'castles and a small jib. Through the telescope I can see her rising and falling on the huge seas. One moment her jib laden bowsprit points to the heavens and the next her stern is raised high above the waves. I can see a tiny black figure at the wheel. Now she rounds "Sou'western Ledge" and alters her course a bit. She was making her course good before the wind.

Oh! the horror of it all. The fleet left for off-shore fishing on Monday. The day was fine with a light southwest wind in the morning. About noon the wind switched to the south, to the sou'-east and to the east. We knew it would, as the night before the distant lighthouse shone out clearly and twinkled, a sure sign of an easter. Here was the fleet of two stickers with all their dories out in lines fore and aft, two men to a dory, and the trawls laden with fish almost as soon as the bait struck bottom. The schooners worked around among the fishing dories and "lightened" them. It looked as if a good "fare" would be taken by every boat— and then the first tiny cold snowflake struck the cheek of a ruddy faced fisher lad, a sure precurser of the dreaded snow squall behind.

At this very hour, Laddie, with the Lightkeeper, was crossing Eastern Passage in a tiny skiff for the mail, and the blizzard which struck them, even while they were on the land took their breath away. But out there on the windswept Atlantic it was immeasurably worse. No sooner had the cloudy wall of snow and the shrieking wind shut the fishing dories off from the sight of the schooner, than up came the anchors on the vessels or they were "helm up" in a trice and off to the rescue. One of our neighbor's boys was out there in the midst of it, and search as the Captain might in circles on the "close hauls" sweeping the course, he could not sight him. And there was yet another of his dories still out full of fish with an anxious young fisherman in her. It seemed useless hours of work spent in searching for the men, and at last they had to "rap full" and make for the harbor. All that night the storm howled over the dark sea, and one poor lad rowing over those liquid hills did manage to get into the shelter of the shore, far enough in to meet another fishing vessel beating along and he was safe. But a full week has almost elapsed and the other dear chap is still missing—another brave man gone in the eternal struggle with the sea.

WE live so close to the tragedies of the sea that our hearts are saddened and our nerves wrecked. Last Sunday morning, just before daylight, a little steamer with her lights all in order went along past our wee cot on the point at some three miles distant—just clearing the sou'west ledges nicely. Between us and her lay many uncharted reefs and single rocks—but right ahead of her was the way to Fish Island and Clark's Harbor. All this time the men were frantically working at the pumps to keep the water down. She had sprung a leak during the night in the big seas that were rolling, as she was a dead weight with her cargo of lumber tightly stowed in her holds and piled high upon her decks. She was from Halifax to call at Liverpool with a tow and clear for West Indies. Why the captain and the crew of nine did not head her for the Nova Scotia shore is beyond us. It was the sheltered shore as well as the nearest. No; instead of that she ploughed along, getting deeper in the water all the time until she was about thirty miles west, nor'west of Blonde Rock, right out into Fundy exposed bay. Day had dawned but the seas were rolling high and quite a bit of wind. It seemed a forlorn hope to take to the boats but the time was rapidily approaching when the Scotsburn would sink beneath their feet, or at least submerge so low with her heavy load as to put all chance of saving lives by staying aboard out of question. So long as steam kept up and the pumps worked all right there might be a chance. No! None! The water was now gaining fast and the men were ready to leave the wallowing steamer, when a little vessel hove in sight and bore down and lay to and launched a boat. It was now imperative that they set the Scotsburn afire in case she remained afloat and soon she was burning in many places. Carefully, jockeying over the great seas and fending with oars the men from the "Coot" got a man into their boat, another and another, until she dared take no more, and off they rowed over the cruel seas that were wetting them to the skin. Another load safely carried and they left the Scotsburn sinking lower and lower, while the waves put out every fire they had lighted—for all we know she is afloat yet, a drifting menace.

The MAGIC VESSEL

By Francis Dickie and William Beynon

BILL Sweet looked at his watch. It was too late now. So he rose from kneeling position before the recalcitrant gas engine of his forty-foot launch. He had reached that stage of speechless exasperation which comes at various times to every operator of motor boats in the wake of the first freely flowing profanity attendant upon engine trouble. And like most such occurrences, the present one, on this warm, tenth day of July, 1920, had happened just when minutes were of vital importance. But it was too late now, even if the still unyielding engine had suddenly consented to work under his manipulation.

For a moment Bill Sweet stood regretfully gazing out to the wider waters of the "Inland Passage". The tide was nearly an hour past its flood. At this very minute he should have had covered nine of the eighteen miles lying between the little Indian village of Port Simpson and the Metlakatla Bar, a long sandy shoal only navigable over at the half tides. It lay across a shorter passage than the regular one followed by the coasting steamers along this stretch of the northern British Columbia coast line, between the village of Port Simpson and the City of Prince Rupert, a distance of thirty miles; and so this route across Metlakatla Bar, saving nearly an hour, was much in favor with operators of light draft gasboats making the journey between the two points.

Bill Sweet had gone down to his boat in plenty of time to make the distance between Port Simpson harbor and Metlakatla Bar and catch the flooding tide at the right moment to carry him over the Bar, before too shallow water came. Even with the engine trouble suddenly developing unexpectedly when not a dozen yards from the floating dock of lumber covered logs at Port Simpson, he still had had time if the engine could have been quickly put again in operation. So he had set to work with that cheerful confidence, that hope almost bordering on the divine which becomes a part of every man who operates a gas-engine—else would this new type of modern men pass away. Finally, however, consciousness of passing time had sent his hand seeking his watch. One glance revealed how fast the time had flown: that the flood tide was an hour past, and Metlakatla Bar now obtruded a barrier way across the shorter passage to Prince Rupert.

And in a few hours the gasoline station at Prince Rupert would once more dispense fuel for the first time in many days. On this northern coast gasoline had become the blood of commerce. Along the far stretching waters of the "Inland Passage" of the Pacific and up the Skeena River, the Nass River and countless lesser streams, gasoline was as liquid gold. As the summer of 1920 unfolded from spring and the run of sockeye, cohoe, dog and humpback salmon came in the wake of the springs, gasoline had become so scarce that now as many as two hundred boats gathered at Prince Rupert on the mere strength of a rumor of a tank ship's arrival. And each boat owner on his arrival took his place in line, waiting patiently sometimes a dozen hours for his turn to pay sixty cents a gallon for his share. Always there were belated comers arriving to find the last drop gone.

And early this tenth day of July Bill Sweet, fish buyer, had received a tip from his friend, Bert Flewin, who presided over the single line of telephone connecting Port Simpson and Prince Rupert, that an oil tanker was due late that afternoon in Prince Rupert. To be early in line for his share of this ship's cargo, Bill Sweet had intended to go out on the turn of the tide. Then in the time of most need his engine had failed. By the outer and longer regular way followed by the coasting steamers, Prince Rupert was always possible of being reached. But even if he got his engine now working within the next half hour, the added distance he must cover, coupled with the time already lost, would more than likely bring him to the city too late to share in the dispensation of the gasoline, for the present famine was now ten days old.

So Bill Sweet went forward on his launch, took the long pike pole from off the deck and began the laborious task of poling the boat back the hundred odd yards to the floating wharf of logs which ran from the shore a hundred feet into the little bight.

As he turned from making fast the launch he came face to face with Giamtkwa one of the oldest Indians of the village, head of an ancient and the most honored Tsimsyen Indian house in Port Simpson. For over two hundred years upon this village site, now called Port Simpson, had been reared the homes of some of the most powerful chiefs of the Tsimsyen Indian people. Even yet, close to the shore where his boat now lay, stood four huge cedar posts, two good feet in diameter rearing a dozen feet in the air, lonely, abandoned. Once they had supported the cross-beams and roof of the greatest community house in the village, the home of Hais, the great grandfather of Giamtkwa.

Yet, though on all but one of the ancient sites had risen new frame houses of modern, white pattern, for the most part gaunt and unpainted; though the chiefs of the village no longer gave the Yowk feasts, for which of old their line had been famous; though the missionaries had long cried out upon the ancient viewpoint, the customs, the primitive beliefs and observances, and turned the new generation to the paths that were different; though the men of the village no longer hunted as in times gone by, but instead fished for the pay of the white man, while the women in summer toiled in the canneries—though all these things had come to pass, and the myth and the legend and the glorious traditional history of the Tsimsyen people was rapidly being forgotten through changing life habits and commercial pursuits, still was Giamtkwa unchanged in his thinking upon many of the modes of his people. Sixty-five years he had seen pass down the long aisles of the yesterdays; yet was he pagan, and proud in his paganism, clinging to the past, to his beliefs and his customs, disliking the missionaries and tolerating only some few white men whom long acquaintance had proved worthy of his trust. Of these few white men the best regarded was Bill Sweet. Bill Sweet had been born in port Simpson, even as Giamtkwa, though thirty years later. And Bill Sweet could speak the Tsimsyen tongue, could sound the queer velar "R's" and the guttural "Ga's", almost as easily as the aged chieftain. But there was still a greater bond between them—a disagreement with the missionary administration. For one thing, the missionaries had stopped the Yowk feast, the one most sacred to the old tribesmen. Called by the white men a "potlatch", and much misunderstood by them, the Yowk feast was of great significance to Giamtkwa and the few remaining chieftains of the old days. Only by it did a hereditary member of the chief's house make known to the world his assuming the name of chief when the death of an elder made such rank his: only by the giving widely of many costly presents to the tribesmen could he retain his ancient prestige, as required by the tribal traditions. But this gift giving the missionaries had seen only as a needless extravagance, a pagan custom ridiculous. Blind to the social significance and to the psychological effect of its stopping on the older, pagan generation, the missionaries had brought pressure to bear in certain channels until the Yowk feast was declared illegal by law of the white men.

Against this ruling, though a white man, Bill Sweet had rebelled with loud-voiced insistence, true northman that he was. Fully aware and giving gladly credit to the missionaries for their girls' schools, their medical labors, their long fight against the whisky smugglers, he knew their stopping of the Yowk was an action which might well undo all the good of the other work they had done among the red men. And Bill Sweet knew the northland. The son of a Hudson's Bay Company factor, his days since earliest childhood spent among these native people, he had the deeper, kindlier understanding of them, which only white men so reared as he ever had of any native people. So his sympathies were all with Giamtkwa and those of the older generation. He saw how foolish, how futile was the changing of an ancient primitive people, so vastly different of psychology that even he, a white man who

Continued on page 34

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"LEARNING is only so far valuable as it serves to enlarge and enlighten the bounds of conscience," said the greatest woman writer of our language, whose works entitle her to rank with the few immortals of the Victorian era. For sheer intellectual power and scientific knowledge, probably no other writer, certainly no other woman writer, takes precedence over Mary Ann Evans, better known to readers of fiction as George Eliot. She was all genius and culture, and the wide and varied knowledge she possessed was made the medium through which she earnestly endeavoured to carry out the sentiment expressed above. Her facts and impressions were never derived at second-hand, her subjects were carefully and thoroughly studied, and she believed firmly in the lofty responsibilities of a literature which undertakes to represent life.

It was at a farm in Warwickshire, England, that this remarkable woman first saw the light of day. Her father was a man of strongly marked personality, and probably it was from him she inherited that marvellous aptitude for taking pains which proved so large a factor in the development of her genius. Her mother, a shrewd, practical woman, and possessed of an unusual amount of natural force, was, undoubtedly, likewise responsible for that gift of pointed speech, that rich humour, and those wonderful powers of observation which are so pronounced a feature of George Eliot's writings. As a child, however, she showed few symptoms of premature development, although she early began to realize that to acquire a large vocabulary was most essential, recognising that words are "the quoits, the bows, the staves that furnish the gymnasium of the mind." She was passionately fond of music, and describes herself, at the age of thirteen, as "a creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad, with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away and would not come near to her."

Fame did not come to our author early, as it was not till her thirty-seventh year, that the first portion of her "Scenes of Clerical Life" appeared in Blackwood's. Magazine. These sketches are written in a humorous and not at all theological strain, and are intensely realistic pictures of perfectly commonplace life and character their humour, pathos, and tenderness laying warm hold on the reader's sympathies. There was a considerable amount of speculation as to the identity of the author, even the publisher being in ignorance of the writer's sex, for in a letter to her he says—"The men at the club seem to have mixed their tears and their tumblers together. It will be curious if you should be a member, and be hearing your own praises." George Eliot, however, had that nervous temperament which shrinks from contact with an unappreciative and unsympathetic public, and, notwithstanding the "Scenes" were received with an approval that must have been most gratifying to her, she was most resolute in preserving her incognito.

George Eliot's early novels are novels of memory, and doubtless it was from the simple rural surroundings of her youth that the fairest flowers of her inspiration sprang. With her acute intellectual preception, she had penetrated the rustic stolidity of her farmers, common day-labourers, and villagers, and in recording their joys and sorrows, their loves and hates, she, at the same time, reveals the kindly touches and sordid tragedies of the most ordinary home. Hers were no idyllic shepherds, neither were her peasants blithe and gay. The clash of empires affected them not, nor were they interested in the din and turmoil of politics. They were slow of speech and clumsy of gait, yet, withal, she succeeds in arousing and retaining our interest in those "worn instruments of toil."

Probably the best known of her novels are "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," and had her literary reputation rested on these alone she would still be recognised as one of the greatest novelists of her time. They are gems of tenderest beauty, and contain moral teaching of the highest order. They are also marked by originality, strength of purpose, and show a profound insight into character which must have been inherent and not acquired.

In "Adam Bede" the human touches are drawn with a delicate tracery, and its pages are peopled with a variety of characters at once true to nature and unique in their simplicity and sincerity. Tall, upright, clever, brave Adam Bede, and his gentle, mild-mannered brother, Seth; weak-willed, vacillating Arthur Donnithorne, and the easy-going, worldly-wise rector, Mr. Irwine; the woman-hating, sarcastic schoolmaster, Bartle Massey, and vain, conceited Mr. Craig, whom Mrs. Poyser likened to a "cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow," but, later, reluctantly admits that "it is a pity he couldna be hatched o'er again, an' hatched different." In her delineations of female character, George Eliot has been, by some of her admirers, placed second only to Shakespeare, and if we consider the wit that produced Mrs. Hackit and Mrs. Poyser, and the magical touches which depict such genuine loveliness of soul of women like Mill Barton, Dinah Morris, and Dolly Winthrop, we will not feel inclined to cavil at the high praise bestowed upon her. In all her creations, however, we venture to assert that she never drew a more life-like figure than that of Hetty Sorrel, the lovely creature who hid such a hard little heart under her dimplimg beanty. "It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty's cheek was like a rose petal, that dimples played about her pouting lips, that her large, dark eyes had a soft rougishness under the long lashes, and that her curly hair, though all pushed back under her round cap while she was at work, stole back in dark, delicate rings on her forehead, and about her white shell-like ears I might mention all the divine charms of a bright Spring morning, but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mounting lark, or in wandering through the still lanes when the fresh-opened blossoms fill them with a sacred, silent beauty, like that of fretted aisles, where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue." In the person of Hetty Sorrel, nature exhausted her energies on the shell, leaving the kernel to shift for itself, with the result that she was, as Mrs. Poyser describes her, "no better nor a cherry, wi' a hard stone inside it."

"THE Mill on the Floss" is largely autobiographical, and is a work of genius, although taken as a whole, somewhat marred by the prominence given to the childhood scenes, a fact the author regretfully acknowledged. In this book she reveals a wonderful knowledge of child life, and Maggie Tulliver is drawn, as it were, out of the very heart of nature herself. Indeed, it has been asserted that no man or woman outside the poets has ever written with such adorable fidelity and affection of children.

This brings us to another of George Eliot's novels, which confirms to a large extent the foregoing statement, and which comes nearer to a great success than her more ambitious works. In "Silas Marner" we have a tale of old-fashioned

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HERO STUFF

By R. Aberdeen Dawson

SOMEWHERE on the lower decks of the S. S. Skeena, a ribald voice sang:

"I knew a man who wanted to be a hero;
I knew a man who wanted to be a hero;
And he never saved a dog-gone soul."

In the pilot house above there were four of us—the perfumed woman from some far-away city, whose polished nails gleamed where the moonlight, like a strip of white paper, fell across her lap, the County Reeve, eternally chewing at the ends of matches, one other, and the old man at the wheel.

"That ain't a nice song," said the last, addressing the County Reeve, "it makes me think of Chester Glover; and some things haunt yer an' chill yer like malaria."

The pilot had been on the Fraser River since '65. He knew its whims, tantrums, snags, passes and shifting bars from the Westminster Bridge East to Mission City, and West to the yawn of the Gulf of Georgia.

The river, the winds, the rains, the sun and the years had dessicated him, His hair was white and fine, but his skin was as brown and wrinkled as the corncob pipe which drooped from the corner of his mouth, and his eyes were framed in a narrow squint which seemed to spread all over his body. Growing ancient, he had shrunk like juiceless fruit, he had bent and shrivelled below five-feet five.

Now that dusk had drawn night after it, we could see him only dimly in the feeble glow of the shaded pilot-house lamp. The river had become a slow stream of silent, back water, flowing between distant shores; stars low in the sky hung above the yellow lights of occasional habitations whose radiance wriggled out over the water.

Behind us, the stern wheel churned a laundry foam; in front, the engine exhaust in the stack said: "Chow-cha-ow, Chow-cha-ow", as some kind of mother hushing some kind of children to sleep, and the old man moved from one side of the pilot house to the other like a restless spirit in a cage.

"Chester Glover," said he, suddenly starting the big wheel with his foot to swing the Skeena across the current.

"There's a case. He wanted to be a pilot. And he weren't any account as a pilot. Horace Crixby tried to make a pilot out of him and it weren't any use. No matter how so much as he wanted to be a pilot he couldn't, and had to sell books."

"Jesso with me, I says to myself, Frank Irwin, you'll be in the banking business some day. But the river wouldn't noways let me go. Then you heard me mention Chester Glover. Look yonder."

On the background of purple night sky we could see the old man's finger pointing at one of the shore lights, which winked and glowed alternately as trees along the undulating black bank intercepted its gleam.

"That's the old house, all gone to ruin. It never was much of a place nohow, not even when Chester's father had it. I've got a note that the old man gave me thirty years ago and it weren't never paid. You Eastern city people take powerful little interest in our little towns along the river, but I'm goin' to tell you about Chester because I knew him, and livin' human beings are sawed out of the same lumber the world over. It's always been so and always will."

The perfumed woman shut her eyes. Whether it was to feel better the breeze upon her powdered cheek or to listen better to the pilot's drawl one could not say.

My boy went to school with Chester Glover. It was when we were living at Port Hammond—over yonder. You can see the lights on the Main Street now. It's about the only street there is, and it runs from the depot to the post office. The town has sent out several school teachers and one famous murderer.

We lived in a four-room, one story house, just off Main Street where the stores are, and there wasn't any trouble with it except Jackson's Livery, where the horses would stamp at night and keep a man awake, and in the summer, just to walk across the brick pavement side of it would start up a swarm of flies that would make a fuss as loud as a flock of ducks.

It was hot there in our town from the first high water in the river in May until low water in September. This is what you've heard called the small fruit country, and a man can hear the heat creak at night. On the flat back of the rise, on the bank where I pointed out, is the Glover homestead.

My boy was the only boy at school that had much to do with Chester. The Glover boy was undersized and shy, and always dreaming. He never cared much for games. He was so awkward he'd lean the wrong way when he was running around the corner, and his shoulders stooped, and one of his eyes was blue and the other was brown. Fourteen boys could go over a barbed wire fence, but it was always Chester whose pants caught.

I shan't forget noways, how I saw him for the first time setting at our table. He had been dressed up to come, Ireckon. He had a nice, clean little cambric blouse with a pattern of horseshoes and whips printed all over it, and it had been washed and it had shrunk around the collar so it throttled him, and his head and face were as red as a raspberry, and before dinner was through his little eyes bulged out.

So I unbuttoned the collar, and he felt so ashamed that I'd found out about it that he never spoke another word until we got up from the table, and then he busted into tears and ran out, and it were four years before he ever came back.

Yet away back yonder in those days, I learned from my boy the one thing there was to know about Chester. He had an ambition. There wasn't much about him but that. It's funny how a hankering will start and last a lifetime; the little fool. He wanted to be a hero. He'd set his heart on it—the homely freckled little chap.

Maybe he got the idea out of books, My boy thought he got it first learning a poem called, "Horatio at the Bridge." He had to recite it at school and my boy said as how Chester just went on reciting it so excited and fast that all the words ran together like molasses candy in hot weather and nobody understood what it meant but him, and the sweat ran down his cheeks and nobody would ever know he was Chester Glover at all.

It was just as if he had forgotten that he was the son of Martin Glover who kept the book store and never paid his bills, and always went shuffling and sniffling down Main Street. It was just as if the little cuss thought he was Horatio—hide, hair and shoe leather.

"When you know a grown man, it's funny to look back aways and see the boy he growed from. That's why I tell, before I ever come to the finish, of what happened way back yonder.

"He learned to dive and swim, so my boy said, jesso he could save somebody from drowning when the time came, and he wasted so many hours there weren't any use counting 'em, trying to decide whether he'd rather be Perseus or Fighting Jack O' Leary, and never quite fetched up with the answer.

"When he was 13 or along there he was still at it, dreaming and planning with his one eye shut and the other one open. Maybe he'd be standing in front of his father's store with a broom in his hand and fuzz beginning to show on his upper lip and his receding chin. He was still at it and nobody gave him anything but ridicule, except his sickly mother. My boy said the story went around among the boys that when she died she put her yellow hand on Chester's shoulder and called him my little hero, and kissed him on his freckled forehead.

Even my boy thought he was a fool for want o' sense, and another of the boys, named Fred Clark, who grew up into the drunkenest fellow and was the town drunk

Continued on Page 28

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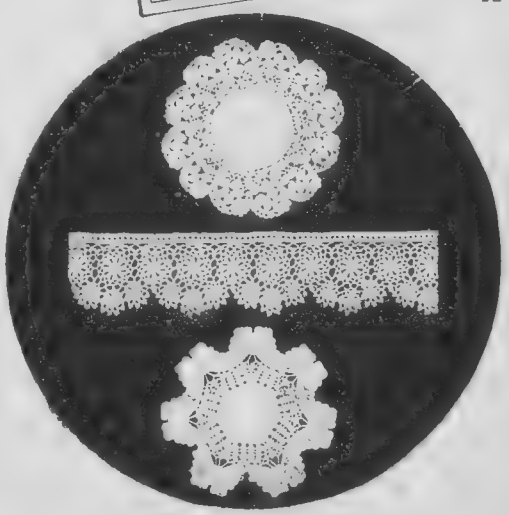

A Partial List of the Designs

Insertions
Floral Pattern Insertion
Thistle Insertion
The Picot Insertion
Fairy Insertion

Doilies
Spider Web
Sunflower
The Atlas
Ring
Square Doily in Filet Crochet
The Starfish
Hexagon Doily in Filet Crochet
The Presto
The Roman
The Anemone Design
The Daisy Design
The Pearl Doily
The Star Fish Doily
The Seaweed Doily
The Lucia Doily
The Rose Spray Doily

Yokes
Evelyn Blouse Yoke
The Olivia Nightdress Yoke
The Karina Camisole Yoke
The Malvern Yoke
The Fedora Camisole Yoke
The Floral Pattern Chemise Yoke

Crochet Square
Stag Crochet Square
Goose Girl Square
Mistletoe Design

Edgings
Lace Point Pattern
Cypress Edging
Baby Lace
Leaf Edging
Marguerite Lace
Bridge Edging
Florette Edging
Clover Leaf
Rostona
Naples Edgings
The Wheel and Sham rock Edging
The Pilgrim Pattern
The Pumme Lace
Cornflower Edging
Spotted Edging
Thistle Lace

Borders and Corners
Star Border
Snowflake Corner
The Silkeborg
Clyro Border and Corner
The Elm Corner and Border
Dutchess Corner and Border
Goose Girl Lace and Corner
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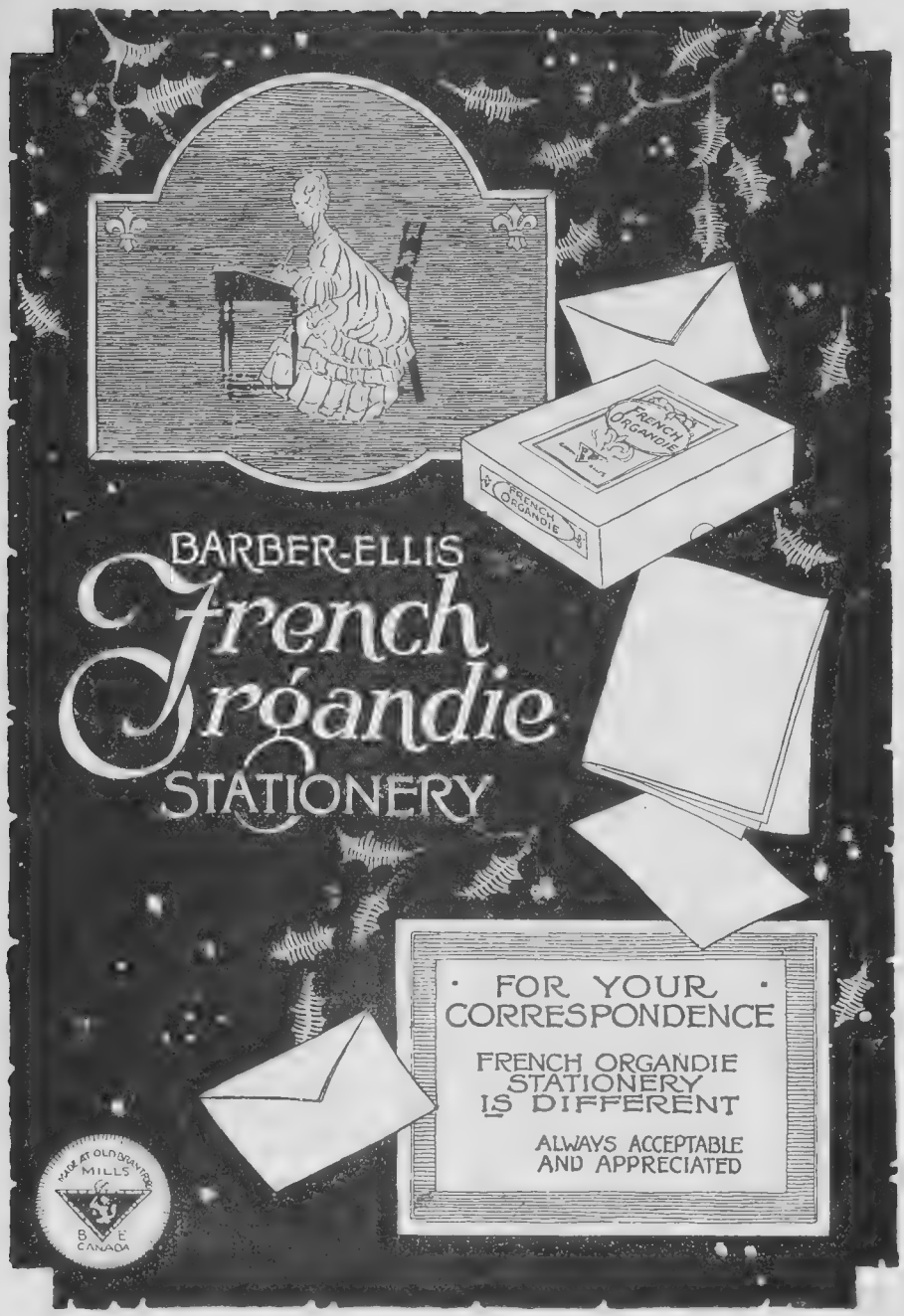

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HERO STUFF—Continued from Page 27

ard and no good, used to make life a spell of misery for the Glover boy.

He'd meet him coming home from school and he'd say. "Here's a hero. How's Horatio today? You think you're going to wear a medal, eh? You think people is goin' to throw up their hats and give you a tiger on the end for you. Well, you tell 'em Fred Clark licked the stuffin' out'n you."

Then he'd pull Chester's nose and there'd be a fight and Fred was the bigger and the handier. So the Glover boy would go under, and there'd be scratches on his face for ten days.

When he was 17 he got a chance one night to play his part. There used to be an old steamer by the name of the Cassiar that called at Port Hammond daily with a load of passengers. It was just growing dark, and men and girls and children were hanging over the deck rail, when somebody saw a head bobbing way out in the current, and somebody else said they heard a cry.

It's a woman, said some, and others said it was a boy, and the men along the shore began to look for boats and there weren't any.

"She'll drown. The beautiful young girl will drown. Nobody'll reach her," screams a woman, and she grabbed Chester Glover by the arm as he stood looking out into the current.

"I will," he says, with joy shining in his eyes. "I've lived for this," says he under his breath. And with words like those he pulls off his coat amidst all the shouting and confusion and dives into the water.

Then a cheer went up. It was the first time anybody'd ever cheered him, and when they saw how he could swim so good they yelled and leaned over the rail and others ran along the shore, and some folks said: "Whoever'd think a no-account boy like him would be the one." And others said: "You'd never believe it, nohow?"

Maybe he was fighting too hard with the current, or watching the head bobbing along out in the river so close he didn't hear or see the folks, but it was a great moment for him anyhow. When he got to the head he stopped swimming and some boy who'd climbed a small tree shouts: "he's tuckered out, he can't save her."

But Chester reached out for the other and came swimming back, and tears were running down the faces of the women. He came near shore, puffing and blowing and white in the face. It seemed to me when he crawled up on the levee that his ear stuck out worse than ever.

And it wasn't a girl he'd saved at all. Nor a man. Nor a boy. It wasn't anything but a dog—a dog somebody had kicked off the Cassiar as she was coming in—just a miserable, mangy, yellow, black-streaked hound dog.

So the crowd laughed. And they even laughed when Chester turned some shades whiter and fell among the molasses barrels on the shore.

"Nothing but a dog," said some, and Fred Clark, who'd already begun to struggle toward being the town drunkard, stood on a big box in front of everybody, and pointed alongside of Chester and says: "I've come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

So from that on the dog was called Caesar, and always stuck to Chester, long after Chester got married.

You never saw such a dog for fleas in your life. When his tail wasn't thumping on the floor of Glover's Book Store, his hind legs always were. When folks would hear him baying at night out on the Glover place they'd laugh and say: "There's the beautiful young girl that Chester saved from a watery grave."

So Chester grew up.

He grew hankering and hankering and hankering, and there wasn't any chance for him to be a hero in our town. He still read about rescues in newspapers, and one night I met him on the Main Street limping along with sore feet, and a pencil behind his bat ear which he'd forgotten to take down when he closed up shop.

"Irwin," he says to me, "I've been reading about a shipwreck off a place they call the Golden Gate, and a feller gave up his place in the lifeboat to a Spanish woman's husband so's the family shouldn't be separated. That's life. There ain't nothing like doing s mething for somebody, is there? Why, they'll put that feller's name on a tablet and he won't be forgotten for a good many hundred years

Then he stood looking in the windows of Wilson's Shoe Store, with his shoulders slanting more than ever, thinking and dreaming.

"I'd like to get away from this town," he says after a while, "I've never done well here. I can't get ahead any. Father never made any thing out of the Book Store business but enemies. And nothing ever happens in this town but haircuts and shaves. Somehow nobody seems to respect me much, and it's a long walk out home, and lonesome now that my folks are gone. I've had a lot of trouble with my teeth this year, and I'd like to go where life was going on, and accidents or catastrophes, and a man would have a chance to show what was in him."

"Well, says I, "why not".

"I'll tell you why. You know Betty Wilson," he says; "now that's the reason. I can't seem to love her powerful strong, but she thinks a sight of me and I guess maybe she expects me to marry her. She's told me how homelike she'd fix up the place. She kind of dreams about it, I reckon. And then you know she's always been ailing and ain't just straight in the spine and suffers a good deal in rainy weather. I don't believe she could get anybody else if I went away. So probably you'll find me down at the store the next time you come—same as usual."

He married her. She was a little thing, and crooked like a maple that has sprouted under the porch and growed up through a crack. There wasn't any six weeks went by that Dr. Bruce didn't have to come around and relieve pain and tinker over her.

"Must be tedious," I says to Chester, after four or five years.

"She's mighty sweet about it," says he.

"I meant tedious for you," I says.

"Well it is," says he. "I always looked for an exciting life. I ain't a very good home man. But I've kept that from her. A man can't distinguish himself at home. But she thinks I'm satisfied. She don't know the things I set my heart on and I hope she never will."

I have often thought of what he said when the World's Great War came on in '14.

You remember when war was declared? That day there was a crowd on the steps of the Agricultural Hall to see an auction sale of farm machinery. Somebody came driving out from Main Street and brought a horse up the road all sweat and hurry.

"It's war, boys," he yells. "I just heard the news from the compositor in the Sentinel Office. It's war!"

Chester was standing right among the others and he just took in his breath like a man who had been drowned and is coming to life. You never saw such a light as shone in his eyes.

"Irwin," he said to me, "I can't hardly say a word. There ain't anything like a man sacrificing himself for his country."

"You're going, I suppose," I says.

"Yes. It has come at last," he says. "Well, well."

When he said it, Fred Clark, who had grown red and fat and bulky, was standing by and gave a grunt and a laugh.

"You'd make a fine soldier," he roars. "Why your feet are always blistered and you never walk anywhere except on Main Street. You ain't a hero, Chester. I've always said so. You don't walk like a hero or a soldier or nothing—you walk like a duck."

Nobody had any respect for Fred—he was the town drunkard, but the boys laughed and Chester got red even into the lobe of his bat ear. He turned away and came to me.

"I didn't want war to come," says he. "You understand that, Irwin. But if it had to come I'm glad it's brought the chance for me, and I don't know but what I did hope for it a little after all. The only thing that worries me is Betty. It seems a shame to leave her alone."

"Have you talked it over with her," says I. "What does she say?"

"She," says Chester with his upper lip shaking, "she says for me to go."

When next I saw Chester he was all alone. He'd opened the front door of his shop, and he was sitting in front of a rickety table with his head in his hands staring ahead of him like a man in a dream. You never saw such a hungry look.

"What's the matter?" says I. "I see your face is all up again on one side, is it another tooth?"

"I'd forgotten that," he says, with the

HERO STUFF Continued from Page 28

water coming into his eyes. "I was just thinking how I'd like to go to the war."

"I thought you was going?" I says.

"Yes, I was," says he, looking at the floor. I'd set my heart on it. But Betty was ailing, worse and worse. She gets fretful and nervous—couldn't stand to be alone at night, and busted out crying over any excuse. You knew she'd gone? Well, Doc. Bruce said she would. Yes, Irwin, I lost her a week ago yesterday, I reckon it was my duty to stay by her. But aint it strange how some men are balked? There won't ever be a chance again like this wor. And here I am still in Port Hammond. Life aint turned out as I'd liked to have it, noways."

That's what he said to me and I remember how that fitted in with so many cases of folks who are balked in what they want to do. I remember what he said, and I remember the historical people he'd read about, and how his mother had put her hand on his shoulder and said he was her hero and it seemed to me a shame. Fate was mocking Chester Glover, just as she mocked him when she made his ear stick out and gave him so many swollen jaws. And then, at last, according to my way of looking at it, she gave him one fatal mock.

She gave him one final mock, right after the war was over.

You've heard of the Flu? Three or four years ago we never knew what it meant along these river towns. Least of all we knew how it would travel and jump from one house to another and kill folks right and left. Three towns on the river were hit hard and one of 'em was Port Hammond.

This is the boat I was taking out and I went up to Port Hammond to hire three painters to get her insides cleaned up for the spring season. There wasn't anything but talk about the Flu—and how people was thinking of putting on quarantine against the outside folks.

The people would stand in front of the drug store waiting for Doc. Bruce to show up so's they could ask if there'd been any new deaths and who it was, and whether there was any life insurance, and how the stuff they sent up from New Westminster—treatment, they called it, was working.

Then the Doc. would come in looking at those who were stamping their feet outside, and his face was mighty solemn, except when they would ask questions, and then he'd rub the white bristles on his red chin and puff and say—"Fiddlesticks! Fiddlesticks! Nothing to worry about. Go along home and don't be bothering."

The third day I was in town I happened to see the old red chair on the sidewalk in front of Chester's store. So I walked over.

It was getting dark and when I went in I thought I smelled something besides the creosote Chester always kept for aching teeth. It smelled like food cooking.

The light was pretty dim and I couldn't see much of Chester except his face and that was powerful white, I thought.

"You aren't living here in your store," I says. "Smells as if you cooked your meals here."

"Yes," says he, "I am and I do. I had to let the old home go. Business weren't good and it was the best way, I reckon."

"What's the matter with your voice?" I asks. "You talk like a man with chills and fever—you talk like a man frightened"

"I reckon I am," he says. "I never knew I'd be scared. I certainly never knew."

"Scared of what?" says I.

"Scared of death," he says, rubbing his knees. "I'm so scared, Irwin, I couldn't go into the back room and go to bed. The doctor is coming again. He says I've got it—got the Flu. And I never knew I'd be scared. But I'm lucky."

"Can't see how," says I watching his staring eyes.

"I'll tell you if you'll listen," he says. "There aint but just enough of the treatment in Doc. Bruce's office to treat one person. Some other fellow came down with the Flu, this morning before I did, and that left only enough for one. I came down with it just in time, so to speak. That's how I mean I'm lucky. Because there won't be any more of the treatment here for a week, the Doc told me."

"Too bad," says I. "Too bad, too bad. It's too bad there ain't just one more, besides.

thought a minute. Then he gave a cry and caught hold of my sleeve and he pulled himself to his feet, and the light from the old swinging coal oil lamp shone on his face. Darn me, if it wasn't still freckled and if his bat ear didn't stick out, and if his bad matched eyes weren't closer together just as they were the first time I ever sat eyes on him.

"Whatcher mean?" he says, whispering and shaking. "Somebody else, eh? Somebody else has come down? Why don't you say?"

"Yes," says I. "Emily Dudley. She's a pretty little thing and aint been married to Dudley more than three months and it seems a shame."

"Then by the grace of God I get my chance," he shouts. "Irwin, it has come to me. I won't die like a rat. I aint lived for nothing, after all. Reach me that hat.

"Where are you going?" says I.

"Across to the Doc's office. See the light there. Take your hands off."

He flung the door open and out he went, stumbling over the frozen ruts towards the doctor's. I followed him. He never stopped to knock and I followed him into the office and there sat Doc. Bruce spraddled all out in a chair before the soft-coal fire.

The doctor looked up.

"I told you to go to bed," he says grabbing the arms of the chair. "You're mad. you're crazy as a puilt."

"No, I aint mad, Doc," says Chester, catching the back of the old haircloth sofa. "I came over about Emily Dudley. She's got it ain't she?"

The Doc nodded.

"And she's got to have the treatment to save her, ain't she?" says Chester.

"What do you mean?" Doc. Bruce asks, rubbing the white bristles on his red chin.

"You aint got any more of the treatment, Doc?" says Chester, looking at the floor. "And you say fust come, fust served. So it's plain enough what must be done, Doc. I don't ammount to nothing and never have and I reckon I never will."

Then he stopped and gave a gulp. "I want you to give the treatment to her. I want you to give her the treatment you was going to give to me."

After he said that, we were all quiet. You could hear the sputter of the oil in the soft-coal fire and the big clock in the hall. The doctor stood there looking at Chester and staring at him, and by and by two or three tears ran down his face. He smiled as he licked his lips. And then he spoke.

"Ain't it funny how we can bet on the hearts of men, after all?" he says. "God bless you, Chester Glover. But you ain't the first. Why, what do you suppose my friends? Who do you suppose had the right to the next to the last treatment and wouldn't let me give it to him, and gave up his life at six o'clock tonight because he wanted Emily Dudley to have it? Why, by the great horned spoon, it was the good-for-nothingest feller in Port Hammond—the town drunkard—Fred Clark."

When Chester heard these words he just blinked his eyes and stood there playing with the buttons on his coat, and after a while he gave a patient sigh. That was all. The doctor and I took him back across the frozen ruts to the old Book Store and put him to bed.

The treatment didn't save him. I saw him once before he went. He said to me. "Well, Irwin, I reckon I've got to go."

That was all.

He's gone.

The stern wheel of the S.S. Skeena still churned the black current of the Fraser River; in front the engine exhaust in the stack still said. "Chow-chaow chow-chaow", like somekind of mother nursing some kind of children to sleep. The distant shores slid by.

Down from below decks of the S.S. Skeena, a ribald voice sang:

"I knew a man who wanted to be a hero;
I knew a man who wanted to be a hero;
And he never saved a dog-gone soul."

The perfumed woman leaned forward so that her face showed suddenly in the moonlight. A little smile of comfort was on her lips.

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Those Neighbors of Ours

By E. G. Bayne

NEIGHBORS, roughly speaking—though we shouldn't speak roughly of them, for every wall has ears!—may be divided into three classes. We have duplex neighbors, semi-detached neighbors and the common or garden variety who borrow the vacuum cleaner. The duplexers are a comparatively new species who hold themselves vastly superior to the semi-detached breed, although their manner of living is similar, since both occupy the one-roof-two-entrances type of dwelling. The duplexers, moreover, feign a well-bred indifference to each other's affairs that the semi-detached never did and never will. Neighborly—that's what the latter are, "neighborly and nosey," to quote our friend Mrs. Hashanprunes.

This is the time of the year when we city-dwellers become fully, and often acutely, aware that we have neighbors. From the first of May on they are as ubiquitous as the mosquito, and the measure of your fondness for or tolerance of your neighbors is frequently in equal ratio to your distance from them. If you live at 249 you will dislike most the people at 247 and 251, while entertaining an almost respectful regard for the occupants of 255.

There are those who think neighbors a boon and a blessing but they are retired farmers usually, who get their eyes opened eventually. There's something quite touching in their pathetic belief that neighbors are just naturally bound to be friends. Take the elderly couple who have made a little money wheat-farming and who move to some city in the East and buy a snug home for their declining days. The change, with its undoubted advantages, renders them fairly content, until warm weather and the noisy-neighbor nuisance sets in. Then the ex-ranchman begins to pine for his little igloo on the prairie, where the nearest neighbor was fifteen miles away. These here city-folk are too plaguy particular and stand-offish. And they kick about his doing a bit of carpentering at 5:30 in the morning, and about his dog running over their flower-beds, and and about his painting his fence and forgetting the wet-paint sign! On the other hand he has a few grievances on his own account. That gal next door, screeching at the piano all day—why, he'd rather listen to a good old blood-curdling wolf-howl! Then what about a kitchen—you couldn't call that two-by-four cubicle a proper kitchen!—to "set and smoke in?" The garden too—a mere handkerchief patch! "And nobody speaking to anybody else and everybody laying in bed till the sinful hour o' seven in the morning!"

So he suggests returning to the prairie, upon which his good wife settles him once for all.

"What! Back to the blizzards and the coyotes?" she cries. "Not—on—your—life! I'm goin' to neighbor a while, for a change!"

Remarkably little over-the-back-fence borrowing goes on, and of course none at all among the exclusive duplexers, but city neighbors are expert note writers. It seems that, in registering a grievance you don't telephone it, nor do you call at the door and give oral utterance to it, but the proper thing is to write a little note and slide it into the mail-box on the door. Mrs. Hashanprunes received one not long ago from Mrs. Primm next door, who runs a rooming house for business girls. The complaint ran as follows:

"Your gentlemen boarders has been annoying my roomers again while drying their hair on the roof smart remarks was made. If it happens any more, steps will be taken."

A little later Mrs. H. had occasion to refresh the memory of her other-side neighbor, Miss Angles, who "takes in gentlemen only," anent the matter of a banging gate that she declared had "kept her awake two nights." Miss Angles, a prompt correspondent, retaliated by politely asking when Mrs. H. intended to get her chimney cleaned "as the smoke simply poured into Mr. Jones' room and he had given notice."

The other day a duplexer, a doctor too, sent a complaining missive to his semi-detached neighbor, a timid lady who nearly swooned on receipt of it, in which he declared that something had been thrown from a certain window of her house in the night and had struck him in passing. He threatened to have the law on her, but when it was proved that on the night in question the room corresponding to the maligned window had been unoccupied—the tenant having spent the night with friends— no apology was forthcoming. Instead, a new and very lonesome dog was found tied up beneath the window, but in the duplexer's yard, the next morning, probably with the idea of tempting further missiles. But though the pup howled forlornly every night and all night for a week there were no developments whatever.

A business woman and her aged mother occupied a duplex flat over a pair of newlyweds who were anticipating in the distant offing a visit from Mr. Stork. The good old lady owned a beautiful Persian cat that was "company" for her to an almost human degree while her daughter was at business. But one day the cat broke into the larder of the newlyweds, via an open window, and the young wife proceeded to take hysterics. The landlord was sent for and the cat promptly given notice. And now the baby is here, constituting, in its innocent way, a lively nuisance, for the upper duplexers, who naturally wonder why the pot should have made personal remarks about the kettle. But pussy has been banished for good. What sort of justice is this—huh?

Sunday is the most virulent of all days of the week as regards the neighbor nuisance. On Sundays we are either too religious or too lazy to do anything except eat and loaf, but this doesn't imply absence of noise and other nuisance. It's on Sunday that a succession of baths are taken, with whistling obligato, on the floor above. It's on Sunday morning that somebody spends three hours in the garage next door tuning up Lizzie for the afternoon's spin. Likewise, Sunday's the day that Elmer calls on Gladys and tickles the ukelele all evening. Also, have you noticed how much earlier Smith's chanticleer begins his challenge to the dawn, on Sundays? It's the day of days for neighbors to overrun each other. The stoops are crowded and the gossips in their glory, speculating on why Miss Bjinks turned down the blond piano-salesman in favor of the new dark boarder from next door, wondering where Mrs. Wood B. Smart got the money for that new suit "and them in debt up to their eyebrows," nudging each other as the gay widow and her "last haul" go past. You may have thought that only in small towns this sort of neighborly interest flourishes, but the city grows it too, in the more populous neighborhoods.

Not everyone's attitude toward neighbors is the same. "I like 'em—but I like 'em a little way off," stipulates one, while another declares that it suits him best to live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man—even if he *is* always borrowing something.

Talk about the power of the press! It is as nothing compared to the power of the neighbors. "You'll have the neighbors talking!" is a sufficient deterrent to the most lawless and careless. We are all agreed that the neighbors are a bad lot, yet somehow they're mighty nice to have around in times of sickness! Even in the callous city they have a cheerful habit of running in to see how you are and to leave a bowl of custard, a flower perhaps, and a heartening word. Greatly to be pitied is that one who hath no neighbor. And, speaking personally—for which we crave pardon—our own very best neighbors are the folks living "right alongside" our humble shack, though we doubt seriously whether they might be able to say the same of us.

An Eloquent Masterpiece

A painter of the "impressionistic school" is now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says, "Look here; this is the latest masterpiece of my composition." They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Jews?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like; simple, suggestive, and unpretentious."

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UNION BANK OF CANADA

The Charterhouse

By N. Tourneur

CHARITY, justice, brotherly love and fidelity. For three centuries and more they have aye been found in the Charterhouse—England's most famous foundation. Rich as England is in beneficent institutions, for nigh every county has some endowment for the poor and the aged—a "charity" would be a misapplication of terms—no other like institution can vie with the Charterhouse and its "brethren." Yet there are untold numbers of Londoners even who have never visited the Foundation, which is second in importance in building and in historical interest to the Tower of London itself.

You get to the Charterhouse by going through Smithfield Market, E.C., and holding up a thoroughfare toward the north, and then, having turned along a short, quiet by-street to the right, you find yourself before an ancient archway. This gives entrance to a quadrangle, through which the porter leads you to another of like appearance—the Elizabethan buildings of each enclosing a green and sunny square. Already the rumble and rattle of city traffic is only a murmur here; stillness and repose meet you. The casements have been thrown open to let sunshine and fresh air into the panelled chambers, and groups of the aged brethren are sunning themselves on seats out-of-doors before being called to dinner.

Since the Charterhouse was first a Carthusian monastery, in the thirteenth century, standing beyond the walls of London and amid the fields, the place had numerous vicissitudes, till Sir Thomas Sutton, merchant and banker, bought it early in the seventeenth century. He endowed it as a hospice for aged and deserving sea captains, merchants, and others, the Foundation being incorporated by Letters Patent of James I. At first the yearly value of the lands bequeathed for the upkeep of the establishment was £3,500; today, these endowments bring in some £55,000 annually.

Each of the "brothers" has his own dwelling, overlooking the quadrangle, and approached by an open oak staircase, and containing one or two large, well-lit, lofty rooms. The bed and pantries and cupboards are let into alcoves in the finely wainscotted walls. And the brethren can entertain guests in their own houses. Each has his name inscribed on his outer door. In addition to the meals common to all in the hall, each brother has a daily supply of bread, fresh butter, milk and table beer. Each is also provided with an ample supply of firing, candles, and clean linen; leaving only tea and sugar to be bought. These are not supplied, for they were not in use when Sutton drew up his carefully worded endowment, but, to purchase them and general clothing, a liberal allowance is presented by the governors to each brother. The only garment provided is a black cloth cloak, which every member must wear at dinner in the hall, or when in chapel, or when coming before the Master of Charterhouse, who is usually a distinguished ecclesiastic of the Church of England.

The establishment contains a chapel, a burial ground, a hospital, two libraries, the large dining hall, a museum, the master's house of 33 rooms—part of the ancient palace of the Duke of Norfolk, whom Queen Elizabeth sent to the scaffold—and around the two quadrangles, known respectively as "Founder's" and "Preacher's," there are the residences of the eighty brethren. The Master is assisted in the administration by various authorities, all residing within the Foundation. Among these may be mentioned the house steward, or "manciple" as he is termed, the medical officer, the registrar, the preacher, the reader, and, admitted only within no far distant years, the matron. Formerly, with the exception of the nurses, who clean the rooms of the brethren and attend on them, no women were allowed within the establishment.

Church service is performed regularly twice a-day, morning and evening, in the beautiful chapel, and the brothers are expected to attend on one of these occasions at least. The chapel you reach by crossing the inner court to a passage or cloister amidst the Elizabethan parts of the place. According to the date, 1612, in the roof of the chapel, it was erected then, but tradition places its foundations to the Carthusians. Of a square shape, divided in the middle by four pillars, the interior is handsomely fitted up with pews, desks, and stalls of fine oak of Elizabethan times, beautifully ornamented. At the corner of the aisle to the left stands the tomb of the founder, a magnificent piece of work, extending from the floor nearly to the timbered roof. In the vaults below lie many of the brethren of far off times, and several distinguished men, lapped in lead.

From the chapel cloister you reach the portion of the palace of the hapless Duke. On the ground floor is the great hall of the Foundation, where dinner is served. Here Queen Elizabeth was often banquetted. Here James I feasted. It is one of the most interesting Elizabethan remains in England. The chairs alone are worth from $500 to $625 each, and the oak wainscotting and carvings everywhere are of extreme value. At the north end of this noble chamber is a music gallery which communicates with a similar gallery on the east side, over the great fireplace and mantel, for spectators. A fine portrait of the founder, dressed in a black robe, hangs on the south wall at the upper end of the hall. Here at a table, placed crosswise on a raised part of the floor—a dais—the officials of the Foundation have their dinner, and the brothers sit at tables arranged longitudinally on each side of it. It is worth noting that, through that tenaciousness of old usages so characteristic of most English institutions and customs, the brethren till within the last sixty years or so, continued to eat their meals off the same kind of awkward wooden platters that had been in use ever since the hospice was first opened—when Shakespeare was living, and Massachusetts knew but the Red Man, and the Virginia Plantation was not.

Here, too, you find real old English fare. The dietary, of course, has varied with the manciple responsible for it. But, aye, on Sundays the three centuries through, the brothers have had roast and plum-pudding for dinner, all of the finest quality, with ample supply of bread and vegetables. In the Charterhouse there is no waste; but, no stint, either; no limit is placed to the exercise of the brethren's appetites. Aye on Michaelmas Day, September 29th, the traditional dish of England, roast goose, is served; and poultry and wine from the well-stocked cellars on Founder's day, the 12th of December; while on

(*Continued on page 47*)

Better Christmas Puddings!

Better Christmas Cakes!

and very much better—are made by using part Roman Meal and part flour in puddings and cakes.

Recipe

Plum Pudding

Mix 1 Cup Roman Meal; ½ cup flour; 2 T. Spn Cinnamon; 1 T. Spn ground ginger; ¼ T. Spn ground cloves; ¼ T. Spn ground alspice; 1½ cups seeded raisins; 1½ cups currants; 2 cups suet; ¾ cup chopped peel; ½ cup blanched almonds; ½ T. Spn salt. Mix well 3 eggs and ½ cup brown sugar. Stir in 1 cup milk. Stir both mixtures together. Mix well. Place in Mould. Boil or steam 2½ hours. Serve with carmel or hard sauce.

Finer flavor—richer color—more granular—more digestible—less soggy—and in every way superior products result from mixing ROMAN MEAL with flour. Make your Christmas treat a greater treat with Roman Meal—Nature's Nut Brown Food.

Recipe

Caramel Sauce

2 cups granulated sugar; 2 cups water; butter size of walnut; 2 tablespoons cornstarch—dissolved in cold water; 1 teaspoonful vanilla; ½ cup of the sugar to be browned. When golden brown add butter. Bring to boil, add starch and vanilla.

Recipe

Christmas Cake

Mix 1¼ Cup Roman Meal; 1 cup flour; 2¼ cups currants; 1½ cups Sultana Raisins; 1 cup chopped lemon peel; ¼ cup blanched almonds; ¼ T. Spn ground cloves; ½ T. Spn ground cinnamon; ¼ T. Spn ground ginger; ¼ T. Spn alspice; pinch nutmeg. Cream well 5 eggs, 1 cup Brown sugar; add 1 cup butter; ¼ cup molasses. Stir both mixtures together, beat well. Bake in well greased tin 2½ to 3 hours, moderate oven.

Add ROMAN MEAL *to Your Daily Diet.*

ROMAN MEAL is the only balanced combination of whole grains—wheat, rye, Flaxin, and comminuted bran. It is a delicious family food, to be used as porridge, or baked into anything half and half with flour. By using Roman Meal in some way every day, with plenty of milk and some leafy vegetables (preferably uncooked) you provide your body—and the bodies of your children—with every element necessary to sturdy health and long life, and correct the "deficiencies" of modern "excess acid" and "deficiency" foods. Roman Meal aids digestion, positively relieves constipation.

With one exception the *most* economical cereal sold.

ROMAN MEAL COMPANY, TORONTO.

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The Christmas Gift

"He gives not best who gives the most; but he gives most who gives the best."

GOOD GIVING requires good sense. Thought of the morrow in the gift of to-day should be evident in at least one of your gifts at Christmas time. To present to your wife a Great-West Life Policy of Insurance would be a gift of practical love, protecting her and your children against the happenings of chance, making life happier and more hopeful for all. An Income Policy, assuring payment on maturity in stated instalments, would further carry remembrance of your forethought to the end of her days. Let us send you rates and particulars.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "Q" Head Office

WINNIPEG - - CANADA

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—Is to "TAKE NO CHANCES." In other words, deal only with a Proven Reliable House, whose years of experience have served to teach them the True Value of Careful, Individual Attention. Liberal and Prompt Advances. Absolute Safety. Courteous and Business-like Methods.

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Grain Commission Merchants — WINNIPEG — Grain Exchange Building

Reference—Any Bank or Commercial Agency

DOLLARS AND CENTS

BANKING — INSURANCE — FINANCE

By A. E. Parker, C. A.

The Limits of Mutual Insurance

MUTUAL fire and hail insurance companies have many good points, they also have some weaknesses. Recent events have emphasised these weaknesses, and the lessons provided should not go unheeded.

The Timiskaming Mutual Fire Insurance Company was organized two years ago as a farmers' co-operative enterprise, with headquarters at New Liskard, Ontario. It made excellent progress, the losses during its first two years of existence being only $90. But a few weeks ago along came the Haileybury conflagration, and overnight the company became financially embarrassed.

The fire insurance companies which operate as joint stock companies, sustained heavy losses in the conflagration, too, but such an experience is just an ordinary event with them which occurs at fairly regular intervals. They know that conflagrations always come and do their business accordingly preparing for the evil day which will bring heavy losses.

The ability of the fire insurance companies to pay these conflagration losses, and the inability of the mutual company to stand them, illustrate the foundation principle of good insurance. The majority of the stock companies handle fire insurance in all parts of Canada, some of them do business in all parts of the world. The Mutual company referred to, did business in one locality. That locality was destroyed by fire—that means that the majority of the polices issued by the Mutual company covered losses, but not so with the stock companies. Their policies in the Haileybury district were only a small proportion of the total number of policies issued by them, so that the heavy losses in the Haileybury district are offset by small losses in other districts where the companies do business. That is the essence of insurance—wide distribution of risks.

Wheat Gambling

NO! we are not going to talk about Grain Exchanges or Wheat Boards—we are just going to talk straight wheat farming. At the outset, we admit that it is the easiest thing in the world to sit back in an editorial chair and tell the farmer where he is wrong, and explain to him the things he should do and the things he should not do. We do not propose doing anything so easy or useless as that. What we do intend to do is to place a few cold facts on record, and let the farmer decide the problem for himself.

J. G. Robertson, secretary of the Saskatchewan Livestock Breeders' Association, has been figuring out the cost of producing and marketing a bushel of wheat this year. He has based his figures on the assumption that the average farmer reaped 20 bushels to the acre, on land valued at $40 per acre. He has assumed that the average farmer lives six miles from town. He found that the average cost of raising a bushel of wheat on summerfallow was 95 cents, and on stubble land 70 cents, or an average of 82½ cents per bushel.

Mr. Robertson worked it out as follows:

Cost of Cultivation on Summerfallow

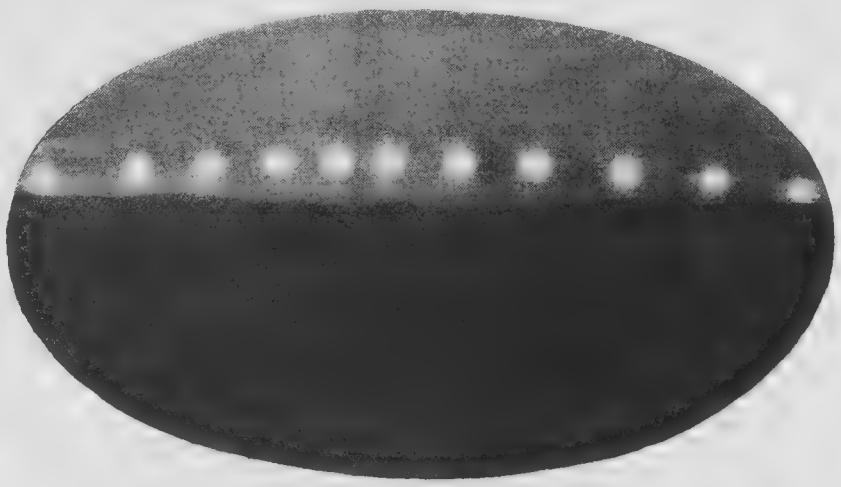
Plowing in 1921	$2.25
Discing in 1921	.50
Harrowing in 1921	.25
Seed	1.50
Seeding in 1922	.50
Cultivation in 1922	.25
Twine	.40
Cutting	.75
Stooking	.30
Threshing, 20 bush. @ 12c.	2.40
Hauling	.60
Poisoning grasshoppers	.10
Poisoning gophers	.10
Taxes, 2 years	2.00
Insurance	.10
Interest, 2 years	6.40
Interest on machinery	.40
Depreciation on machinery	.20
Total	$19.00
20 bushels cost	$19.00
1 bushel cost	.95

With No. 1 Northern wheat selling at around $1 per bushel at Winnipeg, there is not much profit to the average farmer.

Another side light on the wheat farming industry. During the past seven weeks of the present crop-moving season, 1,876 cars of wheat were graded "rejected" on account of containing weed seeds, as compared with 865 cars in the corresponding period of 1921. The loss in value on these cars was from 8 cents per bushel up. At the minimum of 8 cents, the loss on 1,876 cars would be about $200,000.

The price obtained for wheat is not governed by the cost of production; it is governed by the law of supply and demand. The man who grows nothing but wheat puts all his eggs in one basket, and sometimes the basket falls

Continued on page 35



PHOTOGRAPHING THE SHORTEST DAY

A unique and interesting experiment in photography, but one afforded few people is shown herewith: the photographing of December 21st, the year's shortest day, taken by Mr. Arthur Campbell a celebrated Alaskan "Sourdough" from Walker's Peak, Alaska. The camera was opened at 11 a.m. and different exposures taken until 1 p.m. giving a very striking effect.—FRANCIS DICKIE.

Captain Gennaro Como of Shepherd Alberta

By Charlotte Gordon.

IT is not often in our new west that men have such varied interests as raising as many bushels of wheat to the acre as the land will yield, interspersed with translating Italian poetry into English free verse or giving an opinion on world questions through the medium of the newspapers of America. Such are the accomplishments of Captain Como, Italian titled gentleman, rancher and writer of the little settlement of Shepherd, near the city of Calgary, Alberta, who gives little thought to such matters as his title of Rear-admiral in the Italian navy or of honor' from emperors, kings and presidents. He is too busy on the broad prairies of Alberta, tilling his own ground, using his trained mind for the purpose of getting the most out of the land. He recently harvested a crop of wheat that gave twenty-two bushels to the acre, putting it in entirely alone, and on land that was suffering for lack of cultivation through the war years of neglect.

To meet Captain Como is to enjoy the stimulating contrast of old-world interests and new-world activities—his pictures, his books, his decorations, his old-world treasures, conjure up the traditions of a cultured past. As the son of the illustrious family from which Lake Como takes its name, his heritage of rich traditions date back to the time of King Charles of France, during his occupation of Naples in 1200, when one of the ancestors, General Angelo Como, was given the Plazzo Como for services rendered the crown. It is one of the monuments of Naples in its beauty of architecture as the residence of the family for hundreds of years. Now it is used as a museum by the government.

Captain Como's Home in Alberta. Insert, Captain Como.

Born in Naples, the son of the late Baron of Santo Stefano, Captain Como spent the greater part of his life in the old world when not travelling the high seas, until he took up residence in Alberta thirteen years ago.

Entering the Italian navy at the age of twelve years, he has a thorough training in the life of the sea, serving a few months of each year as is the custom in Italy, while receiving his education. For twenty-five years he sailed the seas, going upward step by step in service which gave him the Italian service medal. Five years of this period were spent at the Royal Academy at Leghorn where he was taught astronomy and seamanship. During these years Captain Como was busy with his pen, and his "pilot" books are standard works of the Italian navy, while pamphlets and articles on naval matters testify to a busy life in the service of his country.

Coming to the Dominion in 1900, he purchased large tracts of land about Alberta and, with a keen appreciation of our broad prairies, decided to adopt Canada as his home and at once set about, with his usual determination, to learn how to farm in the new west.

At the outbreak of the war, he immediately offered his services and, as senior naval officer of the Italian navy, he was assigned to the Mediterranean along Tripolitania and Cryenaica. Here he had thirteen ships in charge, including the chasing of submarines and relief work with all the thrills of the sea in war time, in his experiences.

The second war service was as delegate on anti-submarine warfare at Malta. Captain Como made his pen an urge in this work and has, as well, many submarine inventions to his credit. This period at Malta continued to add to his honors and the title of Rear-admiral of the Italian Navy was conferred upon him.

At his ranch at Shepherd we came across an array of boxes of colored velvet, in an out-of-the-way corner, and upon inquiry, he modestly admitted that thay contained his medals, and we counted fourteen such recognitions.

They included the D. S. O. for services rendered in conjunction with the British forces in Egypt. The "silver medal for military valor" presented in 1915, by the Italian government and is such an honor as our Victoria Cross. Another Italian recognition was the "St. Mauritius and Lazarus medal," also the medal as "an officer of the crown of Italy" which carries a title with it. Russian recognition was the medal of "St. Stanislau of Russia" and the French Legion of Honor was another gift for service. The "Medje" medal was conferred by the Sultan of Turkey, and recognition was given for services in the Messina earthquake.

Covered with honors he returned to Canada, with the intention of resuming ranching operations, to find his fortune dissipated. The war years brought about very changed conditions, and Captain Como, like a good sport, determined to stay in Canada and work one of his few remaining properties, his ranch at Shepherd and develop his splendid horses. He delights in the primitive life, stating, when we visited at his farm, "Yesterday I plowed all day and was contented and happy. I talk to my horses by the hour and they know every word I say—they are so understanding."

True to the traditions of those who follow the sea, who answer to the call of the cultured heart and love the beauty and poetry of the silent places, Captain Como has continued to develop his literary talent while working on the Alberta plains. His quaint and exquisite poems, his translations, and adaptions from Trilussa, as well as the work of D'Anunizio, have been appearing from time to time in New York journals in the "Carroccio", an Italian publication that publishes partly in English and Canadian papers.

The foreign press service of New York have become interested in the translations and ask for a collection of his poems that may be put between permanent covers.

Thus he "follows his star," but takes the greatest pride in his accomplishment on the land, declaring that "raising twenty-two bushels of wheat to the acre on poorly cultivated land is the best thing I ever did, and next year I shall make it thirty bushels," so our Canadian prairies that yield so abundantly to man's effort "Carries the palm" against the honors bestowed by kings.

Coralie's Christmas

Coralie's mother was left a widow when she was 29.

And Coralie was seven.

Coralie's father had been so busy spending—for his wife and little daughter—that he had not had time to save for them; except to invest in a five thousand dollar insurance policy on his life.

When he died his widow received this splendid amount in a lump sum.

It looked like a lot of money to Coralie's mother!

But when immediate expenses were all paid and her affairs settled, she had hardly half that amount left.

She was advised to invest two thousand in something safe—at 7 per cent.

But that would pay her only $140 per year—less than 39 cents a day for the complete support of two persons!

It wasn't enough!

However, Coralie's mother was young, bright and fortunate. She got a corner of home for herself and her child, with friends, at twelve dollars a week—and she got back the job she had had before she was married—at $25 per week.

She banked her two thousand dollars for emergencies—for Coralie.

While Coralie had her mother to love and work for her the child was safe!

But Coralie's future haunted the mother—she **must** provide for that. Resolutely, and with infinite self-denial, she set aside three dollars and a quarter a week. She couldn't make it more.

At the end of a year, she had only saved one hundred and sixty nine dollars. It would take her almost six years to save another thousand to add to the "emergency" fund—and if anything happened to her in the meantime—she used to wake up in the night and think about it—till the dread of it filled the room like an evil smothering presence.

Then She Found A Friend

who showed her how to invest money to provide **certain protection** for Coralie, or for her own old age.

Coralie's mother—at 31—would have given the whole of her two thousand dollars for this assurance.

Instead, she invested $169 in this immediate and future protection, and thereafter this same yearly amount of her savings.

Just at Christmas, six years later, influenza ended her loving labors.

Coralie was thirteen.

The people with whom she lived loved her. But they were not well off. They had children of their own. What could they do for Coralie?

Then the Friend stepped in to fulfil the promise made to Coralie's mother.

The mother had only saved $1,014. But every month till Coralie was eighteen there came a cheque for fifty dollars—ample to provide for her welfare and education—till three thousand dollars had been paid in this way. And to-day (because there was interest on the money all the time) Coralie's Christmas stocking holds a cheque for $3,000, a gift from Coralie's mother, sent through the Friend who so loyally discharged the promised obligation.

That Friend Was

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"Policies Good as Gold"

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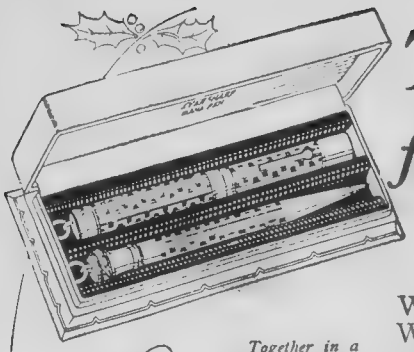
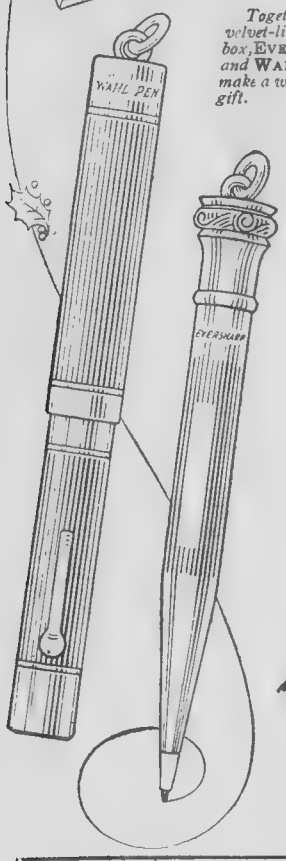
Write us for sample policies, and particulars on this super-savings account.



THE GIFT!

for every member of the family



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Give Father a WAHL PEN of the same design as his EVERSHARP. Mother certainly needs her own EVERSHARP for home notes. Make her happy with one. See these gifts at your dealer's.

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EVERY WOMAN should have our Fall and Winter Fashion Book. Its 48 pages depict in an understandable way, the correct fashions for the coming seasons. Aside from its complete arrangement of styles of interest to women, this book also illustrates needful and attractive wearing apparel for every other member of the family. Furthermore, it offers many helpful suggestions of interest to the busy needlewoman—it is a complete family fashion book of practical suggestions arranged by the publishers of The Western Home Monthly for the women of Western Canada.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
STOVEL BUILDING - WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE MAGIC VESSEL—Continued from page 25

spoke their language, who had lived all his years among them, at times found his own understanding of them at fault in judging some native action.

With the passing years the friendship between him and the aged chief had strengthened. During the long winter days when the only work in the village was the gathering of firewood, and time hung heavily on all hands, Bill Sweet whiled many an hour away in the house of Giamtkwa, listening to the tales the chieftain told of his people.

Few white men ever attain to this privilege—the hearing in the original tongue the myth, the legends, the verbal history handed down through countless years from the mists of antiquity, and fewer white men still have listened to such a storyteller as was Giamtkwa. Artistic was his nature, dramatic his delivery, keen his sense of story values. Too, his was a knowledge far beyond that of the ordinary tribesman of his day. Myths countless in number, but always varied, lay stored in his mind: tales of supernatural beings and their dealings with chieftains and lesser tribesmen; legends of the far travels of many peoples; how their leaders got their crests and names; how the world was first created; of the dealings between men and animals—these and many other stories Giamtkwa told with pleasure to the silent and appreciative white man sitting alertly listening, most interested in the ancient beliefs and the doings of a people themselves now fast forgetting the wondrous legends and traditions of their aboriginal forefathers.

So now as Bill Sweet looked up from making fast the launch, his eyes lit at seeing Giamtkwa standing before him.

"Come aboard, Giamtkwa. My engine bucked on me and made me miss the tide. No use going to Rupert now, the gasoline will sure be all gone before I could make the distance by the outer passage."

Giamtkwa nodded sympathetic understanding, then stepped aboard the launch and into the roomy cabin. He dropped onto the long bench at one side of the boat which served as chair or bed, and leaned back against the rolled up blankets there. Seating himself opposite, Bill Sweet filled his pipe, then handed on the pouch to his visitor.

"That's the worst of these gas boats," he proceeded—"just when you are in a hurry, something goes wrong with them. Still," he added defensively "they're a wonderful invention. Just think how much faster we go in a gas boat now than your forefathers did in their dugout canoe. It's certainly wonderful how the world is going ahead in getting the best of nature." In the white man's voice was a vague pride, born of that consciousness of a superiority of this age over all preceding ones, which is so typical of certain modern men.

Giamtkwa nodded. "Yet often these gas boats do not go in a time of need," he ventured with gentle deprecation. Then, after a minute, "and though indeed these days are more progressive than those in which my forefathers lived, still, long before the white man came, there was a story among my people of a motor boat. They called it a genius boat, and by its aid was one of the woman of my house in the long ago saved from a terrible situation. In a time of need this motor boat of the olden days did not fail, as your modern one has done today."

Giamtkwa was a source of continual surprise to Bill Sweet. Always the ageing chieftain had a new story, striking, unique, different from anything previously related. The scope of imagination displayed in these tales of a primitive people was a never ending source of wonder to the white man, who, despite his long contact with natives, still unconsciously was possessed with that queer arrogant certainty of the white man's greater abilities, which is so strange and strong a trait of the Anglo-Saxon nature, and which in him still prevailed even though he had countless times been confronted with the fact that the ancient native people in power of imagination were his equals if not his superiors.

After a moment he said with ill-concealed astonishment: "So your people had a power boat, did they? Funny you never told me about it before."

"I have not thought of it for a long time. It would not have come to me today only for your words about the gas boat bringing it to my mind. This is the story:

"In the village of Metlakatla some of the people a very long time ago had a bear cub they had caught during their annual berrypicking on the Skeena River, sixty miles away. One of the young women, Soodalth by name, of the very powerful house of Gigooksen Walp, was very cruel to this little bear, ill-treating it on every occasion. The next year when the people went from Metlakatla village back to the berry grounds on the banks of the Skeena, they took the bear cub with them. But one day it escaped. As I have often told you before the animals in those days were sometimes supernatural beings, and assumed form at will. This little bear cub that had been treated so badly by Soodalth was a member of a very powerful family of supernatural bears. So when it got back to its people it told all about the cruelty of Soodalth. At once on hearing this the leader of the bear family changed into the form of a handsome young man of the Tsimsyen tribe. He went to where Soodalth was picking berries and made love to her. She was much taken with his good looks and as they talked she walked beside him without noticing that all the time he was gradually leading her slowly away from her companions. Finally when he was far enough away that he could safely pick her up without fear of pursuit, he did so.

When he arrived back to the dwelling place of the supernatural bears, Soodalth saw a lot of haggard old women whom the bears had captured at different times and had made old in revenge for various wrongs done to the bears by them. But Soodalth was so beautiful that the young bear who had captured her desired to keep her young. So she escaped the fate of the other women, and was his wife, though Soodalth hated him and was always on the lookout for a chance to run away.

One day the bear who had captured her and made her wife went to gather firewood. Of course he took her with him to help. As he was coming home with a very big load, and Soodalth with another, she lagged farther and farther behind as if weighed down and weary with the load. When she had with such feigning managed to put quite a distance between herself and her captor she threw down her load and began running away very fast. Presently the bear noticed, and came roaring after her. Nearer and nearer he drew, and Soodalth was just about to give up hope when she came upon a wolverine. He was also at the moment in the form of a handsome young man. Soodalth cried to him to save her. The wolverine was struck with her beauty as the bear had been, so he picked her up. Being much fleeter than the bear he soon carried Soodalth out of reach of pursuit.

The wolverine took her to his home a few miles from the Skeena River and placed her in one of the rooms. Soodlath had fallen deeply in love with her rescuer at once, and was perfectly happy to be his wife. But hardly had she entered the room when she heard in the next one a queer sounding like a continual ingurgitation of a voracious beast. At once she inquired of her husband what made this sound. He immediately became uneasy. Without explaining the cause of this, he warned Soodalth that as she valued his love and her own safety, she must never open the door of the next room and look in.

Soodalth promised, and made herself at home in her room. Her wolverine husband in the form of a young man came to her every day, and was very kind to her, supplying her with plenty of food and firewood; but always to her ears came the sounding of someone noisily feeding in the next room, and, being a woman, her curiosity grew greater with every passing day. At last one morning when her husband had left her to go hunting, she crept out into the hallway and to the closed door of the next room. She opened it carefully a little way and peeked in.

And there was another wolverine, the real wife of the one who had saved her from the bear. The wife, like all wolverines, was a terrible glutton, and ate tremendous quantities of food. So nearly all her time was spent in feeding. She had been so busy eating that she had never noticed her husband's more than usual absences. And the sound of her own munching had made her deaf to the sound of the movements of the other wife in the next room. But on seeing

Continued on page 53

DOLLARS AND CENTS—*Continued from page 32*

to the ground—the man who goes in for mixed farming puts his eggs in more than one basket, usually a more profitable procedure. We are inclined to think that the facts given above, justify the assertion that the wheat farmer is a "Wheat Gambler." Are we right?

Don't Drop Your Life Insurance

WHEN times are hard, or when financial conditions are unsatisfactory, many of us have to look around for places where we can reduce our expenditures. The natural thing to do is to look for non-essentials—things we can do without. It is somewhat remarkable that a man sometimes decides that life insurance is one of the things he can do without. Of course, as a plain matter of fact, he can do without life insurance quite easily, just as easily as he can do without food for several days—but they are both rather painful experiences when taken at their full value.

Premiums paid on a life assurance policy are not an expense in the ordinary meaning of that term—they are an investment. Before you decide to drop your life insurance because it costs too much, you would do well to remember that:

1. You now have something—life insurance—that you may not be able to get again. You may be unable to pass the medical exam. next year.
2. The premiums you have already paid are invested, which you will lose if you drop your policy now.
3. Ten cents a day pays the premium on about $2,000 life insurance for the average young man.
4. The regular falling due of life insurance premiums makes you save money you would not otherwise save
5. There is usually some way by which the company with whom you are insured, can help you when you are up against it.

United Grain Growers Had Bad Year

THE UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LTD., had an unprofitable year during the period ending August 31, 1922. The result is that no dividends will be paid and the reserves will be drawn upon to make good the loss sustained. The experience of the United Grain Growers is much the same as that of other commercial institutions. The officers of the company state that the shareholders have the prosperity of the company in their own hands, because if the farmers who are shareholders would give all of their business to the U.G.G., the company would benefit materially. But human nature is still human, and the gain of a dollar or two now still takes precedence over the possibility of getting more later on. The average shareholder in any company is usually ready to deal with another company if he thinks the immediate benefit worth while, losing sight of the fact that in the long run, it would pay him to deal with his own company.

Tranquility vs. Activity

THE fellow who is always ready to let matters take their course, is a poor man in a new country. He may be alright in a country with thousands of years of tradition and business experience behind it, but in a newly settled country where the prevailing motto is "Everybody for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," that let-well-enough-alone individual is making fast progress towards the nether regions.

By agitation, exasperation, indignation and still more agitation, the people of Western Canada were successful in getting freight rates reduced this summer. Public men in the East, railway men and some sections of the Press, said it could not be done, but the Westerners persisted, and it was done. Plain strike-at-itiveness did it. The result of the reduction in freight rates is that the producers of Western Canada will benefit to the extent of $25,000,000 in the shipment of the 1922 crop. It pays to agitate when you know you are right.

There is room for some agitation of sane kind and sane tenacity in another direction. Public expenditures are two high—that means that taxes are too high. You tell the members of parliament, city councillors, municipal councillors and school board trustees that they must reduce expenditures and they turn around and say it cannot be done—but that is what was said about the Freight Rates.

There are two big reasons why public expenditures must be reduced—the first is that they are too high, and the second is that we cannot continue to pay taxes on the present high scale. There is one way to get public expenditures reduced, namely, persistent and continual demands for reduction.

The Bear Hunt

Snow-clad the mountain,
  And laden with snow,
The fir boughs whereunder
  A hunter crouched low.
Hungry and thirsty
  Down from his lair
Searching a fountain,
  There came a bear.
All his black fur
  The snow-flakes dappled;
Softly his claws
  The snow crust grappled
On a fragile ledge
  As he stood and gazed
Where sheer below
  Lay a stream ice-glazed.
Still in his covert
  The hunter unseen
Knelt in a silence
  White and green,
Till quick and sharp,
  Stung to retort,
Each rock flung back
  A loud report
That broke the hoary stillness.
  Then an all-defying roar
Shook the mountains
  To its core,
And crashing down
  Like an avalanche,
The huge bear shattered
  Each snowy branch,
And scattered the flaming
  Drops that dripped
All down the precipice
  Where he slipped,
While the hunter laughed
  Through his frozen breath
At the black bear hurtling
  To his death.

M. V. Jones.

Entertaining Railroad Passengers

One of the large eastern railroads is laying plans for the installation of radio receiving equipment on their passenger train. The tiny electric waves sent out from a broadcasting station carry with them the spoken word or the musical note. By amplifying these minute electrical carriers and impressing the energy upon a loud speaking device, it is possible to provide a high standard of entertainment for the travelling public. This is only one of the many startling innovations in the rapid progress of this wonderful science.

An American friend of mine, says a writer in the Montreal "Herald," who is associated with Mr. Edison, tells me that he is hard at work on a sound amplifier "which, when perfected, will let you hear the ants talk." Sitting in Montreal, you will be able to carry on a conversation with your fiancee in London, precisely though she were sitting beside you. I wonder whether it will be a benefit or not. Mr. Edison, who was 75 the other day, expects to work at full pressure until he is 90.

Being good is creditable, but still more creditable is being good for something.

They use the Whip (the Horse complains)
Who lack the Sense to use the Rheins.

He who pursues pleasure should make sure that he is on the right trail.

Learning is to the studious, says Poor Richard; and riches are to the careful.

That a tree surgeon now has a drill something like a dentist's, only larger, which he uses to drill out the diseased spot in fruit trees or for making holes in which to place bracing rods.

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HOLY NIGHT

By V. W Horwood

CHRISTMAS Eve in Winnipeg. The streets aglow with frosty radiance, with mostly happy people, gazing into store windows, shouting greetings across the snowy sidewalks. The street cars rattle, adding to the noise with the soft purr of automobiles accompanying, and the sharp "Bang! Bang!" of the iron kettle of the Salvationist.

Northward of this, on the Red River, just off the noisy streets, lies St. John's, —the Westminster of Manitoba—a landmark of Western history, for in its graveyard lie many of the great pioneers of Old Rupert's Land. Contrast the present with but a few years ago. Where the great buildings tower skyward, and where streets of homes now nestle, was only swamp and scrub, with a few winding trails travelled by the hunters and Indians. Near the Assiniboine the adventurers had built Fort Garry; a mile north independent traders had started Winnipeg, a straggling village; clinging to the junction of the trails and, still northward, the Parish of St. John's with its quaint little stone cathedral.

One Christmas Eve the light snow was flaking through the oaks around Bishop's Court and far North on the Gimli trail a half-breed drove furiously. His wife, a devout Catholic, had wished to go to midnight Mass at St. Boniface, and was now desperately ill in the sleigh. Prayers came fast from the driving half-breed, "Holy Mudder hear me, I give de good Pere offering for de Church." The storm increased with a northeast wind from Lake Winnipeg, and the bewildered driver could only mutter prayers and hope that his horses would bring him to some settler's homestead.

The windows of Bishop's Court were gleaming against the wintry snow and it was evident as the afternoon passed that the good Bishop had guests. As the night wore on the storm became more violent, rattling the ill-fitting sash, roaring down the Red River, carrying the howling, sobbing storm demons past the isolated Bishop's residence, drifting the snow in great heaps against its wooden walls, whirling around the lonely graves of by-gone Hudson Bay men, blowing high into the air against the squat tower of the Cathedral.

Through the confusion of the elements galloped a team. "Hola!" cried the snow covered driver as he pulled his horses up. "Hola!" The door opened throwing a gleam into the blinding storm.

"Ees der a Doctor?"

"This is the Bishop's Court" replied the old servant, shielding the candle from the blizzard.

"Holy Mudder! Dis time you sabe. I geeve good offerings plenty. De good Bishop, I would see him."

And at that minute the Bishop came to the door, the great Prelate who was loved by all, who was broad in his Church and full of charity with all men.

"Oh! Mon Dieu be praised. Voila, it ees de good Bishop" and scrambling through the snow he whispered.

IN a minute the Bishop was all animation, and in a few moments the sufferer was taken into the house, where the guests had gathered in a curious whispering group trying to reassure the half-breed. His horses were taken to the stable. Then into the house came a great silence. About an hour later the Doctor came to the stairhead.

and far North on the Gimli trail a half-breed drove furiously

and the Prelate in full cononicals came from the sanctuary, a tall stately figure

"Good friends," he cried cheerily, holding out a small swathed bundle "I have much pleasure in presenting to you a new citizen of the West."

A babble of voices. "A new born child, on Christmas Eve!"

"Eet ees our first," said the half-breed, "lak de little Infant Jesus, come on Christmas."

They gaily congratulated the happy father, who though much disturbed was all smiles.

The Bishop appeared. "She is doing well," he said, "but is anxious that the child be baptised—it is impossible to take him to St. Boniface in his weak state, and," he turned to the parent, "would you care to have him christened by me?"

"Oui, oui, monseigneur. By de good Bishop, eet ees an honor if he will so condescend."

It was not far to the little Cathedral from the Bishop's Court and the guests alive to the romance of the situation clothed themselves to attend the small stranger's entry into the Christian Brotherhood.

THE storm had ceased save for a few moaning gusts, and the sky was powdered with twinkling, laughing stars. As they left the house, far away up the Red River came the Bells of St. Boniface ringing out their joyous carillon. The half-breed made the sign of the Cross as the bronze bells rang out their midnight message. Over the great drifts they went toward the little Cathedral, lanterns gleaming fitfully against the crunching snow.

The small Church was a blaze of light in anticipation of the event, and as they entered the door the organ pealed:

"Holy night! Peaceful night!
All is dark, save the light
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep
O'er the Babe who in silent sleep
Rests in heavenly peace,
Rests in heavenly peace."

A woman's voice, sweet but powerful, full of emotion, intoned the glorious hymn so touching in its simplicity. The impression of the silver-toned voice echoing to the timber roof was over-powering and the party entered with full hearts. The last notes were floating through the Church,

"Full of heavenly joy!"

and the Prelate in full canonicals came from the sanctuary, a tall stately figure. At the font the half-breed who had reverently prostrated himself, arose, and the Anglican Bishop in modulated tones began the christening service. When the Cross, the mark of regeneration trickled on the small forehead of the child so frail, so helpless, whose life hung by a thread, all thoughts turned instinctively from the little Church in the wilderness of the West, to the sacred Manger in Bethlehem, and it seemed as if the voices of the shepherds of old came echoing their adoration down the centuries.

The last response had been given, and the party returned with the glad tones of the bells clashing in the small towers, reverberating across the snow, mingling with those of the old Cathedral at St. Boniface.

Inside all was joy, and outside the trees cracked with the first severe frost of winter.

THE TREE PLANTER

By Richard Posey Campbell

I saw a woman, bent and grey,
Planting trees by the bleak highway,
And seeds of grasses and seeds of flowers
She scattered there through the hours.
She looked so fragile and old and wore
That, touched with pity, I spoke to her.

"Why toil, kind mother, the livelong day,
Planting trees by the bleak highway?
You have earned a home and an easy chair
In place of toiling and sweating there."
She answered, "I love the work, my son
And rest comes sweet when the day is done."

"Why plant the flowers on the highway's hem?"
She smiled, "The children will gather them."
"But the trees you're planting, you'll pass away
E'er they cast a shade by the bleak highway."
"It matters little that I should die,
I can but plant them," she made reply.

"I love to dream that the birds will swing
On the topmost branches and gladly sing
And happy children will gather here
To play 'neath my trees from year to year;
Then, perchance a pilgrim will pass some day
And find a shade by the bleak highway."

Does Canada Want Musical Culture?

When will Canada reach the status in music that her sister nation across the border has reached? said a prominent Ontario musical director the other day, in discussing this subject. He was talking particularly of the "inducements' made to help cultivate a better taste for music that obtains in the United States.

This music lover enumerated a list of prizes that are offered by musical associations and conservatories to cultivate and propagate a better love of music among American people. And when one reads the list one is tempted to make the same remark as did this Ontario director, but we are advancing, as the musical competitions at Toronto Exhibition and at Regina and Edmonton in the West show.

However, for the sake of learning what others are doing, here is a list of prizes offered at present by a number of United States organizations, to promote good and better music—$1,000 for an orchestral composition by an American composer, offered by the North Shore Festival Association of Chicago; nine prizes valued at $2,750, for American composers, offered by the National Federation of Music Clubs; $3,800 in contest prizes offered by the National American Music Festival to be held in Buffalo in October; the Horatio Parker Fellowship in Musical Composition, the winner having the privilege of a studio and three years' residence at the American Academy in Rome, besides a stipend of $1,000 and $1,000 for traveling expenses; a two years' term of free instruction in the Bush Conservatory of Music, Chicago, for the most talented pupils in piano, voice, violin and composition; a $600 master scholarship, ten full and forty-two partial scholarships offered by the Ithaca Conservatory of Music; seventy-two prizes, amounting to $20,000, offered by the Chicago Musical College; gold medal and four scholarships offered by the Guilmant Organ School, New York; vocal and piano scholarships offered by the New York School of Music and Art, the Elizabeth Kelso Patterson School of Singing, and the Bohlmann Music Studios; and $450 by the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, besides many others.

Juvenile of Famous Opera House

The world-famous Scala Opera House in Milan, Italy, has just celebrated its 150th anniversary, and Musical America recently published an article descriptive of its history. La Scala is an unpretentious, but nevertheless noble and impressive structure. If the facade of this celebrated temple of music, which was opened to the public in 1778, was not more elegantly and decoratively constructed, it was owing to the fact that until 1857 the building was virtually concealed from view by a narrow street, and it was only after that year that the Scala rose into architectural prominence in the square which so proudly bears its name. This square evokes not a few historical reminiscences. The monument to Leonardo da Vinci is located in its centre, and the City Hall, the old Palazzo Marino, is situated on the right of the Scala. In the distance one of the giant gates of the monumental Galleria Vittorio Emanuele is seen, and high above loom some of the small steeples of the famous Dom of Milan, called "the eighth world wonder." From this old imposing structure, the art of bel canto began its conquest of the world and triumphantly announced Italy's operatic supremacy.

Milan had 120,000 inhabitants in 1778 when La Scala was dedicated to the public. It was a gay and festive crowd, irresistibly drawn to the pleasures of life, that which Zola would call "la joie de vivre." Stendhal averred that "almost twelve of the 120,000 were of a pessimistic disposition." Before the Scala was erected the "Regio Ducale Teatro" of Milan, founded in 1717, was the centre of Milan's artistic and social life. When Archduke Ferdinand, one of Theresa of Austria, the Governor of the the sons of the great Empress Maria then Austrian Province of Lombardia, celebrated his wedding with the beautiful Maria Ricciarda Beatrice d'Este, "who looked like a picture of Rembrandts," one of the gala operas was especially written by Adolfo Hasse, the German composer, so dear to the Italians, that they used to call him "il caro Sassone" ("the dear Saxon"), while the composer of the second opera, entitled "Ascanio in Alba," left a reputation which rose to immortality. His name was Wolfgang Amadaeus Mozart.

When this old Court theatre was burned down in 1776, the Austrian Government decided to make Milan and its good citizens a valuable present; they ordered the famous court architect, Signor Giuseppe Piermarini, to build two opera houses, one big and imposing, and one small and more intimate. They were called "La Scala" and "La Canobbiana," respectively.

The Austrian Government ruled the Italian provinces in the characteristically happy-go-lucky Austrian fashion of yore, and as long as the community did not indulge in political discussion practically everything was permitted. It was the splendid idea of Count Firmian, Prime Minister and Adviser of the Archduke, to give to Milan (already at that time a wealthy city) "panem et circenses" after Caesar's famous saying.

The new opera house was erected on the site of an old, dilapidated church, founded by Donna Regina della Scala in 1381, and dedicated to Santa Maria della Scala. Piermarini performed a deed which would invite even now, admiration and respect in our country, so used to technical wonders: he built the imposing Scala in little more than two years, as it was dedicated to its purpose on Aug. 3, 1778. "La Scala," as the theatre was called by all, proved the pride and the principal ornament of old "Mediolanum." The inside of the opera house was a real marvel and the acoustics proved simply unique.

The appearance of the Boys Band from Waterloo, Ont., at the band music contest held in Toronto during the Exhibition weeks, led to a great interest in boys bands and orchestras. The Salvation Army, Toronto, have a fine boys' band in addition to their several splendid adult bands. The boys band recently gave a public concert at Sunnyside Beach.

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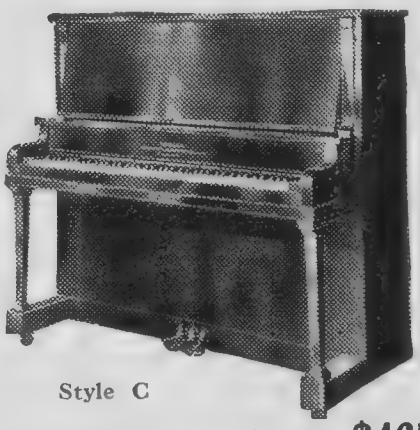

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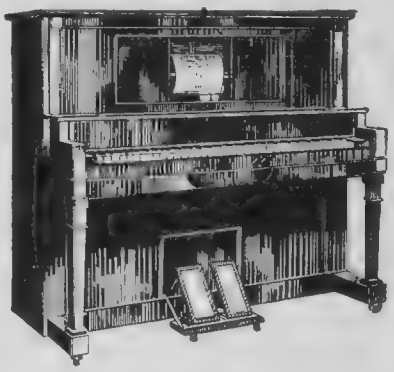

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Modern Music and Modern Composers

By Lilian Scarth

THE field of modern composers and their music is so large, and in such a state of flux, that one can only, in limited space, make a survey of outstanding tendencies with those who represent them most positively. Our present day music is a two-fold heritage from Beethoven and his successors in "pure" music which delights us purely as sound and means nothing that can be put into words; here one thinks of a great onrushing Bach fugue just existing in and by itself without being inspired by anything extraneous to music, and of Wagner and the romanticists, in music which is not abstract. New contemporary composers lean greatly to external suggestion or impression, making music physiological or cerebral rather than emotional.

The commonest criticisms which we hear of strictly modern music are its complexity, extravagance and lack of form. There are several reasons for the average listener's difficulties in understanding it: He hears weird harmonies and dissonances to which his ears are unaccustomed, and he goes home with the same lack of conviction that seems apparent in much of the music, for definite statement and a dread of being obvious are distasteful to the impressionists just as in contemporary painting there is preoccupation with color effects instead of form, and that they attain striking and rich color, cannot be denied.

When we look for the beginnings of the new musical thought, there is general agreement that Russia, the country which gave us the realistic presentation of primitive temperament and primitive conditions in the writings of Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, Pushkin, Tchernichevsky and suddenly developed a group of brilliant composers, strongly stimulated it. Leading characteristics were emotional spontaneity, dazzling color, barbaric rhythm and abandonment to physical excitement which is natural to the less self conscious, unsophisticated races. Debussy's impressionism had its roots in Moussorgsky's realism.

In England, the invasion began with Tschaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony and from that time Wagner had a serious rival in the concert room. Public taste turned from the subtle emotionalism of the great German musical dramatist to the more highly flavored speech of the Russian. But Wagner had unintentionally led the way by his own departure from the purity of abstract art.

It was recognized that Tschaikovsky represented a new type, and the people, eager to explore further, welcomed his chamber of music, songs and piano pieces. It was not long before acquaintance was made with other Russian composers. A little study of their works reveals how frankly they drew upon their literature and poetry for suggestion, deciding that not abstract but programme music was the more suitable for what they had to say.

Russian music as an art, goes back only to 1836, and it practically began with Glinka. In that year he published his opera "A Life For The Czar," a masterpiece that was inspired by the folk songs he had assimilated from childhood on his mother's estate. Glinka was complimented by Dargomwirshky, whose opera "Russalka" was decisive, in securing dramatic truthfulness by pointing out how faithfully the words should be treated and the scenic development of the drama followed. Upon the foundations laid down by these two men, arose a Russian school of opera through the simultaneous appearance of an extraordinary talented group of composers: Balakirev, Cesar Cui, Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin, Tschaikovsky and Moussorgsky, who died in 1886.

Moussorgsky was destined to be a powerful musical force in the world. To see nature in everything and to copy her exactly, was the first duty of an artist, he believed, and his dominant idea was to bring music into closer relationship with actual life. Carried away by the political and musical movements of the time, he strove to give expression to the rising utilitarian, democratic spirit as Tchernichevsky, Dostoievsky and Tolstoi expressed it in fiction. This led him insensibly into an attitude of complete negation and musical nihilism. On his national music-drama "Boris Godonouv" rests chiefly his reputation as an operatic composer, but his songs are the finest results of his artistic intention. The texts are of the people in their misery and wretchedness, the joys and sorrows of the children and sleep and death. His realism, the depth and variety of sentiment, the form of the songs—nearly all are written in melodious recitatives—make a profound impression. Unfinished musician though he was, he was truly inspired, and Debussy and others have in turn been inspired by him.

Recent revolutionary tendencies in Russian composition first revealed themselves in Scriabin, whose piano sonatas and symphonic works are attracting much attention at present; they are difficult to play. Next after him as musical extremist comes Igor Stravinsky, who has had notable success in the enrichment of ballet music. Leo Ornstein has written some ugly, clever things for the piano. Rachmaninov, as well as being composer, is a remarkable piano virtuoso and as such will be heard in Winnipeg this winter.

By the time the public had become familiar with the Russian music, it received a new experience in Richard Strauss, a product of modern Germany, born in 1864. Strasus, "diabolically clever," and held to be the greatest living master of the orchestra, stands today for all that is most revolutionary in the art. Emotional strenuousness, abnormal color and rhythm and an utter defiance of either classic or romantic formalism, are features of his work.

Claude Debussy, pioneer of the modern French school and chief of musical impressionists, was born two years before Strauss. Highly as are ranked his individual achievements as a composer, his influence on composition is tremendously more important. He opened the door to a host of resources by giving a new tonality, or rather he went back to the beginning and practically rearranged the scale. His music represents the school of color and atmosphere. His negativeness of tonality in the key sense, his resoluteness in keeping away from anything resembling a plain tune though he had command of rich, individual melodic and harmonic expression, his refined, hazy dissonances, continual evasion and color without outline, constituted music entirely different from anything preceding it. Its inspiration is not from emotion, nor does it grow out of its own nature, but it gives us the same feeling as some of Corot's nature pictures. This is true also of some of the pieces of Cyril Scott, who in his youth, hearkened to Debussy.

The French school pays great attention to the manner of utterance, making sure that it shall be extremely polished, delicate and subtle. Ravel, like Debussy, is a model in perfection of finish. To understand and appreciate the music of both, and of all the French moderns, it is necessary to put out of mind the old scale and old keys, which means having a definite tonal centre. The names and works of Cesar Franck, Saint Saens, Gabriel Faure, Paul Dukas, Henri Rabud, are illustrious, and there is also a group of bolder spirits among whom is a kind of reaction against the impressionism of Debussy and Ravel, along with a striving instead after the intellectual side of composition. They include Honneguer, Milhaud, Durey, Poulenc, Manuel, Auric and Miss Germaine Tailleferre and they are experimenting on a style which forms a musical parallel to the tendencies followed in painting by Cezanne, who, by bringing into it a third dimension, paved the way for cubism.

British Music

THERE are so many interesting musical personalities in contemporary England that there can be no attempt to mention even all the very important ones. Of the older men Sir Edward Elgar, the late Sir Hurbert Parry, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Sir Granville Bantock, Frederick Delius, Vaughan Williams, and Cyril Scott, tower magnificently.

In Sir Edward Elgar are to be found distinctive characteristics that are in a degree representative of the English mentality, and his "Dream of Gerontius," Symphonies and the Variations Symphoniques are among the works which first drew the attention of musicians outside of England, to the existence of the British school. Besides this he encouraged the younger generation to effort in the field of really English music. Sir Granville Bantock's wanderings in the east brought him into contact with a new coloring which stimulated fresher tonalities. Vaughan Williams has devoted his remarkable talents to native folk music, using on it all the splendid resources of modern harmony. Sir Frederick Delius is a cosmopolitan and is in a class by himself, a modern of the moderns, especially in his treatment of the voice as an instrument and having it vocalized instead of sing the words.

Among the younger men, the names of Gustav von Holst, Eugene Goossens, Arnold Bax, John Ireland, Balfour Gardiner, Percy Grainger, are chosen though there are scores of others who have proved their striking originality and worth. Holst in his "Hymn of Jesus" revealed unique and brilliant gifts; he has devoted himself in particular to vocal and instrumental polyphony (weaving of simultaneous melodies). Eugene Goossens, one of the brightest lights of the group, has a very successful ironic, humorous streak. Arnold Bax is a product of the intellectual class. He does not entirely discard the old major and minor scales in his writing; "he often displays a tendency, rare among comtemporary composers, to remain in one key for measures on end."

Along with the changing processes among the nations spoken of, are similar wide-awakeness in Italy, Austria and other countries of Europe and America. In Italy the blossoming out of the Neo-Italian symphonies constitutes a striking development. The first composer to make a reputation outside the opera house, was Sgambati, then Siningaglia. Italy had been bogged by the melodrama which produced Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini and their fellows. Then with the reform in opera introduced by Dandonai and Montemezzi, came a group of champions of "pure" music. A sonata for violin and piano by one of them, Pizzetti, caused a commotion in European musical circles. Malapiero, Casella, Respighi, de Sabata are listened to with curiosity and interest.

Out of Hungary comes a composer of ultra modern music, Bela Bartok, notable especially for his fine, subtle humour. Mahler, Korongold and Schoenberg belong to Austria, and America is proud of Charles T. Griffes, Carpenter and many of the song writers who have written with distinction and charm.

MODERN MUSIC AND MODERN COMPOSERS

Continued from page 38

Troubles of Modernists

THE modernists have their own troubles. They are accused in general of knowing better what they want not to do than of what they want to do, that in discarding melody and emotional appeal they fall into fundamental error, because music cannot survive without them, that the ascendancy of color over drawing is to be condemned. There is uneasiness too, over the new tonality, though there is apparent a feeling that the old scale is outgrown and Busoni prophecies the eventual adoption of an 18-note scale. Read the indictment by Mr. W. H. Henderson in the New York Sun:

"The basic truth is that all these so-called futurists rebel against the essentials of form. They demand the right to make their own form. And this right cannot be denied them. ....What is denied is their right to abolish all form.

The cubist painter rejoices that he is relieved of the necessity of learning how to draw. Drawing is the painter's art in the record of form. Abolish drawing and you get rid of all need of form. It is the easiest way.

When one conceives a melody he thinks simultaneously of its natural harmonies. But when he thinks of disassociated phrases rambling through half a dozen unrelated keys and having no pattern to guide them, he cannot think of any natural harmonies. They wish to scatter their disconnected phrases over the pages and unite them to any weird disharmonies that occur to them."

Here is a growl from Villiers Stanford. "Music which relies upon color rather than upon drawing may have its fascination, but even Post Impressionists and Cubists have found it necessary to enclose their picture in a square or a round frame to accentuate form; and not even they, perhaps unfortunately, have taken to exhibiting their palettes as their pictures." (This last bit can be enjoyed by those of us who have spent bewildered hours trying to fathom some of the post-impressionist and post-expressionist horrors on the art gallery walls).

On the other hand, the composers and their friends remind their detractors that it is a commonplace of musical history that judgments have gradually been revised on the work of almost all the greatest composers of the past, that Beethoven and Wagner were revolutionists in their day, and had to contend with torrents of unkind criticism, and that our ears have been so long attuned to the old chords that we have become conservative and unreceptive.

Educational System's Relation to Music

THERE is real need for music appreciation study throughout our educational system. The splendid developments in public school music work increase rather than decrease the importance of giving to our university and college men and women similar opportunities. There is a need for an opportunity whereby every student will at least become familiar with the Milton and Shakespeare, the Dante, Moliere and Schiller of music, as well as the melodramas.

Music is a pleasure which we continue to use throughout our lives. Many of the subjects which we include in our university and college courses have as their basic argument the fact that they lead toward citizenship, a larger understanding of life and its problems, and towards an enriched enjoyment of the world about us. To no other study do these arguments apply more adequately than to the study of music. Excepting the daily newspapers, the number of people who listen to music is greater than those who read. It is a more frequent source of enjoyment than books. But how do we listen? Are we getting the most out of music?

Should the Accompanist Not Share Honors with the Singer

WHY is it that an accompanist doesn't share equal honors with a singer? We go to a concert and applaud loudly the singing of some soloist, but the poor pianist who often gets the lions' share of the work goes unnoticed. It isn't fair is it?

It doesn't take any great stretch of the imagination to see that a song without an accompaniment is practically useless indeed, oftentimes it is the accompaniment which makes a song. Picture, if you can, anyone attempting to sing Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" without the piano or organ accompanying the soloist. And yet when the soloist finishes, the applause and cheering is directed toward the singer, seldom toward the accompanist. Sometimes an accompanist is not even mentioned in a concert notice. He is taken for granted.

Some few years ago a young lady and gentleman sought to draw attention to this anomaly by giving a "Song and Accompaniment" recital in London, England. The young man who did the accompanying, chose the songs and played the whole program of about twenty numbers by heart—a feat of memory that surely is not common—and yet not a single critic (and there were many present) noticed it or thought it worth recording.

This article is not written to disparage the work of the singer. Rather it is a plea for higher appreciation of the art of accompanying. And goodness knows with a dearth of accompanists as there is to-day, we need to encourage the art in every possible way. Give a thought to the accompanist!

Department of Fine Arts Required At Ottawa

A NATIONAL conservatory of music is bound to appear in Canada some of these days.

The Dominion is unique in not having some sort of an institution of fine arts allied with, or supported by, the Government, but there is growing evidence that our statesmen and politicians will turn an attentive ear to the call some bright day not in the far-distant future. Indeed, the actual conservatory may come sooner than we expect, though not probably in the way that musicians might anticipate.

Private initiative has achieved most things in Canada, and it has done a great deal in supplying us with institutions of learning in the musical field that are of high quality. But it is perfectly possible for a national institution to be established without in the slightest degree conflicting with private institutions already established. It should, in fact, add to their patronage by centering public attention more definitely upon music and giving music as a whole a higher standing in the minds of the people of the country. The Government-supported institutions of other countries are not criticised as interfering with private instruction—rather they appear as giving a stimulus to study which must redound to the benefit of all concerned in the art.

Every music lover in Canada should see to it that our legislative assemblies take more than a passing interest in music. No Government to-day is acting in the best interests of its people by ignoring the cause of music. Why not a Department of Fine Arts at Ottawa?

British Premier Finds Relaxation in Music

LORD Riddell, who more or less endeared himself to the newspapermen at the Washington conference by making himself the mouthpiece of the British, is reported as saying there is too much hymn singing and not enough golf at Lloyd George's country place.

Music appears to be the Premier's favorite means for obtaining relief from his many perplexing problems. Just before the Genoa conference he gave a large part of his time to listening to Welsh singers and to hymn singing. It is said that he often played his own accompaniment on the organ. In this respect he resembles another English statesman who has been Prime Minister—Arthur Balfour, now elevated to the peerage. Balfour has always been an ardent music lover, but his inclination runs more to string quartettes.

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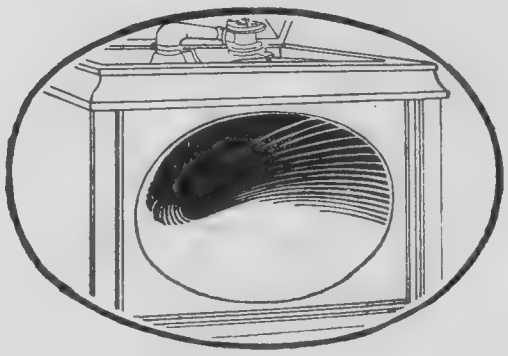

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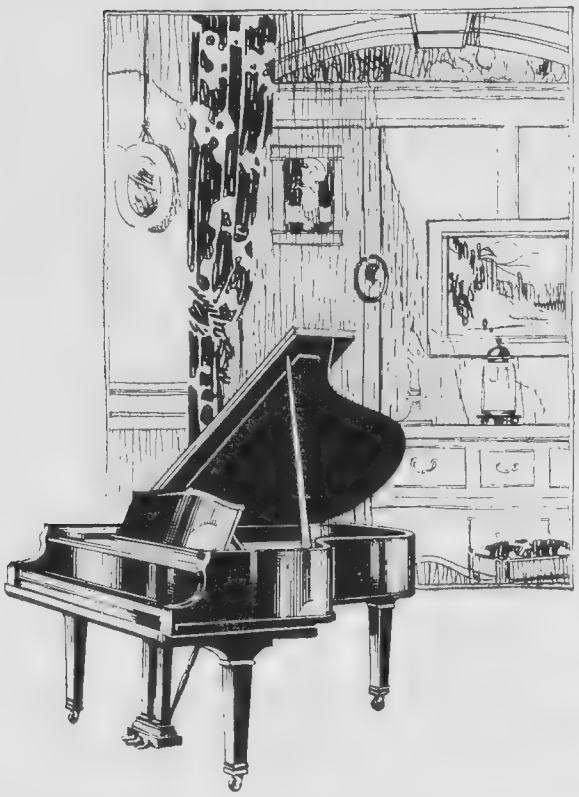

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Canada's Musicians

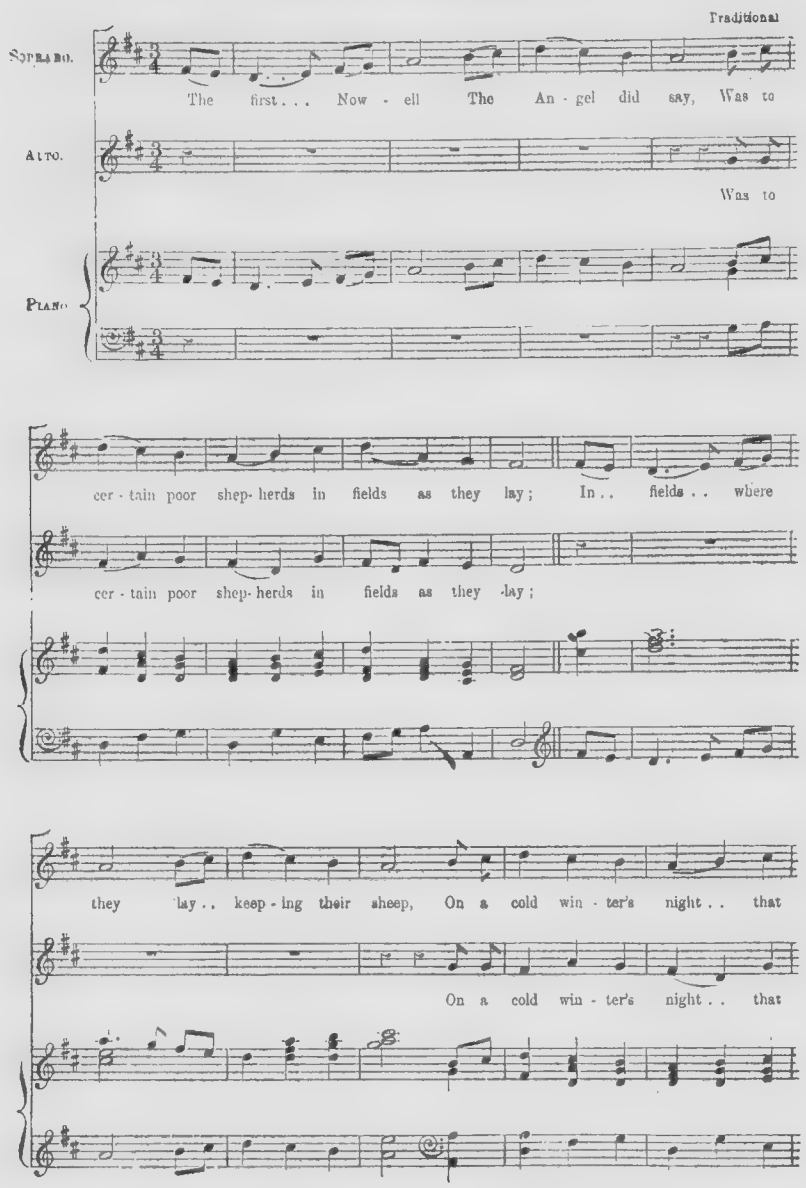
By Lilian Scarth

CANADA is a young country, and we cannot say much about the number of noted musicians she has produced, but there are a few names to which we can point with pride—names which we should all be familiar with. Among them that of Albani comes first; she was a soprano of world fame, and many Canadians have heard her in opera and concert in the old country. She made her home in England until her death a few years ago, and when she first sang at Covent Garden, London, the great audience was charmed with the beauty of her strong, rich and remarkably sympathetic voice, and her agreeable personality. She sang in France, Italy (where she took most of her training), Russia and America, and after 1872, at every provincial music festival in England. Her real name was Mlle. Marie Louise Cecile Emma Lajeunesse, and she was born of French-Canadian parents, at Chambly, near Montreal, in 1850. Her father was a professor of the harp, so she began life in a musical atmosphere. When she was five years old the family moved to Montreal, and she went to the school of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where she remained for several years, taking such instruction in singing as the nuns were able to give her. But they recognized that she had an exceptional voice, and her mother superior persuaded her to give up the idea of becoming a nun as she intended, and to make singing her career. When the family again moved, this time to Albany, N. Y., and the girl sang in a Catholic cathedral, the bishop and the people urged her father to take her to Europe. A concert was given to raise the necessary funds and then the two left together for Paris, and later for Milan, Italy.

Another Canadian woman singer who has done something to put Canada on the musical map, is Miss Edith Miller, who was born in Portage la Prairie, Man., and is widely known in Winnipeg and throughout the west. She has been married for several years and made her home in England, where she earned much gratitude during the war by her voluntary singing in benefit concerts for English soldiers. Then we have Mme. Donalda, and we hear also that Miss Sara Fischer, is doing exceedingly well in London just now.

When we come to Edward Johnson's name, we feel that we want to get up and cheer—anything to show our joy that such a singer belongs to us. Mr. Johnson is not only a Canadian tenor, but he is one of the world's greatest tenors, and he has not yet come to his full recognition. Those of us who heard him recently at his Winnipeg recital will not forget the evening he gave us. Such a golden, sympathetic voice, perfectly produced and along with it the brains and sensitiveness of an artist who makes a beautiful thing of every song he touches. He is now at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, where he is a rival of two other eager aspirants for fame: Gigli and Martinelli. He is said to be more robust than Gigli and infinitely more flexible and adaptable than Martinelli. The triangle will be interesting to watch. Johnson comes from Guelph, Ont. He went to New York and became a choir boy, passed thence into comic opera, and left for Europe, where he toured for several years. He translated his name into Italian, and in 1920 King Victor Emanuel II conferred upon him the Cross of Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy. When he returned to this continent he was engaged by the Chicago Opera Co., and made such a success

The First Nowell.



CANADA'S MUSICIANS—*Continued from page 40*

that the Metropolitan welcomed him. New York pays more for its opera than any other city in the world, and the Metropolitan, this season, has four Canadians on its roster, a quartette which shows how Canada has arrived musically, in the United States. Besides Mr. Johnson, there are Edmund Burke, Florence Easton and Jeanne Gordon. Edmund Burke was born in Montreal and is a big, fine looking man with a splendid voice, just in its prime, a voice that, according to Mr. Augustus Bridle, in Musical Canada, "is capable of making a tragedy of Three Blind Mice." It is of bass-baritone quality, and can take on big dark, sombre tones.

Florence Easton is a soprano, and she grew up in Toronto where she is well known. She is held to be an exceedingly fine artist with a very winning stage personality, and the variety of roles she sings proves her great versatility. Jeanne Gordon, a contralto, was born in Wallaceburg, Ont., and got her earliest vocal training in Toronto, under Dr. Ham, as Florence Easton did, several years earlier, under the late Elliott Haslam. Wallaceburg has become famous through Jeanne Gordon. She is a very unusual type of singer.

Kathleen Parlow, considered by many musicians, the world's greatest woman violinist, is a Canadian. She was born in Calgary in 1890, but much of her childhood was passed in California, her first instruction being received in San Francisco, where she made a public appearance when she was six years old. In 1905 she went to London, and in November of that year, played with the London Symphony Orchestra. So warmly was she received that it was decided that she should go to Petrograd for further study, under the celebrated teacher, Leopold Auer, who has trained Heifetz, Elman, Zimbalist and other noted violinists. Then followed a continental tour. In Christiana she received a royal command to play before the queen of Norway, and was presented by her majesty with a magnificent brooch. At the close of the tour she was given a beautiful Guarnerius violin, costing $10,000, the gift of a wealthy Norwegian. During her visits to this country Miss Parlow has played in Winnipeg and been the object of much enthusiasm.

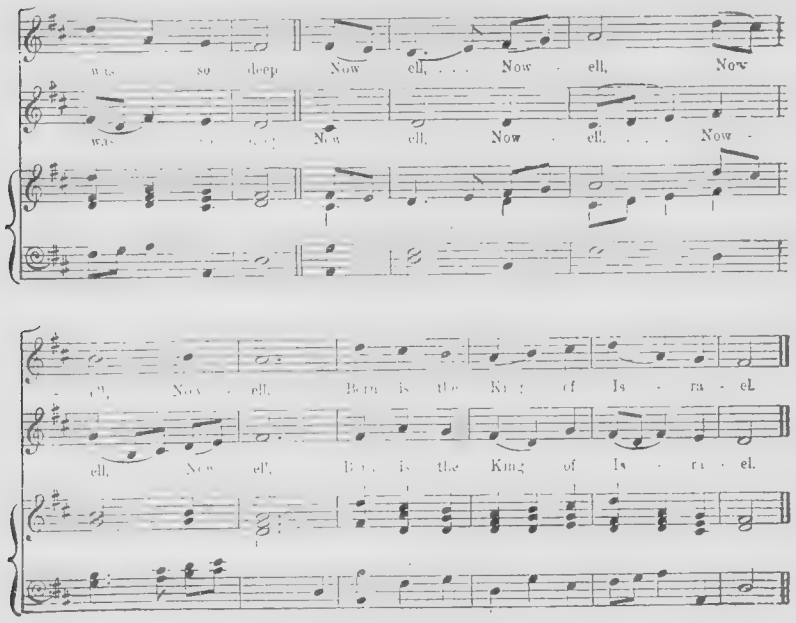
Mention may be made too, of little Muriel Kerr, of Regina, a very talented eleven year-old pianist, who plays difficult programmes and astonishes all who hear her, by her very advanced ideas in interpretation and the technical equipment which she has already acquired. She has been studying with Percy Grainger, who considers her remarkably promising. Alexander Raab, of Chicago, and she, left lately for New York to be with Ernest Hutcheson.

Canada has also a composer, Nathaniel Dett, who has won recognition for some entertaining music for the piano and for small choruses. Mr. Grainger has played his lively Juba Dance at many concerts, and it invariably makes a hit. Mr. Dett is of negro descent and was born in Ontario. He is now director of music at Hampton Institute in the United States.

Thus it will be seen that Canada is at least off to a good musical start. How far she will go, or how rapidly, only the future will reveal, but is there any reason why the poetry and romance of her people should not be freely and effectively translated and interpreted through the most emotional and the most spiritual of all the arts?

Ideals and will-power have a natural affinity. People with weak wills never have ideals. They have dreams, but that is all. The real ideal stirs up the will, and the will draws strength from the ideal, and climbs toward it.

THE FIRST NOWELL



2 They lookéd up and saw a Star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, &c.

3 And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wisemen came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
Nowell, &c.

4 This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, &c.

5 Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His Presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Nowell, &c.

6 Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of naught,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought,
Nowell, &c.

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SELECTING MUSIC FOR THE HOME AND SCHOOL

By W. A. McIntyre LL.D.

OF all languages employed by man, there is none so universal and so capable of expressing the inner feelings of the soul as music. When a man composes a musical selection, it is for all people of all ages. It needs for its interpreters only understanding hearts. The music that cheers us today, that reaches the innermost recesses of our beings, is not that of today, nor yesterday, but has come down to us through the centuries. It is not born in our own land, but across the seas. People as they sang at their work, as they tended their flocks in the field, as they pursued their enemies in war, as they danced in their midnight glee, and in their social gatherings, even as they wandered over the mountains and valleys and in their superstition pictured them as peopled with elves and fairies and goblins of varied hue—why, they told it all in story and rhyme and accompanied the telling with the beating of drums, and the striking of harp-strings. And so was born the song, the chorus, the orchestra.

What we miss of beauty and understanding and delight if we throw carelessly aside the greatest gift of all the ages! How wilfully ignorant if, in educating our children, we fail to put them in possession of the accumulated experience of the race as expressed in song, nursery rhymes, ballads, folk songs. These are the beginning of it all, and an acquaintance with these is fundamental in all musical instruction. Indeed, there is no composer of note, who has not for his inspiration, gone back to the childhood of the race, just in the same way that our great Shakespeare, for his themes, went back to the stories of the past, and as Tennyson went back to Malory for his Arthurian legend.

To understand, therefore, the best music available today, children should know and understand the folk-songs of the race, and these are so easily obtained that there is no excuse for not having them in every home and every school. Not only are there songs, but instrumental selections, and these seemingly never grow old. They are rich in rhythm, in tone and color, and the hearing of them is a perennial delight.

YET so marvellously modern are we in thought and act, that many of us are captivated by the new, the striking and the lurid. This is true of our speech, dress, play, our reading, and above all, of our song. The newest thing in rhythm—the broken beat, the unexpected rest; the newest thing in melody—the awkward interval and the nasal glide; the newest creation in harmony—the introduction of the whining saxophone and the screaming humanitone; all these we prefer at our dances, to the sober expression of a century ago. Nor need one say that it spells degeneration. That needs no argument. We admit it in the case of speech and dress and dance. Why not be honest and admit that there is a like decline in musical taste? Of course this is not true of all, but it is true in the main, and it is to be deplored.

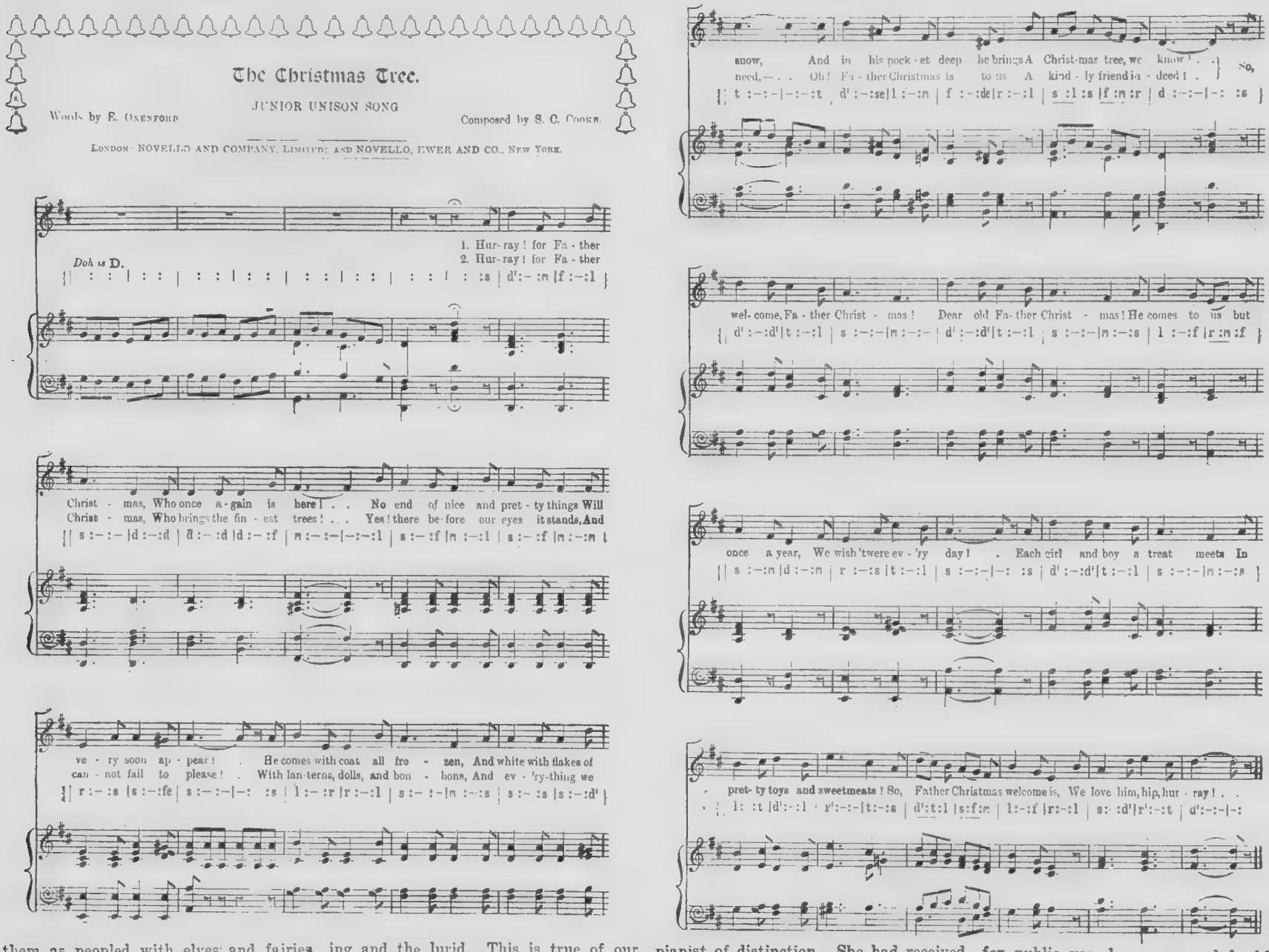
Among the inventions of the past twenty years there have been few that gave such promise as the gramophone. And when rightly employed in reproducing the worthy, it is of wonderful value in the education of a people, but if it is made the means of perpetuating the crude, the ugly and the discordant, it is a crime. Let any one pass by one of those shops known to be open to the general public, and let him take, for one week, a list of the selections usually rendered, let him ask candidly if these mean uplift, education, refinement, and he must confess that in many cases they do not. In other words, we are as a people living far beneath our privileges and opportunity, and sometimes the effect upon life is disastrous.

Recently I met a young lady with pronounced musical taste. Rightly directed she might have become a pianist of distinction. She had received a good musical education and was well able to appreciate and render the best classical productions, but she was young and had strong social sympathies, and she was so gifted with a sense of rhythm, that she readily lent herself to syncopation and jazz. The new and unusual form of expression became a passion. She jazzed everything from Chopin's Funeral March to Handel's Largo. Well, the result musically was disastrous, but the result to her nervous system was a thousand times worse. The attempt to work against the regular tempered beat of nature, was as if she were to convert her walk into a fox-trot, her speech into hog-Latin, her dress into an advertising poster, her bread into highly-savored tit-bits. She broke down completely. Then for three months she gave up this wild chase of the bizarre, and once again solaced herself with the sweet strains of the masters. Her health was restored, her equilibrium once again established, and the nervous system repaired. Once again she went back to the unnatural form of expression, and once again her system broke under the strain. A sensitive soul cannot afford to flirt with that which most deeply touches the soul. This case is not a solitary one. It is reproduced in whole communities and in nations. Their sobriety and stability depends not a little, but in a marked degree, upon the music they habitually render and enjoy.

THE moral of all this is that in selecting music for the homes and the schools, there should be an attempt to preserve that which is best in the history of the race, while at the same time it is best suited to the capacity of the growing children. Fortunately, the three or four great firms that prepare discs for public use, have prepared booklets that are safe guides for those who would act wisely. If popular demand makes it profitable to issue other productions as well, then, of course, these will by some of the firms be provided. It is a problem for our people themselves what they are going to do with their children. They can no more afford to neglect their musical education than they can their physical health, their manners and their morals.

It is pleasing to note how great a work is being done in some places through the schools. The City of Winnipeg is a noted example. One reason why such good work is done there, is that the public do not look upon singing as a fad or frill, but as an element in general culture. That is the key to the situation. We shall not be right as a people until musical appreciation and musical expression are our passion and our pride.

Continued on page 46



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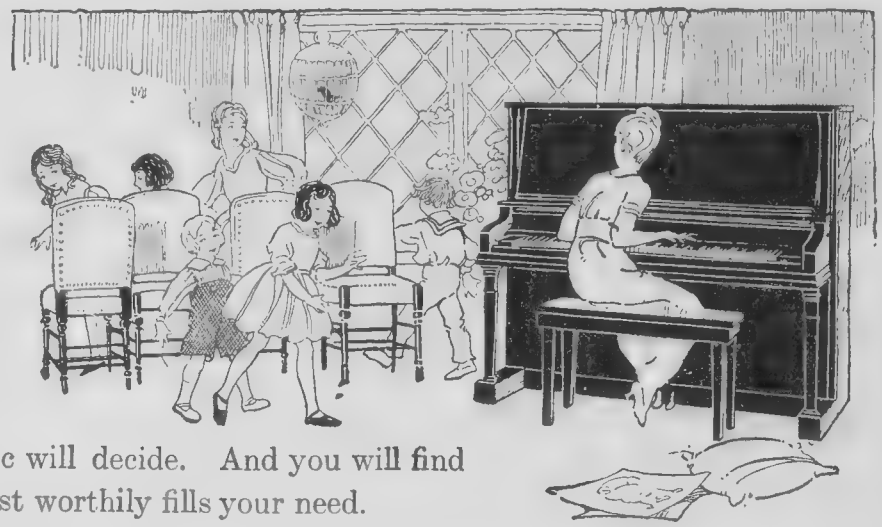

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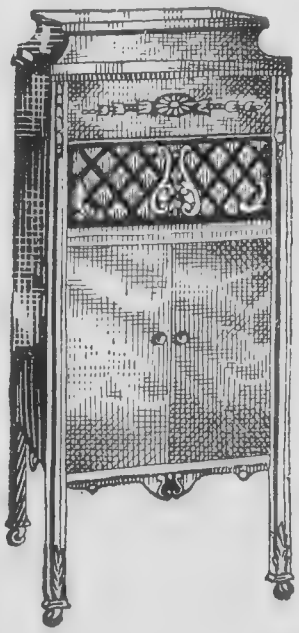

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CHILDREN AND THE GRAMOPHONE

By Nina Ferguson Dempsey

IT is a well known fact that music makes its deepest impression in the early years of childhood. In this period the ear is easily trained and neglect at this time can never be fully made up by any amount of musical education. The gramophone in the home will bring all the music in the world to the children.

Before any degree of musical appreciation can be obtained, we must first teach the children how to listen. This is done in two ways: 1st, by telling the story and then playing the record. 2nd, by pictures, for example: (1) Picture representing a lullaby (a mother rocking her baby); (2) Soldiers marching; (3) Galloping horses. Then play the record Rock-a-Bye-Baby 18664, and then have the children tell which picture the music makes them think of, etc.

Records for such use:—

Of a Tailor and a Bear	18598
In a Clock Shop	35324
March of the Toys	55054
Little Hunters	18548
Birds of the Forest	16835
At the Brook	64103
The Bee	64076
Whirlwind	18312

The stories for these records may be found in a book published by the Victor Talking Machine Co., called "Music Appreciation for Little Children."

Having been taught to hear what the music says the children now give expression to what they hear. For example, record 18253, High Stepping Horses, has three distinct rhythms. The children give expression to the rhythm of the music by walking, running or galloping, as the case may be. Other records for free expression are:

Gavotte	64198
Sylvia Ballet	16080
Wild Horsemen	18598
March Miniature	64766
Minuet	74444
Dance Characteristic	16974
March Militaire	35493

Songs

Song has ever been the most intimate vehicle of self-expression, and is the heritage of every child. Every song given to little children should be questioned from many angles:

(1) Are the words suitable for little children?

(2) Is the thought of the song worthy of a place in an impressionable mind?

(3) Is the melody beautiful and pleasing?

(4) Is the rhythm good—does it lend itself to motion, etc?

When a song passes all these tests it is suitable for a child to hear.

There are many beautiful songs recorded sung by soprano voice which are very suitable for children. Songs sung by contralto, baritone or bass, should never be used, as the child voice is purely soprano, and it is not desirable for them to imitate low voices.

Rhythmic:—

Little Shoemaker	17397
Pita-Pat	17596
See-Saw	17596
Coo-Clock	17513
Tulips	17686

Dramatic:—

Little Jack Horner	17004
Sing a Song of Sixpence	18076
Mr. Duck and Mr. Turkey	17776
The Gingerbread Man	18015

Poetic:—

Little Bo-Peep	17004
Blue Bird	17776
I love Little Pussy	18076
Naming the Trees	17719
The Violet	18649

The Orchestra

The time has come when an entirely new world may be opened to the children, to remain as a permanent possession. The wonderfully beautiful and varied realm of instrumental music. What a wonderful thing it is for the children to learn about the instruments that make up an orchestra, and to hear the sound of each individual instrument without ever going to a symphony concert. This may be done in the home again with the gramophone and with charts which show each individual instrument. The records for hearing the instruments separately are 35236 and 35237.

Records of the Orchestra

Peer Gynt Suite	35470, 18042
Overture William Tell	16380, 16381
Poet and Peasant	16385

All records listed are Victor.

Exercise and Music

THERE is considerable to be said in favor of regular exercise systematically pursued. Most people who have followed out a set of fixed physical exercises will testify to their tonic and invigorating qualities. During the war setting-up exercises were a regular part of the programme in every training camp. An exercise is as useful and beneficial to the civilian as to the soldier. But it is not a stern necessity with the civilian, however, and he usually lacks the urge sufficient to get up and negotiate a set of dry exercises before beginning the day's work. The incentive is lacking.

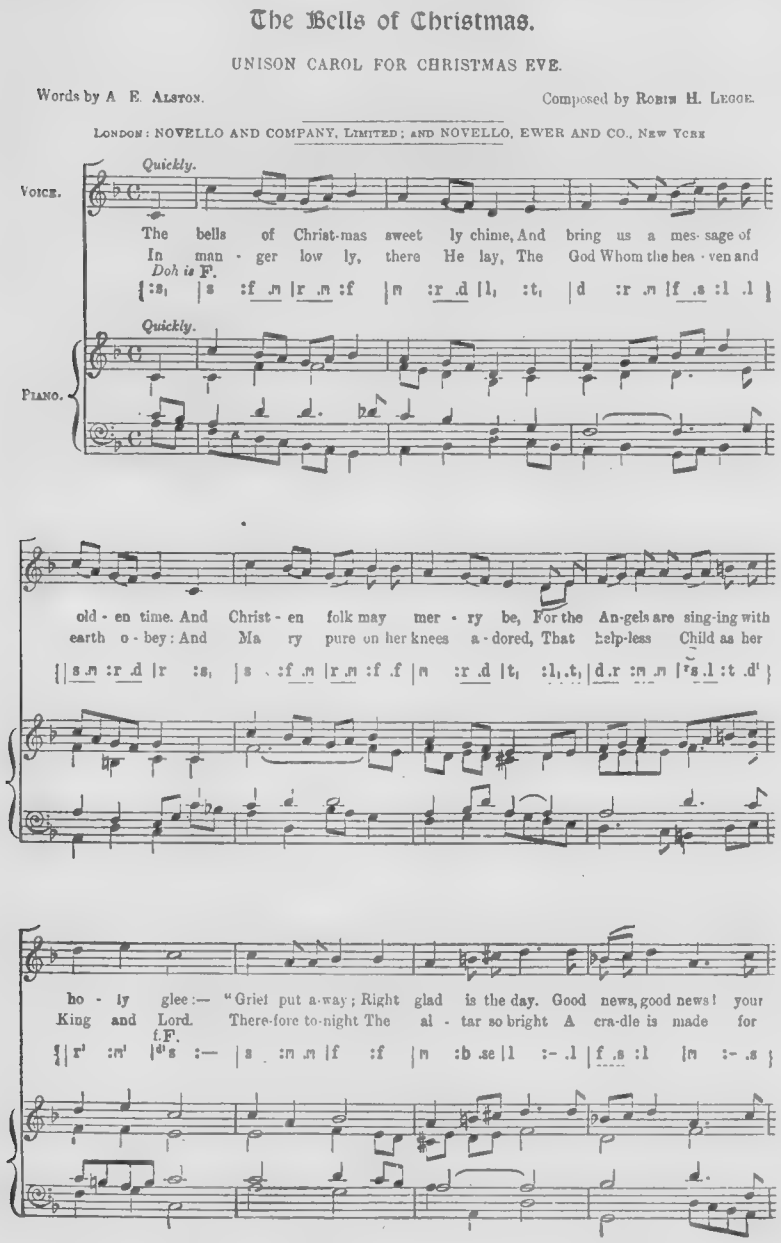
The above facts have apparently been kept in mind in the making of a set of phonograph records published by a firm of health specialists in New York. In this set music supplies the incentive for daily exercise. No one who has moved rhythmically to music either in dancing, marching, etc., will deny that music provides an exhilaration which greatly enhances the pleasure of movement. The same idea applies to exercise. Music gives it a punch and a purpose. This particular set of exercise records comprises six records with complete directions and illustrative charts. There are twelve exercises, every detail of which is carefully explained on the first four records. The last two records are for use only when one has learned the entire set and can go through them quickly. The commands are clear and quick, and the music is well adapted to the exercise which it accompanies.

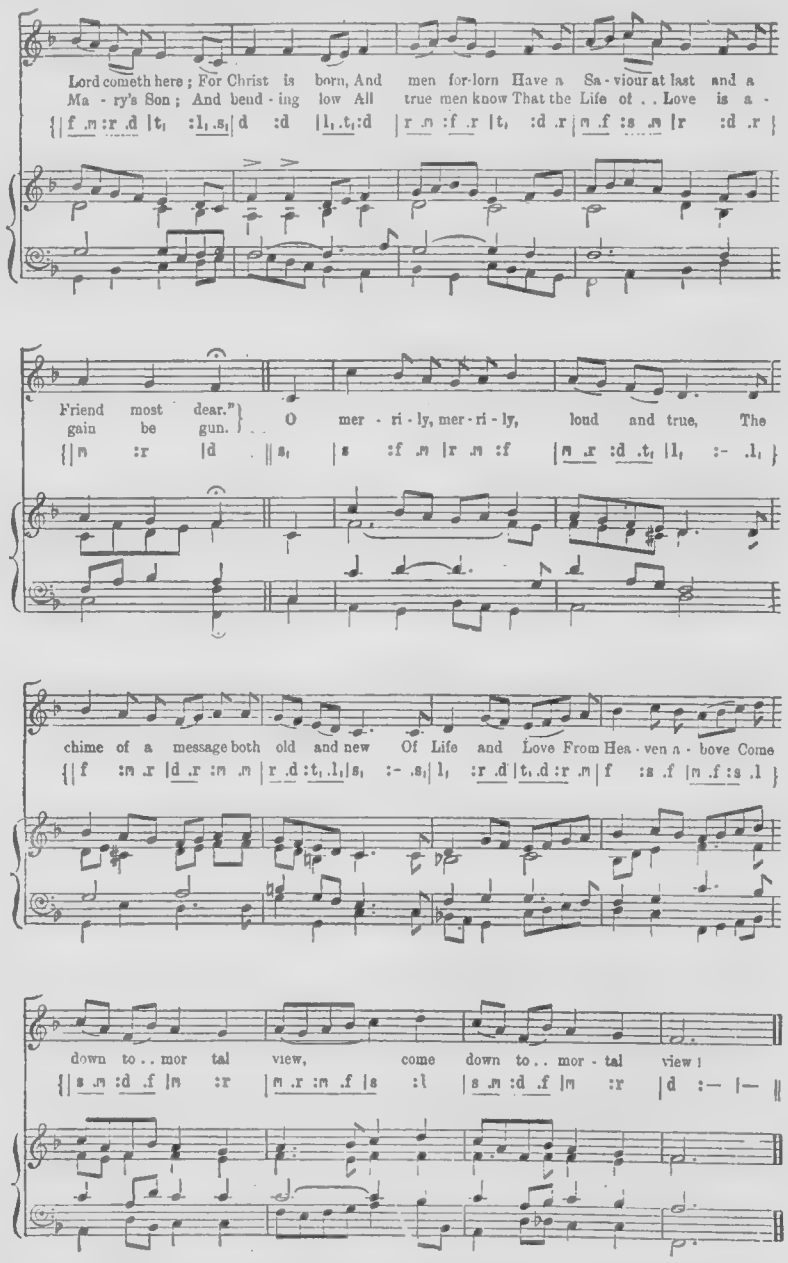
A gramophone equipped with march records does duty this year in supplying music for the boys marching in and out of classes at St. Paul's Catholic School, Toronto. One of the pupils is appointed by the principal to look after the machine, and the boys are eager to take their turn at playing the music.

An orchestra for the pupils attending Toronto public schools is a proposition being taken up this school year.

The effect of music's influence on children was strikingly shown recently in one of Philadelphia's public parks, when a symphony orchestra on a Saturday morning gave a concert which drew 1,000 children away from baseball games, tennis courts and swimming tanks to hear the excellent programme.

London and Hamilton, Ont., school boards intend to enlarge greatly their musical activities for children during the current school year.





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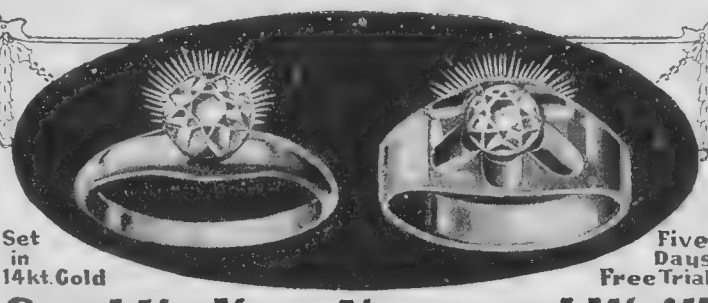

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MUSIC FOR THE HOME—Continued from page 42

Music in the Winnipeg Schools

THE following account of music in the Winnipeg schools was given by the supervisor, Miss Pullar, about two years ago. Since then the good work of musical education has been continued. Last spring at the Musical Festival, the outstanding feature was the singing of the school children. Not only did they sing so as to please the thousands who attended, but the judges admitted that it gave them a thrill; and not only do they sing well, but as a result of their long training, many of them read a musical page as they read an ordinary book. It takes time to reach this, but it is worth it.

While singing has been for the past thirty years a subject of regular instruction in the schools, public interest in it seems to be much keener to-day than heretofore, and this interest is reflected in both pupils and teachers. Two trained supervisors direct the work of this department, one taking charge of the junior and the other of the senior classes. There are also special teachers in the high school and junior high school departments, and all are working together to bring this study to the highest possible standard.

The lessons begin when the little child enters school. Songs, as many as possible, short, bright and happy, about things the little ones love—songs of the seasons, of nature, of holiday time, of games, etc., are taught, not only that the school may be a place of happiness and cheer, but that the voice may be made light and sweet; the ear trained to listen accurately for tones and the time and the sense of rhythm developed and strengthened. This work is fundamental, begun at the earliest stage, and continued throughout the entire course, side by side with the more technical work that follows.

Then comes the actual study of intervals with the syllables do, re, mi, etc., then the singing of the same exercises with some good vocalizing syllable so that the children may think the sounds; and afterwards the ear training tests given by the teacher.

The following years introduce to the children the notes, then the staff, clef, lines and spaces, bar, measures, etc. These they not only learn but make for themselves at the teacher's dictation. Key signatures are presented next, and the child comes to recognize that certain signs at the beginning of a piece of music mean that Do is to be found on a special line or space.

In Grade V the real difficulties in time and interval commence, and two-part singing is begun. In grade VI a thorough knowledge of keys and key signatures, pitches of each key, the reading of exercises and songs, with both syllable and pitch, and the writing of exercises in given key and time at the dictation of the teacher are expected.

In the senior classes three-part work is taken, and the study of musical expression and signs and of minor keys begins.

From Grade IV daily exercises are given for the production and placing of the voice, for the control and development of the breath, and for rapidity of sight reading and singing. In these senior grades and in the high schools the study of musical history and appreciation is also being taught.

A great aid to the latter is the introduction of the phonograph into the school. Within the last year, by the efforts of schools themselves, fifteen good machines have been secured. By the aid of these instruments it is hoped to present suitable music in such a way that children may learn to listen intelligently and to love only the highest and best in this, perhaps the greatest of all studies.

Two years ago the Men's Musical Club inaugurated the first musical competition ever held in Winnipeg. Owing to the scarcity of music at that time only six schools entered. Last year sixteen schools competed, and about 2,500 children took part. This phase of the work is but the rounding out of that already done in the class room, and proves most enjoyable to both chorus and conductor.

Though much remains yet to be done, it is believed that good progress is being made, and that each year a large number of children who leave school will do so with a fair knowledge of reading, an increased appreciation of good music, and a greater love of singing.

Since this article was written, much more has been done in Winnipeg. A special effort has been put forth to teach little children good rate songs. Added emphasis has been placed on good tone and right production, and at the Spring Festivals the pupils of both elementary and high schools have done better than ever before. To hear 2,500 young voices sing in perfect time and tune, and with true musical expression, every word being heard clearly, was a treat indeed, and it is no wonder the adjudicators were loud in their praises. Winnipeg has done well to give a prominent place in her schools to the study of the queen of the arts."

The Place of Music in our Civilization

IT has been said by a great musician that the music of the brass band is the most perfect expression of a nation's feelings, of its joys and sorrows, its hopes and aspirations. To no other appeal will the masses of people, men, women and children, rise so quickly. The music of the brass band fires ambition in the laggard. Many a soldier was inspired to bravery in battle by its music. It gives them an indefinite sense of exhilaration it makes their hearts beat faster, it smoothes the discords of nature into harmony, it arouses the finest enthusiasm and it puts bravery in the heart that is timid.

Music is a great force in civilization. Every period of intellectual activity, social or political, reacted upon music. To illustrate, we need but refer to the formal character of the music of the period preceding the French revolution and the freedom and rigor imparted by the spirit of Romanticism which followed in the wake of that great political movement, a difference strikingly illustrated in the music of Haydn and Beethoven, Clementi and Schumann. The science of music had a high place in Chinese philosophy, the sages alone comprehended the canons, and the mandarins were considered superior in point of musical knowledge. Interesting dates are given showing how early the Chinese had developed a science of music. In 2277 B. C., for example, there were 22 writers on the dance and music, 23 on ancient music, and 25 on the construction of the scales. These facts imply many years of previous development before the time when works treating of the science of music would be prepared

Just Do This

Is your spirit sad and weary,
And your pathway long and dreary?
Seek another's lot to brighten,
And his heavy load to lighten;
Just do this and you will see
Life has many joys for thee.

Do the laggard hours oppress you,
And the lonely heart distress you?
Bring sweet comfort to some other
Weary, heavy-laden brother;
Just do this and you will know
Peace that will your heart o'erflow.

Do the ways of fortune grieve you,
And the things you cherish leave you?
Find a blessed compensation
In some kindly ministration;
Just do this and pleasure find
In the things you thought unkind.

Thus, as days to days you number,
Seek not selfish ease, nor slumber,
But with spirit true and willing
Do your best—your lot fulfilling;
Just do this and life will be
Filled with happiness for thee.

Fred Scott Shepard.

Life is certainly not worth living if self is the center of it. The way to estimate its value is to recognize God as its center, and the whole universe and the vast perspectives of eternity as offering it scope in God's mighty plans for man.

THE CHARTERHOUSE

Continued from page 31

Christmas Day, each brother can have a gallon of ale, if it pleases him. Indeed, only, the most fastidious could carp at the quality and quantity of the Charterhouse brethren's food.

In this historic refuge for aged gentlemen, who have faithfully toiled without gaining worldly wealth, there is little or no restriction placed upon its inmates. They can go out daily within reasonable hours, receive and entertain friends in a modest way, and are free to be absent for a certain number of weeks in the year, during which period they are entitled to a monetary allowance. Since the Charterhouse first opened its hospitable gates—not upon miles then of stone and mortar and stifling streets as now, but upon green meads and trees, pleasant gardens, and the ruts of the king's highway—a bell is regularly rung at eight o'clock in winter and nine in summer, to summon those of the brethren home as may be absent. An hour after this warning the gates are shut, and any who make their appearance later are reported to the Master, who, however, kindly overlooks an occasional trespass in this respect.

There is one marked peculiarity attending the ringing of the evening bell. It is tolled as many times as there are brothers, on the Foundation; and when one dies his passing is known to the public by the bell being rung one less, until his place is filled up by a new appointment.

The Master of Charterhouse has all authority over the brotherhood. Without his permission no brother may absent himself for more than a few hours. He has the power to punish by a fine as well as by suspension from commons in hall, and, if necessary, with the consent of the other governors, he can go to the length of expelling the offender. This extreme, however, has not been called for many generations.

Here, where Carthusian monks for 175 years passed their lives in prayer and silence—where Edward, Lord North, Lord Chancellor and founder of English law, squared his religious and political opinions with whatever chanced to be uppermost in the times of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth—where the Duke of Norfolk feasted Queen Bess, and also secretly intrigued for his marriage with Mary Queen of Scots, and his second son Lord Thomas Howard lodged James I of England on his succession to the throne—here, through the piety and bountifulness of Sir Thomas "Sottone" is a haven of rest for eighty "poor and aged gentlemen," preferably sea captains; for Sir Thomas himself had been a seafarer in his career, and owner of many ships trading to the Mediterannean, the Baltic, and Spanish Main.

In all London there is nothing like the Charterhouse. Its Elizabethan hall and picture gallery; its unique "withdrawing room" with rare panelling, love-knots, and with "love" and other messages in diamonds on the lozenged panes of the most perfect late sixteenth century windows in Britain; the low-built archways and cobbled courts; the quaint, leafy closes, and curious, ancient wilderness garden; all these form a perfect setting for this home of old age in tranquillity and comfort. That this Foundation fulfils itself is very evident. The "brethren," like annuitants in general, seem to take on a new lease of life on coming into their chambers on the Foundation, and usually drop off only when they reach extreme old age.

For many years vigorous efforts have been made in certain quarters, political and other, to bring about the diminution if not the total curtailment of the number and privileges of the brotherhood; but, as yet, the governors and a large section of the public have succeeded in keeping intact the original intentions of the founder, charity, justice, brotherly love, and fidelity, toward those who faithfully have laboured to amass not their own wealth.

Long may the Charterhouse flourish.

Shears or a Pair of Shears?

Perhaps some of our readers are critical enough in the use of language to decide whether the customer or the clerk was right in the following dialogue:

Customer (to clerk in hardware store). "Show me a small, low-priced shears."

Clerk (facetiously). "Perhaps you mean a pair of shears."

Customer (severely). "I mean precisely what I said."

Clerk (defiantly, opening a specimen article). "Are there not two blades here? And don't two make a pair?"

Customer (triumphantly). "You have two legs; does that make you a pair of men?"

The shears were done up in profound silence.

A Morning Message

When Life brings a task, to perform, my dear,
Don't carelessly sit and view it,
But, up in the fresh of the mornibg, my dear,
And courageously start to do it!

Beginning is half of the battle, my dear,
And morning's the logical hour;
There's a one and a one in that thought, my dear,
Which adds two in a magical power!

If we wait till the noon with our task, my dear,
Trumpet calls from the world distract us;
While evenings spells longings for peace, my dear,
When pleasure and play attract us.

The rise of the sun—Hope's emblem, my dear,
To it's message ambitions come winging;
We cannot fail with our task, my dear,
If Aurora our matins is singing!

So, if Life brings a task to perform, my dear,
Don't carelessly sit and view it,
But, up in the fresh of the morning, my dear,
And courageously start to do it!

Mrs. Alice M. Funk,

Revenge

"Do you know that fellow Moriarty that's always comin' up and thumpin' ye on the chest, and shoutin', 'How are ye?"

"I know him, Pat."

"He's made me ache more than once—but I'll get even with him now!"

"How will you do it?"

"I'll tell ye. He always hits me over my right vest pocket. He'll hit me just once more. I've put a stick o' dynamite, d'ye mind, in that vest pocket!"

The story is good for a laugh; but behind the fun there's a tremendous truth in it. It is this, and is worth remembering. No revenge was ever planned and carried out that did not react upon the perpetrator and injure him more than his victim.

Deep Apple Pie

Donald A. Fraser.

Yum, yum, yi!
Deep apple pie,
Nothing else to eat so nice,
So say I.

Get a good deep pudding-dish;
Well your apples peel;
Cut them all up thin and fine,
With sugar a good deal.

Fill the dish up to the brim;
A dash of cinnamon;
Some water; then you're ready quite
To put the pastry on.

For that we need a cup of flour;
Some baking powder too;
A pinch of salt; some butter, yes,
Half a cup will do.

Sift the powder, salt, and flour;
The butter rub in slow;
Wet with water just enough
To make into a dough.

Then you need the baking-board,
And a rolling-pin
To roll the dough out nice and smooth,
But do not roll too thin.

Now put your pastry on your pie,
And trim it well around,
Then place it in the oven hot
Until it is well browned.

Take it out and leave a while
The stove's warm top upon,
For this will help to make you sure
The apples are well done.

And now our pie is fit to serve;
Hot or cold suits some;
So sit around the table then,
And do not leave a crumb.

Yum yum yi!
Deep apple pie,
Nothing can surpass it quite,
So say I.

The Dust is often in the Face
Of him who learns to win the Race.

Do not think to inherit ease with money; he who keeps money earns it.

My Heart to Behold

My heart to behold
The colours of earth,
With joys manifold
Dances in mirth.
Blithe sparrows twitter
Under the eave
The sun is a glitter
On the green leaves.
And swiftly the hours
Are passing away,
As April's sweet flowers
Bloom and decay.
The clattering rook
Says time is a cheat,
The chattering brook
The theme doth repeat.
But when I am gone
Of this I am sure,
The rooks will cry on,
The brook will endure.

T. J. Looker,

I like to see a dancing bear,
Or hurdy-gurdy at a fair;
Performing doggies with their wiles
Delight and win my sweetest smiles.
I love to see a Judy-show,
It stirs my heart into a glow.
A game of ball is joy to me
And my dolls do enjoy a tea.
I drive a jolly coach and four
With wooden chairs upon the floor,
I crack my whip and cry away!
For we must go to town today.
Sometimes I bang upon a drum,
At other times my books I thumb.
At 'eve I gaze at many a star
That shines up in the skies afar,
And then I pray beside my bed
That angels kind may guard my head;
At last, asleep my eyes shut tight,
I slumber to the morning light.

T. J. Looker

What is an Egg

"AND what is an egg?" asked the world Outlook missionery who was testing his hopeful pupil's knowledge of English.

"An egg," said the boy, "is a chicken not yet."

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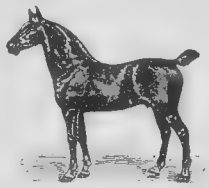

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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

Fodder Corn, A Good Prospect

WITH more rational methods of mixed farming coming into vogue, in lieu of the practice of straight grain growing on the prairie farms, fodder crops are now receiving far more attention, while corn has long since passed out of the experimental stages as is evidenced by the largely increased number of silos that have been built in the prairie Provinces.

As a summer fallow substitute, corn has been found to fill the need in a most satisfactory manner. Crops of wheat sown the year following corn have given greatly increased yields, while, when such a practice is followed, one has the satisfaction of knowing that the land is clean and that in the cleaning process there was not a wasted season, for there is a crop of corn in the bargain.

In the earlier days, the idea of raising one's own seed corn would have been ridiculed but today this is an accomplished fact. Northwestern Dent and Quebec No. 28 are two varieties from which seed has been raised and from which successful crops have grown in Manitoba, while there are several other varieties with the same possibilities. Fodder corn has yielded over 14 tons per acre in Manitoba. Northwestern Dent is a general favorite in Manitoba.

The proper preparation for a crop of corn necessitates the application of manure, and while the corn is in the early stages of growth, cultivation may be carried on, in fact, until the plants are too tall for the cultivator to pass over. It is not then surprising that the land is in first class order to raise a crop of wheat the following spring, when the harrow may be drawn over the corn stubble and the wheat drill started immediately after.

Of course, the erection of a stave or cement silo is not a very cheap undertaking, but with the advent of the pit silo, and the fact that corn may be left in the stock on farms where there is no silo, the more general use of corn may be looked forward to in the near future. To put the matter in a concise form, corn is a worth while crop where cattle are kept, even in the absence of a silo.

For farmers who do not see their way clear to invest in a silo of any kind, the corn may be stooked in the field and left out in the fall and even the winter months, in fact until it is required for feed, then it may be hauled in from the field and cut up. The stooks may present the appearance of being dried up when seen in the field late in the season, but it is surprising the amount of moisture they are able to retain.

The Trench Silo

ABOUT the only expense connected with the trench silo is the labor, and a great many farmers would be only too willing to put the labor into the undertaking of making such a silo for the benefit accruing in the shape of sufficient succulent feed for his cows during the winter, and consequently their better condition and an increased milk flow.

In addition to its cheapness, the trench silo is "elastic," that is, it may be enlarged to accommodate the demands of an increased herd, whereas, on the other hand, if a stave or cement silo is not built considerably larger than present needs demand, an increase in the herd will mean the building of another silo or the digging of a trench silo.

Silos of the pit or trench design are very simply constructed. A well drained site should be chosen, while sands, soils and poorly drained locations should not be chosen. An excavation should be made as though preparing for the basement of a house. It may be eight feet deep and about twice that number of feet wide, the length depending on the silage requirements of the herd. No lumber or cement is necessary, while for a roof, a good thick layer of straw will serve. Of course, one very apparent advantage over the upright silo is the fact that all the ensilage, being below the level of the ground, is out of reach of the icy blasts of winter.

With a cutting box, the filling operation is simple, though the drawing of the ensilage to the barn for use entails more type of silo, thorough tramping is necessary during the filling operations.

A good way to handle the task of taking the ensilage to the barn is to get a small sleigh, or fit a pair of wooden runners to a large box, and by hitching a horse to this it can be used to take a day's supply to the barn. Make the box so that it is not too broad to draw through the doorway and into the barn.

At first one is apt to favor the idea that a silo that is just a hole in the ground will tend to drain the moisture from the ensilage over much, but where this type of silo has been tried, this quality of the ensilage has been very satisfactory.

With the coming of the trench silo, dairying in the West should receive a great impetus, for those farmers who have hesitated to expand along that line owing to the expense of building a silo will have, at least, that formidable obstacle removed from their path.

A Lawn for Home Embellishment

AT this season of ice and snow we again begin to look forward to the green freshness of spring and to those who own a lawn, this same green freshness is brought home to them very early in the season, for, instead of looking upon bare ground as soon as the snow disappears, they have the cheering sight of tender young blades of grass taking on the rich hue of nature. The environment of the house that stands behind a good lawn is of a distinct character, for a lawn may be likened to an outdoor carpet, giving an air of prosperity and comfort.

The farm house of past generations did not aspire to the establishing of a lawn as much as it does today, and though lawns are not to be found on every farm, and in fact are absent on a great many, where they are present they help to make the farm home appear a true haven of rest and harmony.

The starting of a good lawn will entail special care at the start, but one does not begrudge this work when the labor is justified by the creation of a handsome lawn. The soil should be finely pulverized and enriched by some well rotted manure. Before the seed is sown the soil should be made as near perfectly level as possible.

A method of seeding that is recommended is to scatter the seed broadcast on the surface, and rake it with a fine-toothed garden rake. Kentucky Blue grass or Canadian Blue grass are very desirable types for making a fine lawn. It is recommended that the seeding be done in the early part of the summer, before the summer rains have begun.

After sowing the seed and raking it in, the surface should be well firmed with a garden roller to firm the soil around the seed; this will also cause a quicker growth than if it were not rolled under normal conditions.

The Choosing of Perennials

IN the planning of a flower border of perennials, much serious consideration should be given as to the color scheme to be adopted and the general plan in regard to the nature of the plants such as height, etc. As perennials are more or less permanent fixtures in the grounds as opposed to annuals, it is just as well to thoroughly make up one's mind before planting just what the layout is to be, so as to avoid the extra task of rearrangement.

There are a great many very desirable kinds of herbaceous perennials, such as the Iceland and Oriental Poppies, Iris Pacony Phlox, Dianthus, Clematis, Aster, Aquil, egia, Columbine, etc.

In planting a border, a hedge is a great advantage as a windbreak besides making an effective background. A southern aspect is the best location, and where there is protection from cold winds the plants do best. If these conditions are obtainable on your home grounds, then the next step is the nursery catalogue or, at least, a pencil and paper to make a note of the most desirable kinds of perennials to adorn the grounds during the seasons that are to come.

We shall do well to reflect that being

Winedots Versus Bardrocks

By Lilla Nease

"NINETY-eight—ninety-nine—one hundred." Mrs. Brown stopped churning, ran her finger along the dasher, then put it to her cheek.

"Too cold!" she muttered, "won't come in another thousand and I've so much to do."

She hastily added a dipperful of hot water to the foaming cream and began to churn again vigorously.

From her vantage spot, the kitchen stoop, she looked out on the surrounding landscape with unseeing eyes for all its beauty, except the little house, nestled in a grove under the hill.

This spot had breathed happiness to Mrs. Brown ever since Jack Graham, the son of an old neighbor in the East, had come west to homestead and had, at her suggestion, built this house near enough to the Brown domicile to enable her to help brighten his bachelorhood, and now Kitty, her only daughter, would soon be mistress of this Arcadian home.

It was only a few weeks till the wedding-day and there was so much to be done. Mrs. Brown was so absorbed in thought that the churning had slowed down gradually, nor did she notice the approach of her husband until a hand on the dasher, just as she was starting in with a fresh impetus, brought it up to the top of the churn with such force that the cream spattered in all directions.

"Why, Robert!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown, "what are you doing?"

"Gosh-ding-it! How did I know you were going to make a fresh spurt? I could have sworn when I came through the gate that the dasher was still. Well, I may as well finish while I am here. Sit down till I tell you the news. Jack's mother is here!"

"Jack's mother!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown.

"Just knew you'd be tickled to death," continued Mr. Brown with a sly twinkle in his eye, "so I hurried from the field to tell you."

"Oh, Robert!" wailed Mrs. Brown, "why did she come now?"

"Don't know" he replied "unless it was to help feather the nest. Sarah Graham was a very capable woman as I knew her."

"Sarah Graham was a mighty domineering woman as I knew her" said his wife mournfully "Poor Kitty! to have everything upset at the last moment."

"There! there! Martha, don't get so rattled! Mrs. Graham is a much older woman than you and has had enough trouble in the last ten years to change her disposition. Her husband's death, soon after the old homestead was burnt with most of her belongings, was a great blow. Then, living with her daughter and her raft of children must have tamed her considerably. She may not interfere at all."

"Catch Sarah Graham sitting back and not interfering. I never could have lived in the same house with her. I'm glad Jack took after his father."

"Don't be hard on her, mother. Don't prejudice Kitty against her mother-in-law. Let the young folks manage their own affairs. Well, the butter's here and I must hike back to the field", and Mr. Brown sauntered away humming a tune.

"Manage their own affairs!" murmured Mrs. Brown, "Not if I know Sarah Graham. She'll do the managing."

Her husband's voice reached her from the distance.

"Oh, man!" she ejaculated, as back to her ears floated the melody "Ain't we got fun?"

Mrs. Brown broke the news to her daughter and thought it both wise and just to express much sympathy for Mrs. Graham, left in her old age without a home. She dwelt on her fondness for Jack, her youngest son, as an excuse for her coming, and suggested that Kitty run over to see her as soon as possible and not let her get lonely. Had she known how deeply her daughter resented this intrusion, she would have been tempted to accompany her; but she concluded that it was best to let Kitty be the first to welcome Jack's mother, sending word that she would be over in the evening to see her old neighbour.

Late that afternoon, in obedience to her mother's wish, Kitty walked slowly down the path between the two houses and as she neared her prospective home, a feeling of strangeness oppressed her. It no longer seemed Jack's home but another's. As there was no sign of life about the place, her courage failed her, and she was about to retrace her steps when the sudden opening of a door and a cry of delight and surprise arrested her.

"So you be Kitty! Just like your mother! Do come in and sit down. I was longing for someone to talk to."

The warm, hearty welcome of the old lady for a moment disarmed Kitty and she felt a responsive thrill, but only for a moment. They entered the living-room where she and her mother had spent hours helping Jack decorate, giving those little personal touches that made it part of themselves, and she gasped as she noticed the changes Mrs. Graham had made in the short time she had been here. It seemed to her tortured vision like a desecration. The furniture had been rearranged and various adornments had been added to the room in the way of shells, books and nick-nacks, methodically placed on a painted runner on a side table. From among some dried grasses and everlastings in one corner, a stuffed owl, minus one eye, probably lost on the journey West, seemed to wink at her in exultation. Oh, it was all too dreadful, Kitty thought. She longed to shut her eyes and run away from it all, but she was compelled to sit and listen to the mother's tales of Jack's escapades, his boyish likes and dislikes, as the old lady opened her heart and showed her delight at being with her boy again. At last she rose to go and as Mrs. Graham accompanied her to the door, she said:

"This is a nice house, Kitty, and the front room is just like my old sitting-room at home. I reckon Jack thought of me when he built the house. I'm glad it isn't finished. I'll send for my rag carpet. It's most as good as new. Then I have some furniture. We'll fix it up. It will be just lovely."

Kitty stood on the doorstep. What she might have said was lost in Mrs. Graham's sudden exclamation as she flirted her apron at some chickens that had ventured too near the steps.

"Drat them fowl!" she said. "Shoo! Shoo! whatever possesssed Jack to raise Wine-dots. Nothing like Bard-Rocks for laying. There's a hen wanting to set and

Continued on page 51

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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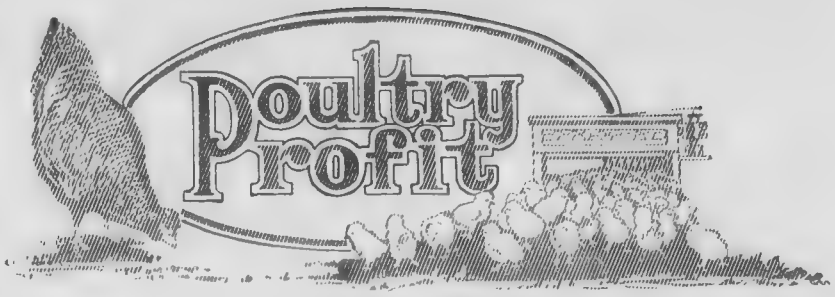

Helen E. Vialoux

Winter Laying and Timely Notes

NOVEMBER has been so mild this season, with no freezing weather until after Thanksgiving, which is almost a record for the West. Poultry flocks have roamed about out of doors nibbling the tender green grass and getting in fine fettle for winter laying, and months of confinement in their winter homes. The good provider has secured stocks of cabbage or mangels, sugar beets or other coarse vegetables to vary the menu during the coming months. Grain foods are cheaper than usual. Even in the towns the proper ration for laying hens can be bought at a reasonable figure. Culling has been all the rage this season, and Professor Herner's new bulletin on "Feeding, Managing and Culling Poultry" to all engaged in making poultry pay, is both interesting and useful. The number of this bulletin is 63, and a postcard addressed to "The Publications Branch, Manitoba Farmers' Library, Winnipeg," will secure it free of charge in this province, and at the cost of fifteen cents for Western points.

The use of buttermilk during the winter months for laying flocks, is strongly emphasised, and electric light has been proved a big factor in winter egg production. M. A. C. records show an increase of sixty per cent. in egg laying from November 1st to March 1st. This is surely worth while, but electric light cannot be obtained on all western farms. However, buttermilk or skim milk can be secured on nearly all farms, and when green cut bone is out of the question. Offal and wastage can be saved at butchering time and frozen for the hens. Bran mixed with blood is a fine substitute for meat, and many years ago on the farm we saved all the animals blood at killing time, mixing it at once with bran for future use. Last winter I saw this same mixture being fed to the laying pens at the M. A. C. Beef bones may be broken up and rabbits shot to provide the necessary element in making up a complete winter ration. In regard to culling hens for layers, pullets cannot be culled successfully in the fall, as they are not mature, but by all means try out this system on the one and two years old, keeping the best layers which will also prove to be better mothers than the more flighty pullets next spring. For winter egg production, dry mash has been proved to be almost an essential, crushed oats (that is whole oats run through a chopper) is highly recommended by Prof. Herner. One pound of granulated charcoal is added to each one hundred pounds of oat chop. Oat chop mixed with bran or shorts is also an excellent dry mash. One hundred hens will eat six or seven pounds of this dry mash fed in a hopper per day. There is no better scratch feed than oats, wheat and barley mixed, adding some corn in very cold weather. For one hundred hens, six to seven pounds twice a day is a good full ration. This means a couple of handfuls to each bird. Mix or dig it into a deep straw litter. A couple of cabbages or mangels each day will supply green feed for one hundred hens. Oyster shell and grit are always needed and, if possible, give the fowls all the buttermilk they will drink. A large pan of baked potatoes given at 11 a.m. is much relished by a pen of hens. The warm tasty dish always starts them singing a merry lay. A pot of boiled grain of any kind is another winter meal enjoyed by the fowl. Sometimes make a change of menu by mixing up a warm mash of vegetables cooked and thickened with bran or shorts, adding salt. This may sound like feeding too much with the egg layers, but hens are almost human in responding to a change in their diet. The more busy the hen is all day long, the more eggs she will lay. When the artificial light is used the fowls need a small grain feed at 8 p.m. Turn on the light at dusk and keep on until 10 or 11 p.m., no later, then at 7 a.m., the lights may be switched on again with advantage for a couple of hours. This grain, vegetable and buttermilk, or meat ration may seem heavy feeding, but a laying hen must be provided with food to keep her in good condition to stand severe weather, and extra nourishment to produce eggs in winter, but do not overfeed, making the hens lazy and sluggish. This is where attention to detail is needed to keep the fowls a little hungry during the day and making them exercise by having them hop for their cabbage or meat, hung high up on a wire, or fastened in some wire netting in one corner of the pen.

A. C. McCollough, of the Dominion Live Stock Branch, has done some valuable work among our western poultry raisers this season arranging culling demonstrations at different points, and showing the individual farmer how to do the work himself. Then this fall, Mr. McCollough held fowl killing and plucking demonstrations at various farms, so that the producers could go and do likewise at their own homes, making up neat marketable consignments of dressed poultry for shipment. He has also taken steps in co-operative marketing of poultry for one section of Manitoba, where there is plenty of fowl, and the market is distant from the producer, working out the same system that is used in the East, and finding the best market for the farmers to ship to from some central point, by the car load, the said load to be fattened, killed and dressed properly, and graded according to quality. By this system of marketing the middleman's profit goes directly to the producer.

There are now in this province a number of approved flocks of pure bred poultry of several varieties, with The Farmer's Fowl and Barred Rocks in the lead. These flocks have been inspected through the Dominion Live Stock Branch, at least twice during 1922, and found free from "T. B." or other infectious disease, and there are now for sale one thousand fine cockerels bred in these approved flocks, to be sold as breeders for 1923, at moderate prices. The list of farmers owning these flocks may be had from the Winnipeg Branch, Dominion Live Stock Department of Agriculture, Scott Block. Eggs of "bred-to-lay" strains may be obtained in season from these breeders also.

Mr. McCullough has a commercial hatchery scheme in mind also, for the days that are to come in Poultry World. The commercial hatching of chickens has proved a big success in the East, but owing to the utter failure of a local company to make their hatchery pay or satisfy their patrons, the hatching industry has received a severe knock which will be felt for some years. The thing can be done, however, and when the commercial hatching of chickens is run on a real business like basis, it will prove of immense benefit to our Western farmers. Several women are owners of approved stocks, I notice. "More power to their elbow."

Poultry work is surely women's work, which she can do to perfection if she studies her problem.

The prevalence of tuberculosis in many flocks of fowl these days is rather a serious feature, and one to be taken in hand right away. Both in Canada and the United States this disease is

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POULTRY PROFITS

Continued from page 50

increasing in chickens and pigs. There is seemingly no known cure but to use the axe on all infected birds, burn the carcasses, disinfect the quarters, ploughing up the ground, using plenty of time and seeding the runs to rape or grass. The disease is not apparent in pullets or young stock. In fact, there is little loss until the birds are eighteen months old. The loss is rarely more than three per cent. in birds under this age. The tuberculin test is being used to some extent in testing the health of large flocks. Great vigilance should be used in buying fresh stock and healthy birds only purchased, as one or two diseased birds may infect a whole flock by degrees. There is usually little loss of appetite, but the birds steadily lose weight and appear listless, are pale in wattle and comb, and often develop lameness, the joints becoming infected in many cases. Tuberculosis usually shows in the lungs and intestines when a bird is killed and examined. When a pen of fowls is nearing a second year the disease is diagnosed easily and spreads rapidly through the droppings which are full of bacilli, therefore, when "T. B." is noticed, start a new flock outright, when the premises have been overhauled thoroughly.

As my space is filled up I have not taken up the splendid records made in the laying contests throughout the Dominion, but some space will be devoted to the subject next month. Before closing and wishing each and every reader of the W. H. M., a Happy Christmas, I leave a good formula for fattening turkeys for Christmas:—Crushed grains made into a mash with some shorts and buttermilk fed twice a day, the birds to be kept in a darkened pen ten days or two weeks, then starved twenty four hours before killing.

WINEDOTS VS BARDROCKS

(Continued from page 49)

"It will be great fun for the guests. It will take away any stiffness, make them all sociable," he said. "You must invite Mrs. Graham over on the days we work at it. I'll fix the hen business, too, with the old lady."

So, the next morning when Mr. Brown went over to borrow a hoe, he said casually to Mrs. Graham, "I see there is a hen wanting to sit."

"Yes," she replied "do you know where I can get—"

"Martha has another setting of Wyandottes I'll bring over," interrupted Mr. Brown. "It's nice to have all one strain, they look so pretty—"

"Robert Brown!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, "Are you setting hens for beauty? I allers raise them for eggs. Well! Well!"

Mr. Brown left with a greater satisfaction than ever over the jolt Kitty and and he were going to give the old lady.

Through the intervening weeks before the wedding Mrs. Brown looked anxious.

"Sarah Graham is so frail," she told her husband, "that I fear the excitement. She is beginning to think she isn't wanted and spoke yesterday about going back to her daughter's, although it will never be home to her there. I really wish, Robert, you hadn't interfered. I thought the young folk were to be left alone. Here Jack is going around looking so glum and miserable and with the old lady half the time on my hands, I can't see any pleasure ahead. You and Kitty alone seem to be having all the fun."

"Your fun is coming wife. All your friends and neighbours are talking about the beautiful room Kitty and I have been working over. It is giving an added interest to the wedding. I wager more people are looking forward to seeing this room than to hearing the marriage ceremony."

"If I thought that," retorted Mrs. Brown, "I'd get Jack and Kitty to run away."

"No you wouldn't, either. You are too anxious to see the room yourself and then Mrs. Graham would miss seeing it too if she goes home right after the wedding."

"She isn't going home as soon as you think. I have invited her to stay with me till Jack and Kitty get back from their trip," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Women are queer creatures," Mr. Brown soliloquized as he walked away. "She didn't take very kindly to the old lady's coming and now when I am doing my best to get rid of her, she takes her part against me. Well! Well!"

At last the wedding day arrived and all Mrs. Brown's fears were forgotten in the excitement of the moment.

The simple, solemn ceremony was over, and the guests eagerly responded to Kitty's invitation to follow her as, with Jack, she laughingly led the way down the well-worn path to her new home. Her father had basely deserted her at the last moment. He must get the horses ready to drive them to the station and he reminded them that they had only one hour to waste.

Mrs. Brown threw a protecting arm around her old friend as Kitty unlocked the door of the much-talked-of room and stepping aside said, "You first, mother Graham, we are now your guests."

The old lady entered and uttered an exclamation of rapture and surprise. Mrs. Brown followed and sank down tremblingly into the very stuffed rocker she had so often enjoyed in Mrs. Graham's old home. The guests crowded into the wonderful room. The rag carpet from Sister Mary's covered the floor and all the furniture saved from the wreck of the burnt house stood in place. The grandfather's clock ticked peacefully in the corner, and the sun streaming through the windows lit up the faded but erstwhile rich hangings of the old farm-house. The pictures and nick-nacks were all in place just as Mr. Brown had remembered them.

The guests began to understand the meaning of it all and many a hearty grasp of the hand welcomed their new neighbour who, with eyes dimmed with tears, beheld as in a dream her long-lost room in the old homestead.

Then Mr Brown's voice rang out a warning and Kitty must hurry back to change her dress for her journey.

"You must not baptise your new home with tears, mother Graham" she said, as she bade her goodbye. "I leave everything in your charge, and don't forget the sitting hen, she will be off in a day or two."

A few days later an old lady stood beside a very indignant hen, with a few little chickens almost devoid of feathers in her apron. She eyed them for a few moments and then said "Why these chicks look just like—" Then as the truth dawned on her, she said:

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, them Winedots be all Bardrocks."

The Last Straw

MR. HARRIMAN would have liked to employ the half-hour spent in the last train to Paradise Corner in reading the evening news, but behind him sat a pair of giggling girls.

"Father thinks the Russians haven't the ghost of a chance," he heard.

"Really!" said the second voice.

"M-m; that's what he thinks, and father knows a lot. He's a splendid weather prophet, you know."

"Really!"

"Oh, yes, and he always can tell the way the elections are coming out, for mayor and President and the school board, and everything."

"Really!"

"Yes, and he's pretty generous to me, too. He gave me the money for one of those new long coats to-day."

"Really!"

"Yes. And oh, did you know everything was to be brown this season? That's what my cousin says."

"Really!"

"Yes. Oh, did you know Helen's cousin is awfully ill—that handsome one—and hardly expected to live?"

"Really!"

"My dear," said Mr Harriman, as he wearily submitted to his wife's evening salutation and fell into the nearest chair, "I am worn out. There was a girl behind me in the car who said, 'Really!' somewhere near a thousand times."

Mrs. Harriman laid a cool and soothing hand on his brow.

"Oh, not really!" she said, as she smoothed the wrinkle between his eyebrows.

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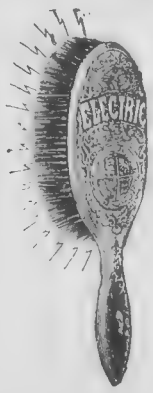

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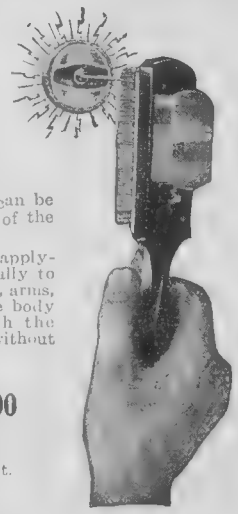

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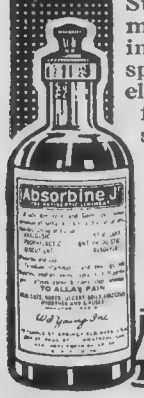

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THE MAGIC BALL

A Christmas Story for Children

By Hew Maclaine

NETTIE was very unhappy. Her aunt from far across the sea was coming to visit papa, and mamma and Nettie too, for Nettie's own name was mentioned in the letter. But as she gazed out of the window she felt very cross. Even the pretty pictures of flowers and ferns that Jack Frost had traced on the panes did not interest her, and she wished that her aunts would learn to stay in their own homes, and not come to worry— little girls at the holiday time, just when there was such fun to be had making snow men, and having such a delightful time on the ice. She had never met her aunt Jane before. Mamma had told her that her Aunt Jane was a school teacher, and Nettie must stay indoors and learn to recite "Twinkle, twinkle little star," so that her aunt might know what a clever little girl her niece was. Nettie felt quite vexed. She thought her aunt must be a fearful person. How could she be anything else when she was a TEACHER, and always thrashing little girls if they could not do their lessons correctly? All teachers were like that, she knew they were. Why she had been thrashed once herself for spelling cat with a capital K; and as for "Twinkle, twinkle little star," it was the most tiresome poem in the whole book. Try as she might, she could not remember the words.

"Oh, I do wish there was some other way of learning lessons," said Nettie at last, opening the door and slipping out into the garden, where the snow was spread over like a carpet of white, "why cannot some fairy come and teach me, or just say some magic word, and then I could say things without any bother?"

"Yes, of course, why shouldn't they," said a little voice quite close to her, and starting up, Nettie found herself looking at the queerest little man she had ever seen, not even excepting the picture of Tom Thumb himself.

It might, indeed, have been Tom Thumb's own brother, with the funniest little face, a little red coat and blue trousers, white stockings, and little black boots that looked too big for him, and altogether, from the crown of his little bald head, to the soles of his little black boots, he was not nearly as big as her dolly.

"I beg your pardon," said Nettie, so startled at first that she could scarcely get the words out, "but did you speak to me?"

"Of course I did," the little man answered, "I heard you wish that I could come to help you, and here I am."

Nettie wondered how in all the world this strange little creature could help her—this wee man who was not half the size of the smallest boy in the school—and was just going to ask him how he could teach her, when, suddenly he raised a tiny hand, and glancing round and round as if he was about to say something dreadful, he came close to her and whispered: "Your aunt has arrived."

"Oh dear! what a nuisance," said Nettie, "and here I have been since early this morning, learning and learning, and cannot say a single verse yet."

The poor girl was almost crying, when up spoke the little man:

"Look here my dear child, look here! I'll help you. I'm a pixie, a real, true genuine pixie, and very proud of myself, and I've come to help you—understand—to help you."

Nettie did not quite understand. It all sounded fine and brave; but somehow she did not like the way the pixie kept on winking. And the pixie knew her doubts.

"I'll tell you what my plan is," he said to her, peering all round again to make sure that no one was listening but Nettie. "I know all about your lessons, your papa, your mamma, your aunt, and about everybody. I can sing and recite any song or any poem in any book, at any time, day or night, that anyone can ask for anywhere, anyhow. I will change myself into a little silver ball, no bigger than a pea, and when you put this under your tongue, you have only to wish for whatever you would like to sing or recite, and it will do it for you."

Of course it was not really Nettie herself who would speak and sing, it was the little man in the shape of the silver ball; but since he would be inside her mouth, no one would be any the wiser. And so she thought she would try.

The little man jumped on to one of the smallest branches of a holly tree that stood by, waved his hand to her, and was gone. In another minute a lovely silver ball was there instead, lying right beside one of the reddest berries. I need not tell you that Nettie had the silver ball in her mouth before you could count three.

"I would like to sing like mamma," she thought to herself, and no sooner had she wished it, than she felt her mouth opening and the singing began. She did not know what the song was about at all, but it sounded just grand. It was so like mamma's voice, and the words were something like:—

"Made play sure sand Pa laces
Tho' wee May Rome,
Beat eh verso umble
There snow play sly comb."

She was about to try "Twinkle, twinkle little star," and had actually half wished it, when her mamma's voice sounded from the cottage, calling her to come at once, as her aunt was there, wearying to see her. Picking up her dolly, and making sure that the little silver ball was tucked in under her tongue, Nettie ran straight up the garden path and into the parlour, determined to give her papa and mamma, and Aunt Jane a big surprise.

THERE was no mistake about it, it was Aunt Jane sure enough, and Nettie was not at all pleased with her looks. She was a tall, thin, severe-looking old lady, with sharp eyes that seemed to stare at you everywhere you went, and made you eerie and uneasy. Nettie was clean and tidy when she entered the parlour. She had on her best cashmere frock and her pretty brown shoes—her new lacing ones, not the button ones she had last winter—yet she felt Aunt Jane's eyes searching all over, as if to find some little thing to scold her for.

"So you are Nettie, are you?" she said at last. "Then I'm your Aunt Jane. Your mamma tells me you have been learning to recite, and I am really delighted to hear you are so fond of your lessons. You know there is nothing like lots of study to make people strong and active."

Nettie did not understand what the old lady was talking about, and felt so excited she could not answer. However, when Aunt Jane told her to stand up straight and say her "Twinkle, twinkle little star," she just slipped the little ball under her tongue, and began the recitation. But it did not sound anything like what she had read in her book, and certainly it surprised papa, mamma, and her aunt. Of course, it was the little pixie shouting out the words; yet everybody thought it was Nettie herself who was saying—

"Wrinkle, wrinkle, aunt so thin,
Peering eyes and pointed chin;
If at home you'd only stay,
I would be outside at play.
When the house is all asleep,
Underneath the clothes I'll creep;
I shall scream out with a fright
If I see your face tonight."

"Nettie! You awful child! What in the world do you mean saying such things to me, and your dear aunt listening too?" exclaimed her mamma, looking as if she could scarcely believe her own ears, while Aunt Jane and papa stared at her in wide-eyed wonder, both too astonished to speak. Poor Nettie! there was no one more surprised than herself. She had no idea that the little old man could have been so unkind as to make her say such nasty things, and when she opened her mouth again to tell Aunt Jane and mamma all about it, out came more of the nastiest words she had ever heard.

"I'm not talking to you, mamma," said her voice (which was, of course, the old man's in the silver ball). I'm talking to that old person in the armchair. Are you listening, old Aunty teacher?"

"Wrinkle, wrinkle, teacher queen,
Fine we know you're very mean;
Frown at me until you're blue,
See I'm not afriad of you!"

Nettie stopped, and for a moment no one spoke. Papa was the first to get breath enough to gasp out, "The child must be ill." While mamma, speechless with surprise and vexation, buried her face in the sofa cushions, and began to cry.

"Nothing of the kind," snapped Aunt Jane, "it's just what I expected. That impertinent child has been taught to do this—has been trained to do it in fact. Look at her now, making faces and putting out her tongue at me."

Now the truth is poor Nettie was trying to get the little silver ball from under her tongue, but somehow or other she could not manage it, and it was while trying to do this that her aunt imagined that she was making faces at her. She opened her mouth to speak again, and then wished she had not. What she intended to say was: "Oh aunt, it is not me that's speaking, it is a little, horrid, old man in a silver ball under my tongue, and I'm so sorry." That was what she tried to say, but what she did really say (or what everyone thought she said) was: "Oh, go away you thin old shrimp, I do not know why you ever came to worry us here."

This was really more than her listeners could stand. Mamma, papa, and Aunt Jane jumped to their feet, and in an instant Nettie was out through the door, and running down the garden path with all three behind her. She reached the holly tree, thinking that, as the cunning little pixie had changed himself into a silver ball at that spot, he would now change himself back into the little old man, when suddenly—shall I tell you?—she found to her horror she had swallowed him. It was terrible! Too afraid and vexed for anything, she threw herself down on the snow, and bursting into tears, expecting every moment to hear the angry voices of parents and aunt, and to feel herself jerked off the ground and taken indoors to explain her dreadful conduct.

The sound of footsteps came quite close to her as she lay with her face hidden in the snow, and then her mamma's voice, with not the least sign of scolding in it, said "Nettie dear! Nettie, here is your Aunt Jane come to see you. Wake up! There's a good girlie."

Nettie jumped up with a start, and no wonder. Bending over her, looking just as kind and happy as she always did, was her mamma, and kneeling beside her was a pretty young lady, with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, who caught Nettie in her arms, and hugged and kissed her over and over again.

"This is your Aunt Jane, Nettie," said her mother, noticing the poetry book on the parlour floor, "are you going to let her hear you say your 'Twinkle, twinkle little star?' "

Poor Nettie did not answer for a little. She could hardly imagine that she had only been dreaming about the pixie man, and the silver ball, and the nasty things she thought she had said (for you see it was only a dream after all, as she lay in front of a cosy fire), and she still felt half afraid to open her mouth lest some naughty word might fly out in spite of herself.

"Never mind 'Twinkle, twinkle little star,' Nettie," said her aunt, still holding her in her arms, "I did not come to hear you say your lessons, I came for a nice Christmas holiday. And so upstairs you'll come with me, for my boxes are still to unpack, and then when you have seen the toys and doll I have brought you, we'll have the jolliest tea party in the whole world."

Nettie felt too glad to say anything. But she just thought, and thought over and over again, that the little old man was a storyteller, and the meanest, nastiest fairy she had ever seen or read or heard about.

Squirrels, heedless, gnaw the Chestnuts brown;
Man looks Up to see who shook them Down.

THE MAGIC VESSEL

Continued from page 34

Soodalth peeking in, the knowledge came to her at once, and she became so angry she choked.

"Soodalth turned and fled. Presently, however, the wolverine's wife recovered and set off in pursuit, calling to her aid as she ran a whole pack of wolverines from a nearby glade. On the heels of the hurrying maiden they came howling. By dreadful fear made doubly speedy, Soodalth fled; but soon grew despairing when came into view ahead the wide expanse of the river Skeena to block her flight. And now the wolverines were drawing nearer. Soodalth, though now hopeless of escape, still kept on, running along the river bank, doing her very best. After she had run a little way she saw lying in the stream near to the shore a man sitting in a canoe. She halted opposite to him and cried out; 'If you will save me, my father will reward you greatly.' And she gave her father's tribal name, and crest and village. But the boatman paid no heed. She looked back and saw the wolverines rounding a bend not a hundred yards away. The man in the boat was her only hope, so once more she made appeal: 'If you will save me, my father will give you many cedar boxes.' Still the man turned not his head.

Life and safety growing doubly dearer as the wolverines cut down the few scant yards remaining, Soodlath, sure of her wealthy father's generosity, shrieked new offer: 'If you will save me, my father will give you many slaves.

Yet unheeding remained the boatman.

The wolverines were now almost upon her; scarce ten yards away the leader of them ran with gloating yell of triumph. In this moment, horror-filled with thoughts of capture and doubtless death at the hands of the jealous wolverines, perhaps torture wracking and awful beyond words, Soodlath remembered her own beauty, that had charmed both bear and wolverine, and so she called :'Save me, and I will marry you at once.'

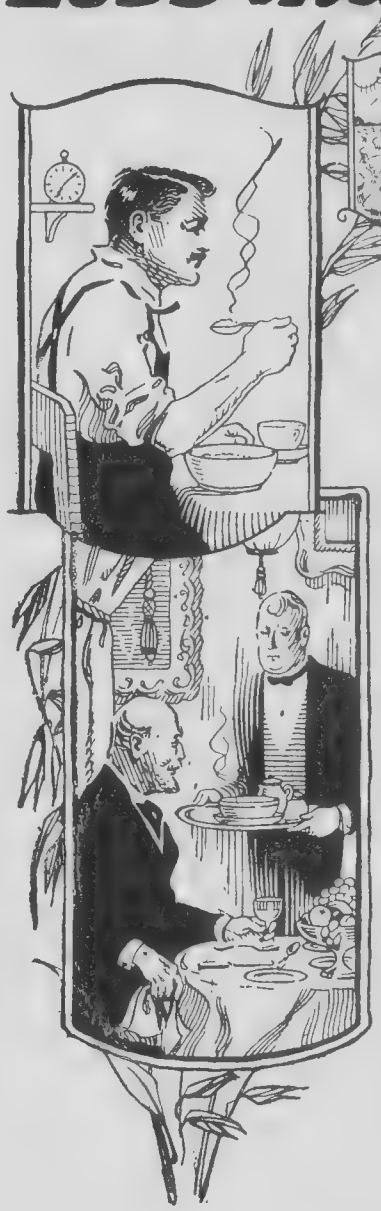
Instantly the boatman turned and beckoned, and Soodlath sprang into the river as the first wolverine leaped to seize her—by a hand's breadth only did he miss her. And now as Soodlath took the first stroke toward the boat she saw a sight most strange and never by her kind ever looked upon before: the boatman touched the side of his craft lightly with his war club which caused a sweet tingling sound. And Soodlath then saw that the boat was made of copper and fine of finish beyond anything ever owned by any of her tribesmen. And immediately after the club touched the copper side, the boat began to move swiftly toward her. Yet the man in it had no paddle, neither was there sail upon it. Into the boat was Soodlath lifted, and the craft went gliding down the river; swiftly, smoothly it slid along. Yet the boatman still no paddle yielded, nor did sail he raise upon it.

In a very short time the Skeena River was left behind and they went out into the salt water of the "Inland Passage," and presently came to the village of Metlakatla, sixty miles away. And all the people of the village saw this strange genius boat of copper bring Soodlath home. And the young man, whose name was, Dzagadeto, joined the tribe, and for many years lived among them, and his boat was faster than the best the tribesmen made, though none but he knew how it went. So you see, there was a power boat among my people long before the white man came, and it never failed to go when badly needed like your boat today," Giamtkwa concluded, smiling at this parting dig at his white friend for his always championing the modern things, and proclaiming the present day's unfailing superiority over the ancient times.

Use for Grass Cuttings

CUTTINGS from the lawn mower, though apparently useless, are well worth saving. Dried thoroughly and used in sofa pillows, they make a soft and fragrant filling. If you keep chickens, dry a supply of the grass for winter; pour boiling water over a portion, and when steamed and cool, put before the fowls. This provides the necessary green food, and is much relished in this form. Or simply dampened and strewn over the floor when ready to sweep, they will collect and prevent dust from flying as nothing else will.

The Right Breakfast—
Less than One Cent



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Janey Canuck on the Drug Traffic

AT a meeting of the Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club on November 2nd Mrs. Emily Murphy, the well-known police magistrate of Edmonton, gave a remarkable address, containing some startling facts on the drug traffic on this continent, which are almost unknown to the majority of people. Mrs. Murphy has been travelling up and down the Dominion, speaking to men and women everywhere, trying to impress them with the gravity of the situation. The following is the story of the drug situation as she finds it, but much has been lost in the telling, as Mrs. Murphy's fire and enthusiasm, her splendid delivery and interesting anecdotes add a great deal to the interest of what she had to say. Mrs. Murphy has given this subject long and careful study, has collected a great deal of statistics, and is therefore in a position to speak on the matter with authority. Her work also as magistrate puts her in close touch with the actual conditions.

It seems that 15 or 16 years ago the use of narcotics in Canada was practically unknown, but during this time, the traffic has grown at an enormous rate. Because of measures taken in the United States, smugglers found it difficult to land the stuff on U.S. shores, but they found Canada asleep, and have been using our country as a smuggling route to the States. Naturally our own country has suffered more on this account. But Canada is waking up. There is a Province that has a Narcotic Act, and that is Manitoba. A realization of conditions is being awakened and it is up to the people to use their vote and get such an act in every Province.

The drug traffic is carried on by rings, local, national, and international. It is a carefully worked out organization, on a system similar to that of an insurance Company. There are agents, commissions, policies, but the agents in this case are called peddlers. These are the ones who have power to give prescriptions and make addicts, and once a peddler gets his strangling hold on a victim, he never lets go. At the head of these rings are many men prominent in banking, men who never see the drugs, but who finance the rings. The profits are enormous.

In 1919 Canada realized that she led the world in the consumption of drugs per capita, and a licency system was introduced such as the states have. This makes the procuring of drugs a little more difficult to the ordinary individual, but the smuggled drugs are coming in in ever-increasing amounts. We cannot spare drugs, as splendid use is being made of them for medicinal purposes, but the illegitimate or underground trade must be stopped.

The figures quoted by Mrs. Murphy, showing the hold that drugs are getting on the Anglo-Saxon race will arouse every right thinking person. In the European countries last year from 1 to 3 grains was the average amount consumed per capita. In this country the shameful total was 72 grains per capita. It is a terrible thought that such an execrable thing should be the means of destroying the Anglo-Saxon race. The U.S. government at Washington state that over there they have two million drug addicts! In the United Kingdom last year, with a population of 67,000,000 there were 60,000,000 drug prescriptions issued!

A short time ago a free clinic was held in the States by two prominent doctors, in the hope that a cure might be found, but the result was most appalling. Of 3,000 addicts treated, not one was cured. Not long ago it was believed that if a drug fiend had his drugs taken away entirely he would die, but this has been found to be untrue. There is only one cure, and that is the "immediate-withdrawal cure" but of all who are believed cured, 90% go back. So that there is really no cure, except for 10% and that is really a matter of will power, and the peddler makes it his business to have the stuff ready at any sign of weakening.

One of the points that Mrs. Murphy particularly emphasized was the fact that "one third of all addicts are in their teens, ruined for life in their development, and no cure. Isn't that second-hand murder? Sometimes when I see these boys and girls looking into the face of death and hell, and no cure, I wonder if it wouldn't be better to put their backs up against a wall and shoot them!"

Everywhere that Mrs. Murphy has been speaking, she has been asked "Is it true that we have the drug traffic because of the prohibition of liquor?" She says most emphatically, no. In the first place, there has been a steady growth of the use of drugs for the past 15 or 16 years, long before prohibition. Then again, one third of the addicts are in their teens, before they get the alcoholic habit. Also, a questionnaire recently sent out in the U.S. to determine this question, shows overwhelmingly that narcotics are not a substitute for liquor. An entirely different class of people are users of the two stimulants. The two are never used together, as this produces a very painful palpitation of the heart.

The chief narcotic used in this country is cocain, which produces an effect of exhileration. Morphine, a terrible drug derived from opium, is becoming more common. When these addicts are arrested, they are found to have the most fearful things in their possession—nitroglycerine, strychnine, dionin, to mix with cocain. No wonder that they sometimes drop dead, and it is generally attributed to "heart failure" though a large percentage of these so called "heart failures" are really causes of narcotic poisoning.

We have a drug problem because we have drugs. There is just one solution to the drug problem, and that is international disarmament. In this there is every hope if we will but work, for the drug trade is controlled almost entirely by England. "England has always done the right thing," says Mrs. Murphy, "and I am sure she will do the right thing now." Nearly all the opium production is in India. Some is raised in Persia, but India is the big centre. In India last year 1,273 tons of opium was produced. Three tons is all that are required for the world's annual supply, and yet 1,273 tons were raised last year. In the year 1921, just before the war, a convention met in Europe in connection with the suppression of the drug traffic. England, who has a revenue of a million dollars from this trade was asked to give it up — and England said she would if Persia would also. Then the war came on, and nothing was done.

To quote again, "The production must be stopped. We can do it. There are enough women in this hall to supply the dynamo. Women can get anything they want if they go hard enough at it. If we line up to save Canada and the Anglo-Saxon race, we need not mind if people try to hurt us—We must form leagues and get data. We must arouse interest. With interest comes devotion, and when women of Western Canada get going, something must move."

"No fight is so great that we cannot conquer and kill if we will. Let us then in this contest, join head and heart and hand, active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight of science, freedom and the truth."

THE RAINBOW'S TREASURE

I think at the foot of the rainbow,
where they say there is wealth
untold—
Should I travel away, by night and
day
O'er that mystery trail of old,
Till I came to the shining, beautiful
placed where the sunshine and
raindrops meet,
At the start of the sky, the rim of the
world, where dreams come true
and sweet—
Should I find the wealth that is greater
far, than all that the world can
hold,
It would be, in the light of the brightest
star, a friend like you,—not gold.

Emily Kathleen McLaren.

One tried and true recipe for happiness is simple enough, "Make everybody about you as happy as you can." The beauty of that is that it can be tried anywhere under any conditions, beginning at the present place and moment.

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Christmas Toys for the Children

By Lereine Ballantyne

THERE are two classes of people one cannot forgive—those who do not trim a tree for the kiddies at Christmas, and those who overtrim one. I do not mean overtrim it with pretty glittering ornaments, providing of course you have them, but overload it with expensive useless toys.

Not many people belong to the first group. A few perhaps will plead hard times, which is really no excuse, for I would trim my child a tree if I had to take a big branch of maple and wind it with green paper. If I had no other ornaments I would tie it with gaudy tissue paper bows, pin on a nickel's worth of cotton wadding for snow, and add another nickel's worth of candles. If it only cost twenty-five cents it would be a tree, a magical wonderful tree, and candy would come from somewhere I am sure, as there are few little ones forgotten at this generous season, even in back-settlements. With little effort their little hearts can be made *so* happy.

The boys belonging to a certain woman in the country went out to the bush last winter and cut down a beautiful big ever-green tree, and, do you know, she told me she was too busy to get it put up or trimmed. Every bit of respect I had for her melted like last winter's snow. I shouldn't be at all surprised if she had not spent days and days preparing gifts for friends, possibly for the children also; but think of the excitement lost by handing a child a gift without the yule-tree back of it. Not only did she cheat herself of happiness now, but twenty years hence there are going to be memories when Christmas comes—will they be memories of a wonderful home, a tree, and the magic that only a mother's hands can create?

For those straight-laced individuals who ban the Santa Claus story on the grounds that it is, almost, prevarication, the tree should be trimmed to hold the surprise contained in the gifts till Christmas morning. Then, sitting around it, preferably in the evening, the Christmas stories can be told, and the great story of the day repeated of the Christ-Child who brought the spirit of generosity into the world.

Now for the over-trimmed tree. Last year a well-to-do business man took great pride in loading his little five-year-old daughter with the most expensive toys he could purchase, and made a display that many people came to see. Naturally the child derived much pleasure from the collection—especially showing them off. About a week later an old friend of the family came with a modest little doll carriage she had purchased for her. Imagine the embarrassment of the parents and the disappointment of the donor when the child turned up her nose and said she did not want it; she had a better one. She had received her first great lesson upon her mind which probably will never be erased, and I doubt if the parents took the trouble to erase it.

There are many inexpensive toys that bring great happiness to a child, also a great number that can be made at home.

It is interesting and fascinating to choose toys and books, etc., for children and watch the manner in which they are used. Usually the thing you are most enthusiastic over, and on which you prided yourself in the choice, is often laid aside. Then, again, some silly trivial article that you picked up haphazard is pounced upon with wild delight, and holds the honored place for weeks.

An incident like this happened two years ago. Grandmother brought the young idol a splendid pair of rocking-horses. Unfortunately his feet would not reach the foot rest at the front, and a board was procured and laid upon it. Just when they were about to nail it in the proper place Sonny pounced upon it, and refused to have it fastened to the rockers. In the ensuing weeks the board gave him far more pleasure then the rocker itself, for he found endless delight in fitting it on and taking it off the rocker, much to the disappointment of grandmother, who thought he should sit in it and rock incessantly.

Gathering mistletoe and holly for Christmas time

Building blocks, little tin whistles and horns (the more noise they make the better) are appreciated by the toddlers, but of course there is no accounting for taste. This is one way the father and mother have of developing the right kind of taste in children, only please do not cultivate the expensive taste, for an excess of gifts stifles the beautiful well of appreciation concealed in the human heart. Let us be humble, for no matter how much we have, remember the Christ-Child received the gifts of the World in a manger.

TO AN OLD FRIEND

BED, whereon I nightly rest,
Substitute for mother's breast,
True, unfailing friend,
Neath thy snowy coverlet,
All past evils I forget,
Nor new one apprehend.

Here I dream in visions sweet,
Here loved poems I repeat,
Vainly wooing sleep;
Answers to life's problems find,
Tangled threads of thought unwind,
Here, unseen may weep.

Still support me on that day
When the watchers round me say
Softly, "She is gone!"
When my fettered soul is free,
May my body rest on thee,
Though its life is done.

Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

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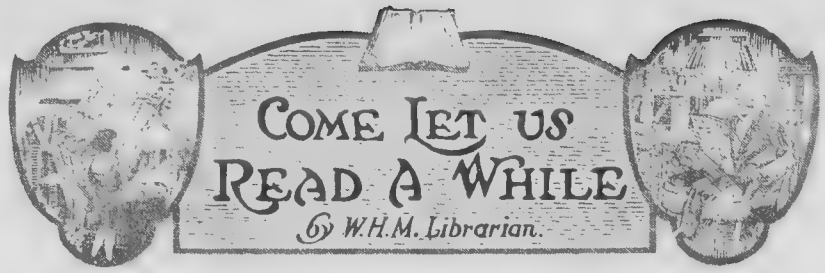

A National Literature

AS I sit writing this page, Professor Arthur Phelps, of Winnipeg, is addressing an audience on Canadian Poetry. His is but one of the many addresses arranged to take place during the Canadian Book Week. From coast to coast, those who have made a study of Canadian fiction, or of Canadian poetry, or of any phase of Canadian literature, are telling what they know, in order to arouse an active, lasting interest in Canadian books. May their efforts meet with the greatest success. No nation can attain to spiritual strength until it has a literature through which its soul is mirrored. And the reverse is also true, namely, that, until books in the aggregate do mirror the soul of the nation which produces them, these books fail to be literature. To what books should we turn in the hope of finding the foundation stones of a Canadian Literature? Surely not in the type of fiction so tremendously popular—in mystery stories, in the wild adventures of cowboys and villains in impossible romances where life is so distorted one thinks that the author must be living at the antipodes, writing as it were, when standing on his head. And yet, it is quite possible for novelists to take a hand in the building up of a national literature. Novels that not only tell a story but at the same time faithfully portray national characteristics, national sentiments, and describe with vividness, localities definitely ours—such novels, I think, belong to the literature of the country. There comes immediately to mind that novel by Miss Sime, entitled "Our Little Life." This is literature. It gives us insight into the effect a small eastern town in Canada, has upon a young Englishman. We see ourselves—or rather part of our nation, as Robert saw us. .... To see ourselves as others see us! This is the duty of the writer who would live: to interpret the national soul to the individual of the nation. "Our Little Life" (I wrote of it many months ago) does not belong to the 1922 harvest from the literary fields of Canada. But because it is such an example of a nationally-sinewed novel, I have mentioned it again.

But is there, you may well ask, no novel of this year's publication that ranks with "Our Little Life?" Frankly there is not. Or rather let me say, frankly, such a one has not come my way. There may be. I may have been so unfortunate as too miss it. I could not, of course, within the limits of this chat, tell you of all the Canadian books published during the year now drawing to a close. Nor would this be necessary, because I have, month by month, told you about the most important publications, always making a point of dealing at length with any books written by our own authors. So let us turn to the pile of books now on my desk, each a Canadian contribution. I will mention them in the order in which they happen to be lying.

The Late Marjorie Pickthall

FIRST, there is a slender volume, beautifully printed, bound and illustrated, entitled "The Wood Carver's Wife." It is a collection of poems by the gifted Marjorie Pickthall, who unfortunately did not live to see them published. ("The Wood Carver's Wife," published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.) There are some very lovely lyrics in this collection, as well as the intensely dramatic poem which gives its title to the book. With this volume added to those written previously, upon the welcoming bookshelves in Canadian homes, Marjorie Pickthall's immortality

A Vancouver Poet

TO keep it company, is a second volume of poems by another gifted Canadian poetess, Isabelle Ecclestone Mackay. ("Fires of Driftwood." Toronto, McClelland and Stewart.) Mrs. Mackay who lives at the coast, has the true lyrical gift. Her poems have a singing quality and a universal appeal. There is joy in store for all who read "Fires of Driftwood."

For Our Quiet Moments

THIRD in the pile is "The Drama of Life," by Thos. H. Mitchell, with an introduction by Canada's Nellie McClung. (Toronto, Thomas Allen.) This is not a work of fiction but a companion for our reflective moments, when the mood for spiritual stimulation is upon us. Mr. Mitchell has taken for the text of these discourses the lines from Shakespeare:

"And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages."

And so he talks, in a direct, forceful language, of "Infancy," "Childhood," "Youth," "Manhood," "Middle Age," "Old Age" and "Second Childhood."

To quote Nellie McClung, who heard Mr. Mitchell deliver these discourses. "The addresses flashed upon us with all the charm of a bed of red geraniums in the turn of a dusty road. They comforted us as a wood fire on a raw November night. And when we came away it seemed as though a well-beloved friend had tarried with us awhile and had gladdened us with delightful companionship."

Canada, The Beautiful

WHAT have we here in its handsome cover of purple and jade? "Canadian Cities of Romance," by Katherine Hale. (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart.) This is a delightful volume of cleverly written sketches, vivid portraitures of our Canadian cities as they appear to the eyes of a poet. For Katherine Hale is, as doubtless you all know, a poet of great distinction. No one reading this prose book of hers could fail to detect the voice of the poet. Listen to this litle bit about Quebec:

"Like some beautiful old native song there is hidden in her, quaint repetitions and the racial themes that link her, decade by decade, with the past and the present. She has been the priceless subject of many a picture, song and story. Most pictures reflect the tones of spring and summer, when the St. Lawrence runs deep blue and the Laurentians are wrapped in purple."

This delightful book, a book one would like to send across the seas to a friend who has never stepped on Canadian soil, has been illustrated by Dorothy Stevens. The illustrations add to the beauty of the text.

A Trio of Novels

NOW I come to three novels written by Canadians and published just in time for Canadian Book Week. Robert Stead, the well known novelist, has given us "Neighbors." (Toronto, The Musson Book Co.) Viewed in some lights this novel has the characteristics of the nationally-sinewed novel about which I have just spoken. It portrays faithfully the characters of young Canadians living on the broad prairies of Alberta. It is somewhat of a chronicle of Canadian life in those parts, and as such is more than a mere story with which to while away an hour or so in pleasurable relaxation.

Canon Bertal Heeny, of Winnipeg, has written a simple wholesome tale that could be put into the hands of any young folk with the pure knowledge

COME LET US READ AWHILE

Continued from page 56

influence. This story of home life in a Canadian family is called "D'Arcy Conyers," and tells of the fall and redemption of a human soul. (Musson, Toronto.)

The noted Canadian, Sir Gilbert Parker has written another novel. "Carnac's Folly" (Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.) is a most exciting story of two men, father and son, who strange to say, are most antagonistic to each other. Carnac, the son of John Greer, a Canadian lumber king, is a fine character who struggles desperately against the consequences of his folly—struggles and wins. Then one learns why Carnac has an instinctive dislike of his father. The province of Quebec, with the swirling river and heroic lumber men form the vigorous background to this strong and well told romance.

For The Little Folks

TEACHERS and parents will be glad to hear of a little book, by the Reverend Doctor Henry, entitled "Little Foxes." (Toronto. Thomas Allen). These five-minute stories for boys and girls were given at Dr. Henry's Sunday morning services. So successful were they in holding the attention and arousing the interest of the children that they have been put into book form to appeal to a wider circle of readers than the one Sunday School class could command. The popular novelist, Ralph Connor, says of this book:

"I venture to say that hosts of people, especially little people and those who think little people worth while, will come to know and love Dr. Henry because of his 'Little Foxes.'"

"There's A Long, Long Trail A-Winding"

WHAT could be more fitting than to close the brief review of new Canadian publications with a reference to a volume by Frederick Philip Grove, "Over Prairie Trails." (Toronto. McClelland and Stewart.) This splendidly turned-out book gives the author's experience and impressions of his drives over prairie trails. Seventy-two drives in all were made by this ardent lover of the out-of-doors. From the heart of the prairie to the fringe of the great northern timber expanse, he went. Weird and dangerous and full of adventure were his drives. He tells of them after the manner of a philosophic lover of nature, keenly observant of all her ways and moods.

Your Holiday Trip

It is not too early to plan now your trip to Eastern Canada or Europe. When going east to visit your friends or make business calls, travel by the "Continental Limited" between Winnipeg and Montreal and enjoy the maximum of travel comfort. This train operates over the Canadian National Railway lines from Winnipeg to Cochrane, the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario from Cochrane to North Bay, Canadian National Railways from North Bay to Ottawa and the Grand Trunk from Ottawa to Montreal, connecting at the latter point with the Maritime Express for St. John and Halifax.

The "Continental Limited's" trip between the Manitoba Capital and the Metropolitan City of the east is one of 1,372 miles. The departure from Winnipeg is from the Union Station at 10:50 a.m. daily, and Cochrane is reached the following noon.

The "Continental Limited" threads the rich district served by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, including the Cobalt Silver Camp and the Timagami Forest Reserve, arriving at the capital city "Ottawa" the second morning at 6:40 a.m., and reaching Montreal at 9:55 a.m., connecting with the Maritime Express leaving Montreal at 10:45 a.m. daily for Halifax.

For full particulars and reservations apply to any agent of the Canadian

The Free Press Has A Birthday

ON November 9th, the Manitoba Free Press celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a special issue — a remarkably interesting supplement dealing in a breezy way with conditions around Winnipeg in 1872. The Free Press was born in, and brought up with Winnipeg, and the prairie west of which Manitoba was the first confederated province. Of all the newspapers of that romantic post-colonial yesterday when the city of Winnipeg was the railroadless and prairie bounded village of Winnipeg, the Free Press is the sole survivor. The Free Press had many staunch friends to wish them well when their first press started working in 1872. Many of these old-timers are still with us and they, together with many thousands of newer friends, will very heartily wish the Free Press continued prosperity.

Christmas Trees

I have seen the apples swinging rosy red,
And cherries hanging with their ruby hue;
I have marvelled at the beauty of the trees,
Stretching their arms to heaven's azure blue.
But oh! the cedar reigns above them all.
In magic it is king of all the trees–
It carries the green banner of the spring
Through all the frost and snow of winter-breeze:
Till when the bells ring out the festal season,
And wakens altruistic love divine,
Then far and wide men seek the fair green cedar
To offer up at childhood's holy shrine.
Then wondrous are the hangings of the cedar,
When branches bear the gleaming lights and toys.
And oh! the harvest that the wee hands gather—
When God alone, can measure childhood's joys.

Lereine Ballantyne.

Memory

Memory, thou art like a boat
Upon a wide, calm bay afloat—
A bay well sheltered from the sea
Where few but softest winds reach thee.
So far away thy white sails seem,
As vague and unreal as a dream;
Appearing, disappearing, evermore
Thou followest the outline of the shore;
Around each cape and inlet winding,
Sometimes pausing, treasure finding;
Though take my all from me
I will find my pleasure in thee.
Memory, solace of my heart,
Never from my soul depart;
On its waters wide and deep,
Float, and sail, and ever keep.
All the treasures left behind
On the shores of heart and mind
Keep thou still upon my track,
I am ever looking back
Where they sails so tranquil lie,
Drifting slow against the sky.
Sunlight-gilded is thy prow;
O'er thy flower-wreathed bow
Lean dear faces from the past;
All my hopes and joys thou hast;
Griefs and sorrows known of old
Have no place within thy hold.
When my feet can walk no more
Wearily along the shore,
Thou wilt overtake at last
One with face turned towards the past.

M. V. Jones.

My Palace

Did Ahab build his house of ivory?
How round each airy arch and casement clomb
The ancient sun, and kissed caressingly
The quaintly chiselled cheek of spire and dome.
More beauteous here I've built my palace-home,
Born of the breath of quiet reverie,
Sweet shaped of song and fancy, fondly come
Upon the tuneful wings of poesy.
What joys and griefs these walls to beauty move;
What hopes their trembling turrets point above;
What pageants of this heart's unuttered things
Shape aisle, and arch, and ivory throne of love,
Where earth, adoring, ageless homage brings,
Circling my soul with courts more fair than kings.

Dudley H. Anderson

Some of the Best of The Season's Books

God's Green Country
By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN
Here is a thoroughly new Canadian story, as fresh as newly-picked daisies, depicting rural conditions as they are still in some sections, but showing how these can be improved through healthy, sane methods. With it all is a stirring and healthy love story which carries the interest right to the end. $2.00.

Christmas Outside of Eden
By CONINGSBY DAWSON
Dawson's name also carries a good deal of sales value with it. This is a delightful Christmas fantasy which will be pleasing and can be recommended to anyone. $1.25.

Peregrine's Progress
By JEFFERY FARNOL
This is a real "Broad Highway" type of novel, even including one or two characters of the former book. It will be his nearest approach to the original and should be correspondingly popular. $2.00

The Amazing Inheritance
By FRANCES R. STERRETT
Here is a book full of laughter, jollity, mirth-provoking situations and the wholesomeness for which Miss Sterrett's work is famous. $2.00

Nobody's Girl
By HECTOR MALOT
Little folks, young people and grownups who read the same author's "Nobody's Boy" a few years ago will jump at the chance of getting another one like it, and this one is very similar. It has made just as strong an impression in France as the former book and is just as charming in every way. $1.75.

The Man in the Twilight
By RIDGWELL CULLUM
The scene of this novel, undoubtedly the finest the author has yet written, is laid in the forest, among the toilers in two great pulp industries, with the hero in one camp and the heroine in the rival one, and the figure of the mysterious man in the twilight weaving a weird and strange influence over the chief actors. There is abundance of wild excitement and adventure, passion and romance. $2.00

Viola Gwyn
By GEO. BARR McCUTCHEON
Here is another typical McCutcheon story, this one centering around the Black Hawk War early in the 19th century. Viola, as is to be expected, is beautiful, whimsical, mysterious. The other characters are accordingly characteristic. McCutcheon has not previously written a more fascinating story. $2.00.

Charles Rex
By ETHEL M. DELL
Literary critics who have been sometimes rather reticent over Miss Dell's work, are enthusiastic over this new one, which is said to be by long odds the strongest novel she has ever written. $2.00.

Ovington's Bank
By STANLEY J. WEYMAN
Even in his "Gentleman of France," which had a tremendous sale, Mr. Weyman did not write so good a novel as he has done this time. Your customers will know the type. $2.00.

Get these from your Bookseller, or from

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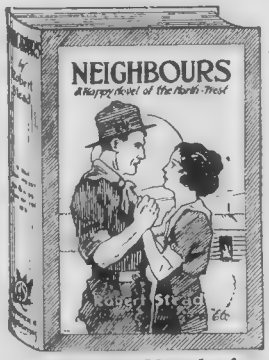
"NEIGHBOURS"



A Happy Novel of the Northwest

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The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

The Problem of a Career

A SUBSCRIBER in the Province of Alberta writes to us as follows: "I have been an interested reader of your articles in the W. H. M., 'The Young Man and His Problem,' and have decided to write asking your advice on certain matters.

"I am a young man, twenty-two years old, have an eighth grade education and am engaged in farming with my father. We are not wealthy, my father having just purchased his farm a few years ago. He advises me to buy a quarter section near him this fall and continue farming. I have a few hundred dollars of my own but although I do not dislike farming, I have no desire to make this my life work.

"I would like to become a journalist or a doctor. Could you please inform me how much a course in surgery and medicine would cost? Would it be possible to borrow money of the college and pay it back as I begin practice? Concerning journalism, I would like to study this at home and write stories in my spare time, as I always stood high in my examinations on composition in school and have always wished to write. I believe I could be successful in this field of work.

"Please give me your advice as I am desirous of beginning my life work as soon as possible."

Comments

We have written our correspondent direct, but his letter is reproduced because of the importance of the problem that it presents. Shrewd business judgment would suggest that our reader should continue in the work with which he is most familiar, yet it is true that many of our successful men have been stirred by just such ambitions and have left agricultural pursuits to struggle in other fields of achievement.

As a rule, a young man who has not a college education should not wait until he is twenty-two before planning certain definite steps in his career, as there is the possibility of his having great difficulty in adapting himself to work of an entirely different nature to that to which he has been accustomed. Unless, too, great scholastic ability is present, it is not feasible for a young man of the age mentioned to enter upon a professional career which, as a minimum preliminary, requires a matriculation standing. There have, of course, been exceptions, but the difficulty of preparing for the examinations after a long absence from school, with, too, but slender financial resources, should not be under-estimated.

Some universities do advance from a special fund some slight financial assistance during a certain period of the course, but not nearly enough to provide for such a case as the one under consideration.

In journalism, our correspondent might meet with more chances of success, but here as well, no hasty step should be taken. The field should be surveyed carefully first of all and certain magazines approached with contributions, so that some experience might be secured that would indicate the qualifications needed.

Dr. Charles R. Barrett, an employment and vocational guidance specialist says that a friend of his maintains that the great majority of workers are round pegs in square holes. A change of work might fit them into their proper places. He adds, however, "I don't favor encouraging young men to leave their native villages and farms for the great industrial centres; yet we must admit that the ambitious young man living in a small town is in a peculiar predicament. If he wants to go into law or medicine, engineering or business, he will want broader training than he can get at home. But if he's bound to one town or neighborhood by ties not easily broken, it will be useless for him to put money and time into training for a position that will take him away from home."

The whole problem is one of importance that confronts many young men of the West and we shall be glad to hear from our readers concerning their own experiences and ideas.

Boys and their Ambitions

WE are pleased to learn that the lady subscribers find occasional items of interest on the Problem page. An Ontario teacher writes that she is making use of the page in connection with the work of senior students and makes inquiry concerning the suitability of certain books for a boy of sixteen. "If you should recommend them," she writes, " for a boy of this age, I have in mind one of my most ambitious boys who might benefit by reading them."

The information desired has been mailed direct. If other readers are making any special use of this page, we should like to hear from them.

Effective Direct Advertising

TO the young, and older, business men who read this page, the publication of a new book of the above title will prove of interest. Effective Direct Advertising is written by Robert E. Ramsay, who has held many important offices in direct advertising work and who was recently president of the Direct Mail Advertising Association.

Every phase of direct advertising is briefly and lucidly explained. Whether you advertise by individual sales letters or use a million broadsides; whether you are a wholesaler in a city or a merchant in a country town, you will find within the pages of this new book the most modern information available on the subject of securing more business by letters and circulars.

The book shows exactly how to prepare all forms of circular matter, including the details of type, paper, printing, folding, etc.; outlines methods of securing and compiling mailing lists, keeping them in order and recording returns. It tells how to plan and carry out a campaign and how to analyze and write advertisements and copy. The publishers are Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, of New York, and the book is one of a series that they are publishing in the interests of better business. It is strongly and attractively bound, and freely illustrated with half-tone cuts. It includes also many specimen letters that have been used successfully by wholesalers and retailers in securing more business and in holding business already secured.

For Consideration

WHAT is your opinion on the following problems? Spend a little time on each and note your ideas—for or against—in the margin.

1. Most of the radicalism of the present day represents the defensive reactions of inadequates who are afraid of facing their own personal problems.
2. The second or third generation is slated by fate to dissipate the accumulations of the first.
3. The number of organizations seeking to eliminate the middleman is growing continually.
4. A large part of the crimes committed by youths in these days can be traced to the "movies."
5. The scope of our public schools has grown far beyong the original purpose.
6. The farmers are as much entitled as the railroads to a guaranteed return on their investments.
7. The chief end of education is the making of a man.
8. Nothing artificial can long endure.
9. No sentence will hold the whole truth.
10. There is no lack of opportunity for heroic action in everyday life.
11. The success of a modern business is measured in terms of its service to society.
12. Preparation for war increases the probability of war.
13. Modern man is a slave to the god of efficiency.
14. Most of the differences between men concern means not ends.
15. The most theoretical researches often prove to be the most practical ones.

This is the debating season and it is possible that some of our readers may find material for debates among the topics listed.

The Privilege of Language

A GREAT writer gave it as his opinion that one of the privileges we use the most and value the least is that of language. The same thought is emphasized by a writer in the New York Tribune who gives a sample of conversation heard on a fast train, the Congressional Limited.

Seen this new show?
What show's that?
The Better 'Ole.
The Better what?
'Ole. The Better 'Ole. The Better 'Ole.
'Ole?
Sure. The Better 'Ole.
What's 'Ole?
Hole. See? The Better Hole, really. English. Leavin' off the H. Hole— 'Ole. See?
Oh, the Better 'Ole. eh?
Sure. Better 'Ole.
No. I haven't seen it. What kind of a show is it?
Kind of a war play—comedy—all that stuff. Great!
That so?
Sure. Kind of a war play, only not so serious. Comedy. Great show.
That so?
Sure. Darned funny. Kind of a war play, but funny at the same time.
Have to take that in, I guess.
Darned funny show.

A Lesson in Economics.

ALTHOUGH many books have been written in recent years on the subject of economics, few have given such a picturesque statement of the economic status of those who work for their living as a French writer of the past century, Frederic Bastiat.

Economics has been defined as the science of the useful application of the wealth or material resources of a country, and is of particular interest at this time to Canadians in the midst of their problems of debt and development.

In order to do justice to the importance of the subject, we are quoting very fully from M. Bastiat's work, written in 1850.

"Rousseau has said: 'Much philosophy is wanted for the correct observation of things which are before our eyes.' And such are the social phenomena in the midst of which we live and move. Habit has so familiarized us with these phenomena that we cease to observe them, unless something striking and exceptional forces them on our attention.

Let us take by way of illustration, a man in the humble walks of life—a village carpenter, for instance, and observe the various services he rendres to society, and receives from it; we shall not fail to be struck with the enormous disproportion which is apparent.

This man employes his day's labor in planing boards, and making tables and chests of drawers. He complains of his condition; yet, in truth, what does he receive from society in exchange for his work?

First of all, on getting up in the morning, he dresses himself; and he has himself personally made none of the numerous articles of which his clothing consists. Now, in order to put at his disposal this clothing, simple as it is, an enormous amount of labor, industry, and locomotion, and many ingenious inventions, must have been employed. Americans must have produced cotton, Indians indigo, Frenchmen wool and flax, Brazilians hides; and all these materials must have been transported to various towns where they have been worked up, spun, woven, dyed, etc.

Then he breakfasts. In order to procure him the bread which he eats every morning, land must have been cleared, enclosed, labored, manured, sown; the fruits of the soil must have been preserved with care from pillage, and security must have reigned among an innumerable multitude of people; the wheat must have been cut down, ground into flour, kneaded and prepared; iron, steel, wood, stone, must have been converted by industry into instruments of labor; some men must have employed animal force, others water power, etc., all matters, of which each, taken singly, presupposes a mass of labor, whether we have regard to space or time, of incalculable amount.

In the course of the day, this man will have occasion to use sugar, oil, and various other materials and utensils.

He sends his son to school, there to receive an education, which, though limited, nevertheless implies anterior study and research, and an extent of knowledge which startles the imagination.

He goes out. He finds the street paved and lighted.

A neighbor goes to law with him. He finds advocates to plead his cause, judges to maintain his rights, officers of justice to put the sentence into execution; all of which implies acquired knowledge, and, consequently, intelligence and means of subsistence.

He goes to church. It is a stupendous monument, and the book which he carries thither is a monument, perhaps still more stupendous, of human intelligence. He is taught morals, he has his mind enlightened, his soul elevated; and in order to do this we must suppose that another man had previously frequented schools and libraries, consulted all the sources of human learning, and while so employed had been able to live without occupying himself directly with the wants of the body.

If our artisan undertakes a journey he finds that, in order to save himself time and exertion, other men have removed and levelled the soil, filled up valleys, hewed down mountains, united the banks of rivers, diminished friction, placed wheeled carriages on blocks of sandstone or bands of iron, and brought the force of animals and the power of steam into subjection to human wants.

It is impossible not to be struck with the measureless disproportion which exists between the enjoyments which this man derives from society and what he could obtain by his own unassisted exertions. I venture to say that in a single day he consumes more than he could himself produce in ten centuries.

What renders the phenomenon still more strange is, that all other men are in the same situation. Every individual member of society has absorbed millions of times more than he could himself produce; yet there is no mutual robbery. And, if we regard things more nearly, we perceive that the carpenter has paid, in services, for all the services which others have rendered to him. If we bring the matter to a strict reckoning, we shall be convinced that he has received nothing which he has not paid for by means of his modest industry; and that everyone who, at whatever interval of time or space, has been employed in his service, has received, or will receive, his remuneration.

The social mechanism, then, must be very ingenious and very powerful, since it leads to this singular result, that each man, even he whose lot is cast in the humblest condition, has more enjoyment in one day than he could himself produce in many ages."

To the young men—A Merry Christmas, and a full measure of success for 1923.

THOUGHTS about HOME

Continued from page 23

to serve seven years in prison. And John Morley, in his advancing years, assumes the financial responsibilities for the entire amount, becoming a member of the House of Lords, to which step he had a great repugnance, in order that the name of John Morley might shine bright, clear and clean his salary as cabinet minister being laid on the altar of honor and conscience year after year. It is hard to forgive an indiscreet youth for clouding over the closing days of a life so noble.

What disloyalty to the home life and all the genius of true happiness occurs when the "head of the house," so called comes staggering home in a pitiful condition of intoxication, inflamed with drink, submerged with filth, and robed in a species of wrath as near a dangerous type of insanity as can be found in all the experiences of ordinary social intercourse. Here is a unique description of the thing we are trying to depict: "The papers have just recorded the story of a woman who resolved that her husband should know his appearance when he was drunk. She knew well enough, and needed not that any should tell her; her children also knew by sad experience; but the man himself had a very imperfect idea of the state of the case. So once, when he came home inebriated and fell into a maudlin slumber, she sent for the photographer and had her husband photographed as he sat in his chair. When the photograph was laid beside the husband's plate at breakfast next morning, it was a revelation, The sobered man experienced a decidedly new sensation. There was no need of explanation; explanation was unnecessary. There was no possibility of contradiction, and no room for argument. It was said that the convicted man had the sense and courage to reform."

THERE is one outstanding character, in the history of the home, who calls for a descriptive paragraph or two at this particular point in the development of our theme, namely the person who is absolutely indifferent to parental love and affection. Here is a pathetic scene from the life of George III which will illustrate just what I mean: "This was his favorite amongst all his children; of his sons, he loved the Duke of York best. Burney tells a sad story of the poor old man at Weymouth, and how eager he was to have his darling son with him. The king's house was not big enough to hold the prince; and his father had a portable house erected close to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick should be near him. He clung on his arm all the time of his visit; talked to no one else; had talked to no one else for some time before. The prince, so long expected, stayed but a single night. He had business in London the next day, he said. The dullness of the old king's court stupefied the Duke of York and the other big sons of George III. They scared equerries and ladies, frightened the modest little circle with their coarse spirits and loud talk. Of little comfort, indeed, were the king's sons to the king."

I saw an eclipse, one day,—a total eclipse of the sun. The sky was there, the sun was there, the light was there, the universe was there—all remained the same but the eclipse had cast a shadow over all. But a deeper shadow had fallen upon the home of the famous inventor and promoter Cyrus W. Field, who laid the cable which brought two continents together, when he exclaimed in his dying hour: "My home is destroyed—oh that my boy had turned out differently!"

We have reserved our last exhortation for the careless youth who flings a blight over the old homestead by his careless habits and his wandering ways. D. L. Moody remarked, one day, that he knew twelve men in the city of Philadelphia, who would give $200,000 a piece if their sons could be redeemed to honor, sobriety and industry. Ah, Moody was always looking for the prodigals. There had been one in his own home, in the early days; and thus he tells the story. These are his words—"The first thing I remember is the death of my own father; I was four years of age. My mother was soon taken sick, and my eldest brother ran away from home about the same time. Troubles never come singly. Day after day mother would send us one and a half miles to the post office for letters from my runaway brother. She would often say: 'Oh could I hear that he was dead, it would be such a relief to me.' It seemed as if she loved him more then the rest of us. I remember hearing her pray past midnight 'Oh God, bring back my boy. Bring him back, wherever he is.' She used to leave a vacant chair at the table for him. I can remember how her hair turned gray Before I was a Christian I used to pray: 'Send back that boy.' One day a stranger was seen coming up the hill. He came and stood on the porch outside the window, with arms folded, looking at mother. She said, 'Oh, my son, is it possible you have come home? Come in.' 'No mother', he said, 'Not until you forgive me'. She rushed to his arms and forgave him!"

A Great Woman Novelist

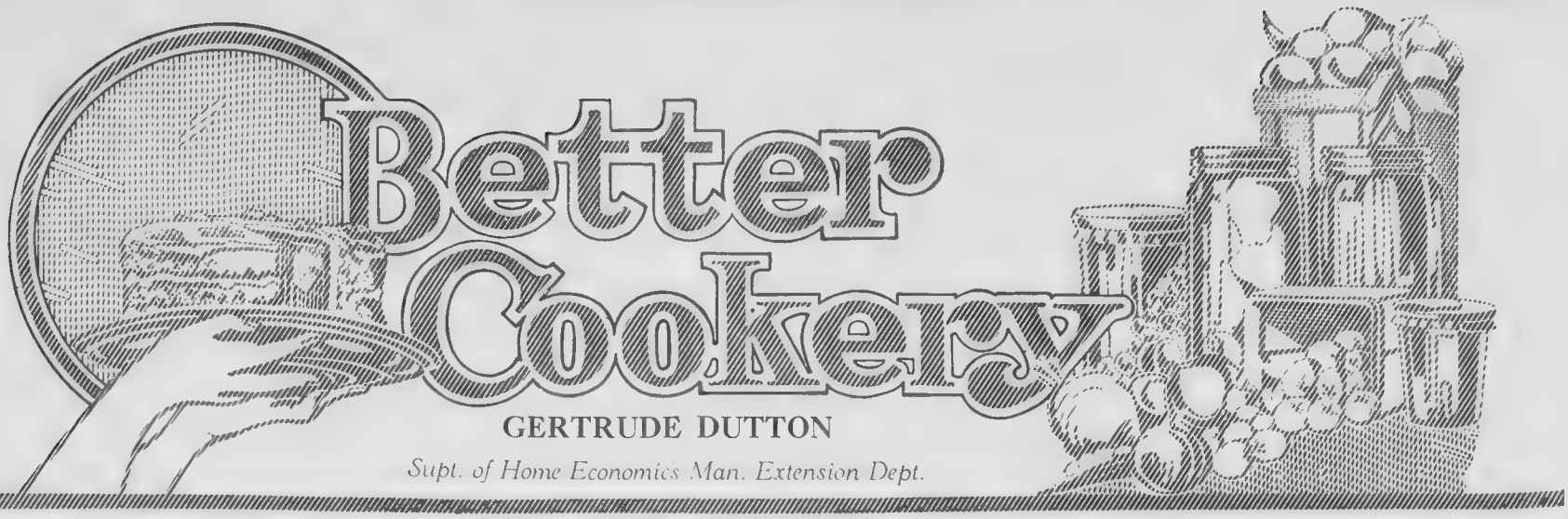
Continued from page 26

life, full of pure loveliness and humour of the finest character. It is the story of a humble weaver, belonging to a small dissenting community, somewhere in the back streets of a manufacturing town; the story of a lone bewildered man, shut out from his kind, whose trust in all things, human and divine, has been shattered by faithless love and a false friend. Living alone,he becomes possessed with an all-engrossing passion for hoarding gold, till one night the accumulation of years suddenly disappears from its hiding-place, and in its stead appears the startling apparition of a golden haired child The gradual reawakening of love in the desolate heart of the old weaver, the exquisite picture of Eppie's childhood, the dance she leads her soft-hearted foster-father, and the distinctive individuality of Dolly Winthrop, whose sayings are so full of unexpectedness as to set foregone conclusions at defiance, smile and beam through tears and laughter, and set in strong light the remedial influences of pure, natural human relations. It also indicates how slowly impressions grow up within us, and how little we are sometimes aware of the origin of even those impressions which are destined to produce the greatest effects on our character.

Up to this period George Eliot's efforts had been confined to living products of the imagination; but in "Romola," her next great work, she enters into the sphere of historical romance. Probably this is the most didactic of all her novels, yet, despite that drawback, it is a highly finished and artistic production, in which she seriously and carefully enunciates a high moral teaching. "Great and good people always leave their souls behind them, whether it be in statuary, or books, or deeds," and truly George Eliot has left in "Romola" her living soul.

On 22nd December, the spirit of this most gifted woman joined that invisible choir of which she has written so beautifully. Neither storied urn nor animated bust mark her resting place; but, fortunately, her works live in minds made better by their presence." Compassion for human frailty was the keynote of her writings; although she never forgets to emphasise that even in the lives of the most ordinary persons, and in the case of the smallest departure from the right, there is a nemesis at work bringing an unfailing punishment for the evil we do. She possessed many noble qualities that gained for her the passionate devotion not only of personal friends, but also of literary admirers in all classes of society. In short, she taught that happiness can only be attained through self-sacrifice and unselfish service to our fellow-creatures.

A Son of the Mist.



GERTRUDE DUTTON

Supt. of Home Economics Man. Extension Dept.

Christmas Gifts From Your Kitchen

EVERYBODY likes to "make" some Christmas gifts. Nothing would receive a warmer welcome than a dainty package containing one of the goodies you make particularly well, whether it be some of the preserved or pickled products of your garden, candy cookies, a plum pudding, fruit cake, doughnuts, or a pitcher of pudding sauce ready to reheat.

The package should be made as attractive as may be with tissue paper, holly ribbon and Christmas seals.

Abbreviations— t-teaspoon
tb-tablespoon
c-cup

Bavarian Christmas Cakes

8 tb-Butter
10 tb-Sugar
12 tb-Pastry flour
5 Whites of Eggs
Jam or Preserve
Coarse sugar

Cream thoroughly the butter and sugar, add the pastry flour, sifted before measureing. Beat well, fold in the very stiffly beaten egg whites, beat till very white and fluffy. Have ready a dozen patty pans, greased and floured. In each put enough batter to fill it half full. Over this spread a spoonful of jam or preserved fruit. Cover with another spoonful of batter. Bake in a rather hot oven. Invert the cakes, brush with sugar syrup and dust with rather coarse granulated sugar.

Cocoanut Tea Cakes

Roll plain or puff paste to ¼ inch thickness. Cut in any desired shape and bake in a hot oven till nearly done, remove from oven, cool slightly and brush with beaten egg white, sprinkle with shredded cocoanut and return to the oven to finish baking.

Soft Molasses Cookies

1 c-Molasses
1¾t-soda
1 c-Sour Milk
½ c-Melted Shortening
2 t-Ginger
1 t-Salt
Flour

Add the soda to the molasses, beat well, add the milk, shortening, ginger, salt and flour, using enough flour to make the batter thick enough to drop from the spoon. Let it stand several hours to chill thoroughly. Put half of the mixture at a time on a slightly floured board, roll lightly to ¼ inch in thickness. Cut in fancy shapes with a floured cutter and bake in a moderate oven.

Cream Cookies

⅓ c-Butter
1 c-Sugar
2 Eggs
½ c-Rich Milk or thin cream
2 t-Baking powder
1 t-Salt
2 t-Ginger
Flour

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well beaten eggs, milk or cream, and the baking powder, salt and ginger sifted with a little flour. Add enough more flour to roll. Roll till quite thin, cut out and bake..

Boston Cookies

1 c-Butter
1½ c-Sugar
3 Eggs
1 t-Soda
1½ tb-Hot Water
3¼ c-Flour
½ t-Salt
1 t-Cinnamon
1 c-Chopped nuts
½ c-Currants
½ c-Raisins (Chopped)

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well beaten eggs, the soda dissolved in the hot water, one half of the flour sifted with the salt and cinnamon, the nut meats and fruit, and the remaining flour. Drop by spoonfuls, one inch apart on a buttered sheet. and bake in a moderate oven.

"Goodies" from the kitchen for Christmas Gifts

Seed Cookies

⅓ c-Butter
2 Eggs
1 c-Sugar
2 tb-Milk
1½ tb-Caraway seeds
3 c-Flour
3 t-Baking Powder
½ t-Salt

Cream the butter and Sugar, add the well beaten eggs, caraway seeds, milk, and the flour, salt, and baking powder sifted together.

Sand Tarts

½ c-Butter
1 c-Sugar
1 Egg
1¾ c-Flour
2 t-Baking Powder
White of 1 egg
Blanched Almonds
1 t-Sugar
¼ t-Cinnamon

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well beaten egg, and the flour and baking powder sifted together, chill, turn on a floured board, and roll till ⅛ inch thick. Cut, brush with white of egg, and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed. Split the blanched almonds and put three halves on each cookie. Place on a buttered sheet and bake eight minutes in a slow oven.

Mince Meat

1¼ quarts-Chopped lean beef
2¼ quarts-Chopped Apples
4 c-Brown sugar
3 c-Granulated sugar
2 c-Raisins
2 c-Currants
3 c-Molasses
3 c-Meat liquor
Salt to taste
2 tb-Cinnamon
1½ t-Mace
1½ t-Cloves
¾ c-Vinegar
3 Oranges
3 Lemons
¾ lb.-Chopped citron peel
1 tb-Lemon extract
1 t-Almond extract

Mix all the ingredients except the oranges, lemons and extract, and cook slowly two hours or until done. Add the grated rind and the juice of the oranges and lemons, and the lemon and almond extract.

Plum Pudding

1 lb.-Chopped Beef Suet
4 c-Flour
4 t-Baking Powder
2 t-Cinnamon
1 t-Cloves
1 t-Mace
1 t-Salt
1 lb.-Chopped Raisins
1 lb.-Currants
1 lb.-Brown Sugar
¼ lb.-Citron Peel cut fine
¼ lb.-Candied Orange Peel cut fine
1 c-Sweet Milk
4 Eggs well beaten

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the finely chopped suet and fruit, then the well beaten eggs and milk. Steam six hours.

Doughnuts

2 c-Sugar
5 tb-Butter
4 Eggs
2 c-Milk
3 t-Salt
4 t-Cream of Tartar
2 t-Soda
½ t-Cinnamon
½ t-Nutmeg
Flour to roll

Beat the eggs, add the sugar, melted butter, milk and four cups of flour which have been sifted with the other dry ingredients, then enough more flour to roll, keeping the dough as soft as possible. Do not knead any more than absolutely necessary. Roll, cut out and fry in deep

BETTER COOKERY—Continued

fat. Drain on brown paper. If wished, they may be rolled in granulated sugar while still warm. This recipe makes about 75 doughnuts.

Hard Sauce

⅓ c-Butter
1 c-Powdered Sugar
2 t-Boiling water
⅓ t-Lemon Extract
½ t-Vanilla Extract

Pour the boiling water on the butter, cream it, add the sugar gradually and the flavoring.

Honey Pop Corn Balls

½ c-Honey
1½ c-Corn Syrup
½ tb-Butter
½ tb-Vinegar
3 qts.-Popped Corn
¾ t-Salt

Pop the corn, salt it, and spread on a large pan. Boil together the honey, syrup, vinegar and butter till brittle when tested in cold water. Pour slowly over the popcorn stirring well. Form into balls, using as little pressure as possible. This quantity makes fifteen three-inch balls. The honey may be omitted, and two cups of corn syrup used if desired.

Whipped Cream Fruit Confection

Wash large prunes, steam till soft, remove the pits, and fill the cavity with stiffly whipped cream, and sprinkle chopped nuts on top.

Graham Pudding

¼ c-Butter
½ c-Molasses
½ c-Milk
1 Egg
1½ c-Graham flour
½ t-Soda
1 t-Salt
1 c-Raisins, cut

Mix the melted butter, molasses, milk, well beaten egg, add the dry ingredients sifted together, then the raisins. (Dates or figs may be used instead of raisins). Pour into a buttered mould, cover and steam 2½ hours.

Candied Cranberries

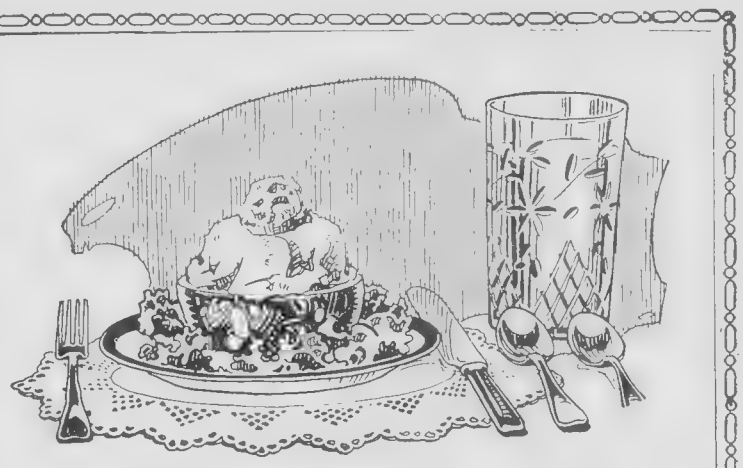
Make a syrup by boiling till clear, two cups sugar, two cups water, cool, pick over and wash and dry firm cranberries. Prick each one with a darning needle. Add to the syrup, and bring slowly to the boiling point. Remove from the fire, and let the berries stand in the syrup over night. Next day, drain the syrup off the berries and boil it down till fairly thick. Return the berries to the syrup and boil five minutes. Remove from the fire and allow them to stand again for some hours in the syrup. Boil again for five minutes. Remove from the syrup and drain till the surface of the berries has dried.

Candied cranberries are as useful for decorating as red cherries.

The Simpler Dessert

We might well disregard the time honored custom of following the very hearty main course of a Christmas dinner with an equally hearty steamed Christmas pudding or mince pie (or perhaps both) especially in the households where there are children. There are countless light desserts which might well take their place, to the benefit of our purses as well as our digestive systems.

If there must be a steamed pudding there are a great many delicious ones made of simple ingredients.



First Prize in the Ingersoll Cream Cheese Contest

COMBINATION SALAD.
By Miss Jean Garrow.
Winner of first prize in the Ingersoll Cream Cheese Recipe Contest.
6 Tomatoes (medium size)
1 Small Cucumber (cut in cubes)
1/3 Cup Chopped Nuts
¼ Cup Ham (minced fine)
Salad Dressing to moisten
Pepper and Salt to taste
2/3 pkg. Ingersoll Cream Cheese
Select medium-sized, firm tomatoes, wash, remove skin, cut in half crosswise. Arrange each slice on a bed of crisp lettuce or watercress and sprinkle with salt. Mix cucumber cubes, ham, nuts, cheese (half of quantity) and seasonings with enough salad dressing to moisten. Pile mixture on tomato half and top with a small ball of Ingersoll Cream Cheese, rolled in chopped nuts.

Get a package of Ingersoll Cream Cheese and try this delicious combination salad. Ingersoll Cream Cheese can be combined in scores of ways to make delicious dishes. Ingersoll Cream Cheese gives a fine zest to salads and to all the appetizing combinations it makes with other foods.

Try it. Send for our new Ingersoll Recipe Book with the select recipes entered in the recent prize competition for Canadian Domestic Science Graduates.

The Ingersoll Packing Company, Limited, Ingersoll, Canada.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese
"Spreads Like Butter"
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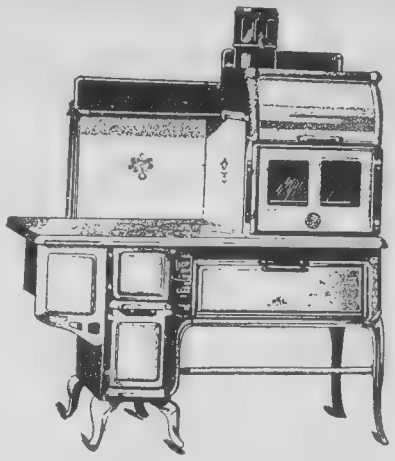

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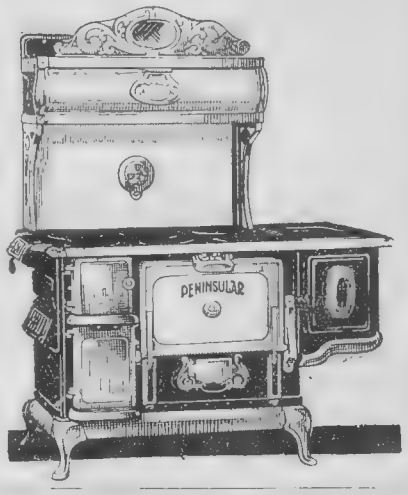

Clare Bros., Western Limited
WINNIPEG MANITOBA

Steamed Cranberry Pudding

½ c-Butter
1 c-Sugar
3 Eggs
3½ c-Flour
1¼ tb-Baking Powder
½ c-Milk
1½ c-Cranberries

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well beaten eggs, and the milk alternately with the sifted flour and baking powder. Stir in the washed and dried berries, put in a buttered mould, cover and steam three hours.

Lemon Delight

Cut marshmallows in quarters. Set a very stiff lemon jelly. Cut in ½ inch cubes. Toss lightly together with a fork the lemon jelly cubes, pieces of marshmallow, and enough whipped cream to hold them together. Pile in glass serving dishes.

Individual Steamed Date Pudding

3 tb-Melted butter
½ c-Molasses
½ c-Sweet milk
1½ c-Flour
½ t-Soda
¼ t-Salt
¼ t-Nutmeg
¼ t-Allspice
¼ t-Cloves
½ lb.-Dates

Mix the melted butter, molasses and milk, and add the dry ingredients sifted together. Stir in the dates chopped. Steam for 1½ hours in buttered custard cups.

Apple Whip

3 Apples
½ c-Dates
½ c-Nuts
1½ t-Sugar
2 Egg whites

Core, pare and grate the apples. Put the dates and nuts through the food chopped. Beat the egg whites till very stiff, and fluffy. Fold into the combined apples, dates and nuts, and sugar. Serve in glasses with a cherry on top of each. Stiffly whipped cream may be used in place of egg whites.

The Cranberry

We are far too apt to consider the cranberry merely as an accessory to the roast turkey or chicken for Thanksgiving and Christmas, instead of being one of our most valuable winter foods. It comes when most of the fresh fruits have gone, which gives it a distinct value in the diet, besides aiding the housewife in varying winter menus. It is a valuable source of iron and other minerals—the cellulose in the seeds is useful as a laxative and the acid it contains has a tendency to counteract rheumatism.

They vary in color from white to deep red; the red ones owing to their color being most popular, although not in any way superior to the white varieties.

The cranberry grows in certain parts of Europe, notably Germany, Russia and Scandinavia, but its principle home is the United States, Massachusetts coming first, then New Jersey and Wisconsin.

Five years are required to develop a cranberry bog. A dam is built, and the land flooded for two years to kill the vegetation. Ditches are then dug for drainage. Another season is required for digging out and burning stumps and leveling the ground. 10 inch cuttings are taken from an old bog, and are dropped in rows, usually by children. A "planter" follows then with a tool not unlike a putty knife, on a long stick, with which he pushes the cuttings into the ground. For two years the plants are left to themselves, and the third year should produce the first crop.

A big reservoir, controlled with sluice gates, is built near the bog. This supplies the water and protects the vines from insects and frost. In case of an invasion of insect pests, or if frost threatens, the gates are opened and the bog flooded. The insects are drowned, and incidentally, that year's crop is doubtless ruined but

Continued on page 63

BLUE RIBBON TEA

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The West's - - Favorite Offer

THE FREE PRESS PRAIRIE FARMER
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I enclose $1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and Stamped Luncheon Set.

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MOTHER'S SECTION

Wake Up

CHEER up, and wake up to your labor,
Nor lounge the bright hours away,
Look hopefully up to the Giver
Of every beautiful day.

The fleet-footed moments are going
For ever beyond your recall,
And God in His wisdom has given,
A work and a duty for all.

Go cheerfully forward to meet it,
Wherever your lot may be cast;
Be diligent, earnest, and faithful,
And worthy of honor at last.

The path may be humble and lowly,
With trials and crosses to bear,
But patience and cheerfulness always
Take much from the burden of care.

There's pleasure in work and in duty,
With laziness out of the way,
A pleasure most healthful and healing,
That saves from the rust of decay.

Anna Linden.

Children

By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"A little child shall lead them"

ONE cold market morning I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart whip and a lion shaggy coat, holding up some little thing, and turning it about on his great fist. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet. A little, soft blue satin hood, with a swan's-down border, white as the new fallen snow, with a frill of rich blonde around the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding with no small pride the baby—for evidently it was the baby. Anybody could read that fact in every glance as they looked at each other, and the little hood, and then at the large unconscious eyes and fat dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before.

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "isn't three dollars very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking the bonnet, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked and grinned, and without another word down went the three dollars—all that the last week's butter came to; and as they walked out of the shop it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah!" thought I, "A very little child shall lead them."

Another day, as I was passing a carriage factory, along one of our back streets, I saw a young mechanic at work on a wheel. The rough body of a carriage stood beside him—and there, wrapped up snugly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a little dark-eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped the man looked up from his work, and turned admiringly towards his little companion, as much as to say:

"See what I have got there."

"Yes," thought I, "and if the little lady ever gets a glance from admiring swains as sincere as that, she will be lucky."

Ah, these children! little witches! pretty even in all their faults and absurdities! winning even in all their sins and iniquities! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit; he has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes; the fair brow is bent in a frown; the rosy lip is curled in infinite defiance, and the white shoulders thrust haughtily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty even in their naughtiness?

Then comes the instant change, flashing smiles and tears, as all the good comes back in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses! They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen, tumble about his papers, make somersaults over his books, and what can he do? They tear his newspapers, litter his carpets, break, pull, upset, and then jabber unintelligible English in self defence, and what can you do for yourselves?

"If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see."

He does have a child, and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all other children, and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing. He is like everybody else: "A child shall lead him."

Poor little children! They bring and teach us human beings more good than they get in return. How often does the mother repay this by doing her best to wipe, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity from childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been.

The hardened heart of the wordly man is unlocked by the guiltless tones and simple caresses of his son, but he repays it, in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks, and hard ways, and callous maxims which have undone himself.

Rules for Mothers

1. *Don't talk too much.* To be always lecturing children is not the way to secure prompt obedience. Some children would, doubtless, much rather be whipped than perpetually talked to; especially in a fault-finding way. Little indiscretions and improprieties it is often best to pass by. If we take note of everything, and administer a lecture upon it, our lectures will soon become an intolerable bore, and not only will do no good, but while they chafe our own spirit, they will harden and discourage the child.

2. *Talk low and gently.* If you talk *loud* it will be harder to be calm. Keep the voice down, and you can the easier keep your temper down. If you talk loud, your children will also, and the difficulty will be increased. Do you know that one of the chief difficulties of family-government *is in the parent?* You may not suspect it, while it may be even so in your case. Quiet, gentle, yet firm mothers, govern best.

3. *Don't threaten much.* To be every now and then saying: "If you do that again I'll box your ear," or "I'll send you to bed," only hardens; and if you fail to execute what you threatened—as great threateners are almost sure frequently to do—your children will either consider you very forgetful or false; and in either case will learn to distrust you, and many a time will laugh at your threats. Take notice of some great threateners—and you may not have to go far to find a specimen or two—and observe if they do not often sternly threaten, and in a few minutes, being more good-natured, or forgetful, suffer the children, *unrebuked*, to do the very thing against which punishment was threatened.

4. If you would govern well, *have but few general rules, but steadily adhere to these.* Have a fixed rule as to prompt obedience, speaking the truth, and indeed all moral duties; and never pass by an act of wilful disobedience, or a lie, or a theft. No matter if you are in ever so great a hurry, stop and attend to this. It is infinitely more important than your ordinary affairs. Make *a great matter of it for God does;* and it may one day prove a great matter to you and your children.

5. *Punish rarely, but when you do be thorough.* Never punish in a passion, nor when you are peevish or impatient, or nervously excited. Wait till you are cool; look well and carefully at the reasons of the case, and only punish when the evidence of guilt is clear. Then proceed in a calm and Christian spirit. Show your child from the Word of God your obligation to punish. Read to him God's words as your authority, and let him see that you and he are both accountable to God. Let no one, grandparent or other venerated friend, interfere with your family discipline.

The blues are the direct or indirect result of thinking about self and selfish aims. Therefore the logical cure for them is to think about others. "Do something for somebody, quick!" is good psychology as well as practical Christianity.

If you have to yield your convictions of right and wrong in order to keep a friend that friend is never worth keeping. There are no exceptions to this rule. Those who believe their friendships to be exceptions always find it a ruinous mistake.

A welcome once worn out is hard to patch.

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

What Are the Happiest Moments of Christmas?

CHRISTMAS cheer! The gifts, the trees, the Dinner and the Candies. How we all strive for a touch of originality that will make the event more memorable for children as well as grown-ups.

The Dinner DESSERT and the CANDY naturally go together, and so I have given much thought to the creation of something new, delightful, and wholesome for these—the happiest moments of the year.

First a plum pudding that is really wonderful and so easy to make.

Chocolate Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup sliced citron or nuts as preferred
¾ cup cold water — ½ cup currants
1 cup sugar — 1½ squares chocolate
½ teaspoonful vanilla — 1 pint milk
1 cup seeded raisins — Pinch salt
½ cup dates or figs, if desired

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put milk in double boiler, and melted chocolate, and when scalding point is reached add sugar, salt and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire and when mixture begins to thicken add vanilla, fruit and nut meats. Turn into large mold or fancy or plain individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and cool. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, or whipped evaporated milk, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

Next, something really delicious in CANDY that has the added charm of being homemade and so wholesome that the children may eat their full without a "don't." Put it in dainty boxes for Christmas gifts.

Mother's Christmas Dainties

2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup cold water — 1½ cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part 2 tablespoons lemon juice and one teaspoon lemon extract and coloring if desired. To the other part add one teaspoon extract cinnamon and coloring. Pour into bread tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night. When ready to turn out dip knife in cold water and run around edge of pan. Pull out with fingers and cut in squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors—orange, peppermint, etc., and colors, adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

Other Christmas Surprises—Free

My books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," are full of original recipes for Christmas and every other day in the year. Mailed free if you send 4c to cover postage, and your grocer's name.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Dept. K, 180 St. Paul Street W., Montreal.

"ALWAYS the HIGHEST QUALITY"

BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 61

the next year's harvest is saved—the water being warmer than the air, holds the temperature over the berries, then when danger of frost passes, is quickly drained off.

Picking of ripe berries must be done by hand, as no suitable machinery has yet been invented. Hundreds of men, women and children, chiefly Tlatians, are employed as pickers. The annual crop in the United States is about 600,000 barrels or 2,400 carloads.

From Soup to Nuts

"WINE jelly," not so long ago, was the one classic use of gelatine. You met it at dessert and on the invalid's tray. Now, wine jelly is "the one thing there ain't none of," as Aunt Jemima would say, but delicious jellied soups, tomato jelly salads and entrees, delicate aspics quickly made, where it meant hours of boiling of bones and veal knuckles, turbots for fish dishes, molds of lemon and orange gelatine, carrying fruits or beef or chicken flavored molds for vegetables, fish or cold meats—all these dishes are growing in favor.

And there are several reasons for this. We are getting more artistic and more scientific, both, about our foods here in Western Canada. Teaching thousands of women every year the science of dietetics is beginning to tell, not only in homes but in institutions, hospitals, tea-rooms and hotels, where women are taking a hand in feeding the nation. And gelatine has a distinct appeal, now that its manufacture is carefully standardized and controlled, and its value as a nutritious building protein is established, because of its delicacy, appeal to taste, variety afforded, and ease of digestion.

The old-fashioned course dinner ending with a generous serving of a heavy pudding or iced confection, is giving way to more reasonable and lighter foods. The high-strung, desk-bound, steam-heated human of the twentieth century, just can't digest the beef and ale and heavy sweets of former days. And gelatine desserts of all sorts, where fruits and whipped cream abound, and even candies, from simple flavored pastes to luscious combinations of preserves and nuts depend on gelatine to hold them together.

So from soup to nuts this obliging and unobstrusive food, with its own food value well established, nevertheless excels in enabling other foods to appear at their best at any stage of the meal, and according to latest advices seems to make them more readily assimilable as well as more easily eaten. Apparently, what the League of Nations really needs is "more gelatine" to hold it together, and make it go down easily and help the world to assimilate it after adoption! All foods have their social and mystic phases. Gelatine is a builder and binder. Remember it.

No Appetite

No, thanks, Mis' Jones. No, I won't stay
  You folks set down and eat.
I hain't no appetite, some way—
  I reckon it's the heat.
Well, ef I must I must, I s'pose.
  Thet fowl looks good, all right.
Yer'taters, Hank's, the best thet grows.
  (Dark, please, and—yes, some white).

Jane says to me jest t'other night,
  Says she, "What ails yuh, Jim?
Yuh hain't got any appetite.
  I swan, ye're gittin' slim!"
Beets? Yes, ma'am, thanks. Now, jest
    a few!
  Yer stuffin's fine, Mis' Jones.
A meal like this, now, I tell you,
  Helps cover up the bones.

I don't injoy my meals, somehow,
  Like what I did some back.
Seems like I'm never hungry now.
  (No cream. I drink it black).
  Hank, kin I trouble you to pass
  Them 'taters round again?
A leetle mite more apple-sass,
  Mis' Jones too ef I kin.

No, sir, I don't eat any more
  The way I used to could.
It's gittin most to be a chore
  To swaller down my food.
More shortcake? No. Two's plenty,
    thanks.
  I reckon Jane was right.
Says she, " 'Tain't no use visitin' Hank's
  With your poor appetite."

—Reed Calvin

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A Full Flavored Blend of Supreme Quality. 31

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The Philosopher

Christmastide

ONCE more in the course of the earth's annual journey round the sun the circle of the year brings us to the happy season of Christmastide. "The time draws near the birth of Christ." Once more hundreds of millions throughout the world are preparing to celebrate humanity's greatest festival. With varied rites and festive methods there will be uniformity of spirit and purpose in every part of Christendom. The minds of all turn back to that night when there was a celestial radiance over the stable in Bethlehem in which He who was to preach the Gospel to the poor was born amid the humble surroundings of the lowly peasant travellers shut out from the village inn for want of room. That celestial radiance shines across the centuries, a light of the greatest hope that ever came into the world for humanity.

"What babe new born is this that in a manger cries?
Near on her lowly bed His happy mother lies.
Oh, see the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings—
This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of Kings."

The message sung by the angels still tells humanity that the unseen world of good hovers near, and that with the growth of goodwill among men there will be the peace on earth that will be the fulfilment of that celestial message. In the spirit of goodwill that prevails in this happy season of Christmastide is to be discerned the craving of the heart to fulfil the Christian ideal.

The Festival of Wisdom and Simplicity

THE fashions of this world change, but Christmas never loses its hold on the heart of humanity. It is primarily and essentially a religious festival, yet it suffers from none of the divisions of religion, and is as much Catholic as Protestant. There are lamentations over what is declared to be a decline in religious zeal; yet the great Christmas festival is celebrated with more and more fervor, and who will say that it has kept its place in the human heart by any lessening of its religious character? The spirit in which it is celebrated is in harmony with the message proclaimed the first Christmas morn. Our observance of the festival is animated by that message and takes us back in thought to its origin. Christmas is the day when Wisdom and Simplicity and Kindness meet on common ground. The most gorgeous ceremonial, the most carefully prepared and elaborately carried out ritual observance could not more truly betoken the meaning of the festival than do the impulses that spring from the heart at Christmas time. All the circumstances surrounding that great event in Bethlehem were in opposition to the judgments and prejudices and opinions of that character in Pilgrim's Progress whom we have ever with us—Mr. Worldly Wiseman. The glad tidings were revealed by the angels singing to shepherds "simply chattering in a rustic row," who so far from being exalted by pride because the message came to them, "were sore afraid." Being reassured, they went towards the stable where the Child lay in the manger. And there came also to the stable the Wise Men from the East, led by the star in the heavens; and that their wisdom was not of the worldly kind is made clear that they acted just as the shepherds did. Wisdom and Simplicity were led alike to the manger.

The Light of the World

THE progress of civilization has not been uniform. The line of advance has been broken. There have been in some ages great forward movements. Then, again, progress seems to be halted for a time. And at other times civilization suffers what it is difficult to regard otherwise than as great reverses. After the world war, which will be recorded as one of the most overwhelming of the disasters to human progress, we are still in a period of transition in which it is difficult to see the trends of all the influences and forces at work. It must be left to the wise men of the future, looking back upon this time, to take a right view of the whole and perceive the relations of events to one another. A time like this is one in which the thoughtful mind cannot but be deeply impressed by the profound mysteries that surround the life of humanity. "To consider the world in its length and breadth," a wise man has written, "and the many races of men, their fortunes, their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship, their enterprises—to consider the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over futurity—all this is a vision to impress upon the mind and soul the consciousness of profound mystery beyond human solution." But the spirit of Christianity, which finds its fullest expression in the Christmas season, dispels the darkness and holds before us the guiding light. Mr. Worldly Wiseman can find no true guiding light in his cynical hardness. We are wise with the deepest and truest wisdom when we enter most deeply into the spirit of the Christmas festival. All through the New Testament there are suggestions of the lesson to be learned from childhood—lessons which the poet had in mind when he wrote:

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

Deep Significance of the Festival

THE historians tell us that Christmas is a continuation of an old Roman festival, which was itself a continuation of a festival far more ancient than Rome. While there can be no doubt that the festival, in regard to its being a time of mirth, can be traced back to very ancient origins. it is no less a matter beyond possibility of doubt or question that the greatest festival of the Christian year was instituted in memory of the great event which brought Christianity into the world. And this is what makes its observance year after year throughout century after century since the birth of the Divine Child in Bethlehem so deeply impressive. It serves to show how completely the old order has yielded to the new, and how completely the merely mirthful observances in connection with the festival have yielded to those that are spiritual. Nor is this the only reflection which reason has to make on Christmas. One other indelible feature of the festival is that, differ as we may about points in doctrine, about methods of worship and about principles of church government, we are all united in our attitude towards the manger-cradle in the stable at Bethlehem. The Christmas festival is thus a rallying-point for Christians, regardless of denominational distinctions.

The True Christmas Spirit

CHRISTMAS closes controversies. It gives to the vision a broader outlook. It speaks of Christian unity and brotherly love. This gives the Christmas season one of its greatest glories. But the lesson of Christmas is not limited to this. No one can reflect upon the universality of the observance without asking how it has come to pass that a faith embraced at the outset only by a few humble and uninfluential persons has lived through the centuries, amid struggle and stress, and has finally asserted its power over the intelligence, the culture and the vigor of the world. No one believes that a religion with nothing behind it but a philsophy, with no living principle animating it, could live and grow, and Christianity has lived and grown. There must be in the Christian faith that which is Divine. or it would have followed other religions into oblivion long ago. It is fitting, then, that Christmas Day should be an occasion of mirthfulness and feasting and rejoicing, and it is still more fitting that on that day we should give proof of the faith that is in us and pay rightful tribute to the event which Christmas commemorates, by living up to the principles of the Gospel which the Divine Child was born into the world to bring into the hearts of humanity. Let us have our Merry Christmas, with due understanding and appreciation of the meaning of the festival, mindful not only of those who are akin to us by family ties, but also those within the reach of our benevolence who suffer sorrow and deprivation, those to whom the chances of life have been unkind, those who are less fortunate than ourselves.

The Glory of Other Suns than Ours

THE three wise men who journeyed on their camels across the plains to Bethlehem, led by the star whose rays still shine mystically and draw all devout hearts to the manger in which the Divine Babe was laid, had no such winter temperature to face as the dwellers on the plains that spread sea-like between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains. On that first Christmas night the shepherds, we read in the Gospel, were watching their flocks by night. The winter nights in Syria were, and are, milder than the winter nights on the prairies of Western Canada. But the stars shine more brilliantly for us. It was on the plains of Asia that astronomy had its beginning. But the star-gazers of old in Asia, who studied the movements of the constellations and were the first calendar-makers, did not see the splendors of the heavens shining more magnificently than they are to be seen from the plains of the Prairie Provinces on our winter nights of crystal clarity. The great stars of the Dipper and the other shining jewels of the sky that stand out in splendor amid the innumerable host of the lesser stars glitter brilliantly in the cold heavens. If the day has been chilly and brisk, expect a bright, clear night; an hour spent in studying the stars will bring its reward. Such a glory as is there spread out is not the glory of this world, but the glory of countless greater worlds, the glory of the infinite and incomprehensible universe, shining in "the ancient reign of night." A clearer, more splendid view has the prairie star-gazer than was possible to Dr. Teufelsdrockh, of Carlyle's great book, Sartor Resartus, "amid the smoke and thousandfold exhalation" of a city, when at midnight he watched great Orion and gleaming Aldebaran and the other majesties of the heavens, including "the Huntsman, as he leads his hunting dogs over the zenith, in their leash of sidereal fire."

The Master Problem of Civilization

THERE is good reason to believe that this Christmastide will find an immensely larger body of conviction in the world opposed to war as a method of settling international differences than there has ever been before. Never before have so many people in the world been so earnestly anxious to find out a way of preventing the resort to war. At no previous time in history have the people in the world who feel deeply that effective means can be, and should be, provided against the possibility of war been better able to work with a view to such effective means. The trouble is that people feel helpless before the formidableness of the apparent complexity of the problem of how to safeguard civilization against war. Most of us are too apt to be buoyed by a vague and wordy idealism. The nations are preoccupied with their own affairs, and do not think the problem out to the bottom. There need be no fear of another world war if the leading nations would all really give consistent and constructive thought to the working out of a system to safeguard civilization. War is barbarism. It is not a thing inevitable. It is like duelling, or the ordeal by fire, or other institutions in past ages which have become extinct, as humanity has progressed and clearer thinking and more goodwill have been brought to bear upon human affairs. If two civilized nations resort to war, it is simply because they have failed to create a civilized system to settle their differences.

The Children and the Future

CHRISTMAS is the children's festival, and only as we can make ourselves again can we enter deeply into its festival spirit. The children are the hope of the world. This is a time when there is greater reason than there ever was before for realizing that the children are the repositories of humanity's hope. The little children, happy in their Christmas rejoicings, in this year of grace 1922, will include in their number many whom the Great War has bereaved and deeply injured. But none of the little children, eagerly looking forward to this Christmas, really know understandingly anything about the terrors and agonies and destructions of the Great War, or of the exhaustion which it left behind it and which so heavily burdens so many thousands beyond number of its survivors. Children of to-day will live to see wonders which we cannot conceive of any more than the grown-up people of fifty years ago could conceive the wonders which little children of fifty years ago have lived to see. The future will be what the men and women of the future will make it. It will depend upon the relations to one another which the people in the world will work out, when they have achieved true self-government and self-restraint, when they have learned to work together and how to get along without the necessity of wholesale fighting and bloodshed and devastation. We may well believe that never before have there been so many people in the world seeking truth and intent to follow it as there are now. What is going to happen in the next fifty years, and what humanity will have achieved by that time for the betterment of its conditions of life and work, is something which we cannot forecast. Some of the little children of to-day—many of them, we may confidently say, with the greatly increased and constantly increasing knowledge of how to preserve health and life—will live to know.

Seeking an Impartial View

THERE is more propaganda in the world now than ever there was before. This makes it all the more necessary that we should all make our minds as well-informed as possible and train ourselves to think and exercise our judgment. We must accustom ourselves to see things as they are, so far as that is possible. It is not easy, in fact, there is nothing more difficult than to judge the events and tendencies of our own time correctly. Nor is it easy to judge correctly the events of the past and the influences and forces that have shaped them. It is an old complaint that historians do not keep their prejudices out of their writings. But, surely, that complaint is simply another way of saying that historians, like other men, are human. Fault is found with Wells's great work, "The Outline of History," on this ground; objection is made that Wells does not write without prejudice and without incorporating his own philosophical interpretation of things. Why, it is asked cannot we have a perfectly impartial history? The answer to this question is that perfect impartiality, like perfect knowledge, is a superhuman quality. Moreover, a perfectly impartial history would be so uninteresting that few would take the trouble of reading it. Macaulay's History of England, which is one of the greatest masterpieces of historical writing, is far from being impartial. The same thing is true of Gibbon's monumental work, "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Even if a historian were scrupulously to avoid any expression of his own opinions and prejudices, nevertheless his bias would be shown in his selection of the matter to be recorded, in the proportion he would give to various events, in the importance he would assign to individuals and their influence, in his passing over certain things as of relatively minor importance, and in other ways which he would not be conscious of as being revelations of opinion or prejudice. The moral is that we must use our own judgment. If we find a historian leaning too much to one side, let us study the writings of a historian who leans to the other side. In this way we will exercise our own judgment, and arrive as near as it is possible to arrive at an impartial view.

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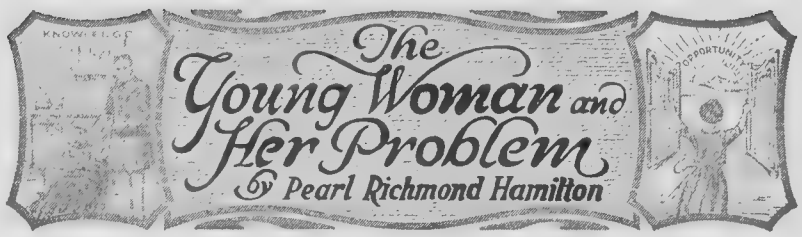

A Christmas Prayer for every Girl

"Lord,, how can we know the way"? Jesus saith. "I am the way, the truth and the life'."

The Prayer of the Lonely Girl

DIVINE Leader of Life, give me strength to overcome loneliness. Open my eyes to that beauty of womanly charm that creates interest and happiness in others. Someone has said they are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts—then lead me to "mountain thoughts".

As every step upward gives us broader views, clearer sight and purer strength, so may I climb the mountain of faith—Christly faith— and breathe the heavenly oxygen which so spiritualizes the mind, that mean, poisonous thoughts—jealousy, self pity, envy and revenge—give way to love, beauty, whole-hearted ambition, courage, sympathy and sincerity. Though I may be in isolated places or in the crowded center of industry, give me a vision of appreciation and gratitude.

I thank the giver of all blessings for the privilege of living in a country so big and splendid and bountiful in potentialities that it calls for the best in me. Growing out of life's necessities may I develop an understanding heart. May the spirit of joy so enervate the very soul of me that the magnetic charm of unselfish interest in others shall heal this poisonous cancer of loneliness. Amen.

The Prayer of the Plain Girl

GREAT Sculptor of Beauty, though my features are irregular, I would be beautiful. Give me the soul power that expresses the sense of proportion—an ear that hears the music of life, a tongue that speaks in harmony of words, an eye that mirrors beauty in nature and in humanity, a countenance that reflects a mind in tune with love. May my life be so guided that I shall experience the inspiration of glad service.

I would not live on outward looks alone because the loss of such beauty is tragedy. Give me the knowledge and spiritual strength that will make me savingly attractive like Abigail, whose womanly strength of insight raised her to singular heights of prophecy and poetry—that exceptional understanding and moving power of emotion and imagination which makes a woman beautiful because of her appeal to the nobler side of men.

Make me savingly attractive, Great Teacher of Truth. Amen.

The Prayer of the Girl Gossip

GREAT Father of the Son who never spoke a wasteful word, keep my tongue from evil. I am a criminal. I slowly murder my friends. My abusive language is making me ugly. It has written lines on my face that pull my mouth downward, dulled the expression of my eyes into a mean lowering slant. I am deforming my features. If "language is the blood of the soul into which thoughts run and out of which they grow," I shall be a vicious viper. In the Great Book of Life I learn these truths—The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity and may defile the whole body. The tongue of the wise is health, a wholesome tongue is a tree of life—whoso keepeth his tongue keepeth his soul.

Grant me the wisdom "that is from above—first pure, then peaceably gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." May I realize that I criticize that of which I am guilty. Grant me the strength to refuse to speak unkindly of another, keep before my mind the words of the poet:

"When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.
Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head.
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.
No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said. Amen.

The Prayer of the Ambitious Girl

ALMIGHTY Father—help me to make the highest use of my time. May I realize that the ministry of useful work is holy and dignified, that the birth of the Christ Child bids us "Cheer up," a new hope brightens the beginning of a day. We who tread the path of labor follow the holy will for the Christ Child toiled and found it good. Truly Christ is with all the workers—no matter how humble. Therefore may I glorify my work and raise its standard. In my labor, Heavenly Father, give me control of my temper. Make me quick in perception and sympathy—steadfast, reliable and persevering. Guide me into places clean, that my higher feelings may not be crushed and hardened. Give me that moral strength of will that arms me with protection. May I think more of my work and less of praise, and grant me patience. Strengthen me for the sake of the many. The weight of love is more than gold. Amen.

The Prayer of the Worrying Girl

GREAT Light of Mankind shine through the gloom of a mind weakened by fear. Give me great faith. Lead me up the path of the Christmas star for with eyes looking upward I shall not fear. Let me realize that troubles come to everyone, but added strength will be given to bear them if we trust in Divine Power. When I fear or worry I deny faith in our Heavenly Father's promises. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." With this great hope in mind I shall approach every task with the feeling of accomplishment. Difficulties shall not become stumbling blocks but stepping stones toward achievement. Convince me, Heavenly Teacher, that anything is possible through Divine Guidance. Lift my horizon line of narrow limitation and make my interests and purposes as wide as the world. Teach me more of the vast thoughts of the Christ Child, that my soul may catch the sweep of great fields of service. Lead me out of self where fear cannot enter.

May I gain nothing from another's loss. Grant me the courage that arises only from lofty faith, the voice and manner of a woman inspired with thy invisible Presence. Amen.

The Prayer of a Mother's Daughter

HEAVENLY Father, grant me will-power and appreciation. Give me the tender love that a mother's daughter should have. There are times I must confide in her when temptations come that I do not understand. Headstrong as I am, give me the right view point of her advice. I would not make my girlhood cheap or common—but clean and wholesome. I would not be spoilt by evil stories or suggestions. May I be deaf to them—make me strong enough to ignore ridicule, to resist temptation.

May no thought of failure entice me to cheat in examination— for examinations train me to meet decisive moments in my life when I dare not be dishonest. Help me to value these tests that develop in me the strength to meet emergencies. May I realize that every time I cheat in examinations I am a traitor to my teacher, my classmates, my parents, and my country. I pray for sincerity.

This Christmas Morn I would present the gift of kindness and obedience to a mother who sacrifices and gives me her best. This means more to her than a gift purchased with money. Help me to realize the debt I owe my mother.

Prevent me from saying those unkind words that strike her so hard and wound her.

Mother says I am gloomy and sad and it hurts her to see the expression in my face lack animation. I know that when I am sad I am thinking of myself. Dear Father of all girls, clear my mind of cloudy thoughts. Every day of my life I shall pray to Thee the prayer mother taught me in her own words:

"God bless all at home with me,
Make me happy as can be.
Make me good and make me strong,
And make my life a helpful song."
Amen.

The Christmas Star—a pretty Polish custom

The Prayer of the Girl Reader

GREAT Author of the World's Best Book, give me a clearer understanding of its interpretation. All stories that interest girls are within its covers.

The most beautiful love story in history I read in the Songs of Solomon. The Shunammite maiden, from an obscure place in the country, resisted the flattering temptations in the king's palace and remained true to her lover. Temptations similar to the girl of today did not break down her purity of character, and she made Constancy and Truth triumphant.

Then there is the beautiful story of Ruth, the loveliest picture of girlhood unselfishness. She is the kind of girl who attracts by her qualities of conduct in everyday life, and in the end these very traits of disposition won for her a girl's most beautiful prize—a husband's love and a child whose life blesses posterity—for Ruth created an environment that blessed all history—her grandson, Jesse, was the father of David who watched the sheep in the pasture land of Bethlehem—sweet memories of distant ages that linger around the birthplace of the Christ Child on that Xmas of long ago, and, today, the little captive maid, too, is the story of a girl whose heart remained so tender and beautiful in the midst of strange surroundings, that in the end she won the confidence of a great man—a little girl touched hardened hearts with the sunshine of loveliness and made history.

Then the loveliest of all stories is there—the one that made Christmas, where Thou, God, didst regard the girl in a humble home and made her the mother whom all generations blessed.

Full of wonderful stories of love, adventure, action and triumphant struggles is this Wonderful Book—grant me the power of understanding to know them.

I thank Thee Father for the gift of this Great Book. Amen.

The Prayer of the Weak Girl

GREAT Father of strength and wisdom, grant me the courage to attain physical, mental and spiritual power. May I recognize clearly the value of wholesome recreation that increases one's ability to accomplish success, and give me the wisdom to refuse those forms of amusement and stupefying narcotics that weaken and poison the mind and body.

Thou hast taught us to regard the body as sacred—a holy temple. Teach me the dignity of soul protection that shall develop self-confidence; I would be equipped with strength—enough to meet any emergency.

I thank Thee for struggles because all nature teaches me that no one is strong whose life is easy. May I conquer these trials one by one—until I shall recognize that every effort through a difficulty is a stepping stone to strength and attainment. As growth is the purpose of existence grant me strength to be victorious over the trials that come to me from the "world of matter, the world of people and those I bring on myself" which outnumber the others. Keep my mind free from mental discords.

Teach me to improve my mind. The degree to which I attain mental ability depends on my own efforts, therefore keep ever before me the goal of the mind beautiful. As I live my thoughts, may they be worth living.

Keep me from leaning on others. May I not take the good things in my life as common, but may I see Thy love in them. May I recognize Thy Law in the beauty of the day, the kindness of a friend, or the revelation of a truth. Help me to see the folly of relying on physical strength alone, or on mental possession alone, but make me feel the necessity of spiritual power when physical and mental strength fail me in conquering a difficulty. Help me to advance upward and onward until I shall be strong and happy and useful. Amen.

A day filled with little cares need not be a day filled with little thoughts. That noble saint, Brother Lawrence, who was only a cook in a monastery long ago, is known throughout the Christian world today for his "practice of the presence of God" among his pots and pans.

Some people are out hunting four-leaved clovers when Success knocks at their door.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

By Mrs. R. F. McWilliams

President The Federation of University Women in Canada.

THROUGHOUT a long summer of travel in the old world, a summer in which new impression followed hard on new impression, even as day followed day, there ran ever in the back of one traveller's mind the refrain "why did no one ever tell me it would be like this?"

For the greatest impressions were not as anything one ever imagined. Beautiful scenery in plenty, at times so beautiful, so finished, as to seem to new world eyes artificial; buildings of an age and loveliness as made one draw one's breath sharply and feel a little hurt that one should have travelled so far down life's pathway in ignorance that such beauty waited only the seeing to become part of one's life; interesting people gathered from the four quarters of the world, and, saving for surface customs, reacting to the same impulses in fairly similar ways; all these, indeed, were there. All these one wanted to see and did see in every hour of the day begrudging ever the hours that must be spent in sleep if there were to be strength to see on the morrow. But it was none of these which caused that refrain to echo and re-echo in one's heart, "Why did no one ever tell me it would be like this?"

And now that one is home it seems almost impossible to tell just what the deepest of all impressions was. It is an almost impossible task to find words to tell to those who have not felt it the sudden sense of possession of the great things of the past; to describe the sudden realization which comes to a Western Canadian, living where anything that is fifty years old is just about old enough to be torn down to make way for something better, that this new world we are building is but a new flowering of roots in a past of high courage, of noble deeds, and of a valiant struggle for a better day; deep nourishing roots nobly tended by a long and exceeding patient race of forebears who are our own forebears and who were real men and women of like passions with us.

All this of course one knew out of books before, one went across. This article is an effort to tell how one average Canadian found it a vastly different thing to go and see; an effort to describe the spell the old world cast; an effort at this Christmas season to express one's gratitude for the great gifts of the past which have flowered under the influence of the gift of the first Christmas Day.

We landed at Glasgow, but it was not until on the second day we came to Stirling that the process of entering into possession of the promised land of the past began. Standing on the esplanade of Stirling Castle one looks upon in the plain below through which the Forth winds a tortuous course—the scene of fourteen Scottish battles. Of these the greatest is Bannockburn, that battle which insured to our Scottish ancestors freedom from oppression by our English ancestors. And as one looks at the statue of Robert the Bruce, who led his people to that victory, towering above one, and then across to Abbey Crag where the memory of Wallace, whose work made the victory possible, is kept ever before the eye by a great monument impressive in its unlovely ruggedness, suddenly Bannockburn is no longer something which happened once upon a time in a more or less imaginary country. It is a real fight for liberty fought by real men. In the soft light of the long Scotch twilight it does not take much imagination to see the plain below peopled with dark figures moving urgently and furtively across it; little more to hear the call of the pipers. And then into one's mind comes the thought of the anxious homes to the north and to the south left desolate then as now by battle's call. Six hundred years ago and more though it be, your spirit leaps to find these men and women kinsman, and a new understanding of the response to the call of the last great war for freedom comes to the Canadian who stands there for the first time.

SOMETHING of the same feeling comes again as one travels south through Ireland and England and finds everywhere monuments to Nelson and Wellington. Hard to describe that queer thrill of the reality of his work and character which comes over one as at many unexpected moments in London, one sees high against the sky the one armed figure of the Central Monument of Trafalgar Square; or when one sees on Apsley House the record of the rage of the mob against Wellington, the one-time deliverer of England, expressed as befitted that time in the throwing of stones, not in the no less deadly weapon of to-day—hard words. Nearer our own time these men are more known to us. We even celebrate their anniversaries at times. Yet one knows that the phrase "the Napoleonic Wars" is one that engulfs all personalities and makes that struggle in our minds a matter more of forces than of real living men and women. Seeing these monuments one Canadian at least marvelled how the Germans could ever have thought that a people surrounded by these witnesses of centuries of wars for freedom, would not again fight to preserve what had been won.

From Stirling we went to Edinburgh and there the process went on apace. All the weeks held nothing more full of pure joy, more revealing, than an evening's walk along the royal mile, from the Castle at one end to Holyrood, first an abbey and then a palace, at the other. Strange outcropping ridge of rock that on which this city was first built up with its one street along the crest and the curious winds or closes leading to the buildings covering both sloping sides of the ridge. Every step of the way along that royal mile filled with history, some of it great, some of it merely human. Riddle's Close, for instance, where David Hume lived and wrote his Essays and began his History of England, and where also is the house of that Baillie MacMorin whose school boys went on strike because in September 1515 they were denied a week's holiday. They erected barricades, themselves inside, the Baillie outside the house. Then, as now, town councils did not like strikes and sent the Baillie at the head of a force to break down the school boy's stronghold. They succeeded, but a stray shot put an end to the Ballie's career in this world. That house is now a hall for university students, and so one wonders whether the Baillie's career was really ended. But how, after seeing that house and hearing that story can the people of those four hundred years ago seem anything but flesh and blood—people very much like ourselves?

And so when a little further down the royal mile one walks almost unheeding over a small plate in the pavement, on which are the letters I. K. 1572, and one learns from the Scottish friend that underneath lie the remains of John Knox, is it any wonder that suddenly he comes out of the corner of one's mind where are the prophets and teachers of the past and becomes a living man who fought for his Scotland against the Church of Rome, who walked up and down this same royal mile, ardently loved by some and as ardently feared and hated by others. A little further down one comes upon his house, and may wander through the rooms, the tiny one where he worked, the more spacious one where his friends gathered round. How should it be otherwise than that the men and women of that city who go day by day pass his house, who break pace in their hurried walk to pass around his grave should have a keener sense of the bitter struggle of which we speak easily as the Reformation, than we of Canada who take it all for granted.

Something of this came to us as we stood in Argyle's tower in the Castle, in the room in which Argyle slept his last sleep, as shown in the famous picture, a fresco of which decorates the Commons Corridor at Westminster. A little strenuous earnest blackeyed woman keeps that room to whom one of us remarked with the casual air of those who do not understand, that Argyle must have been a great man. With a look of scorn for our ignorance she answered, "Aye, he kept the Faith."

And again, as we stood in front of the Martyrs' Memorial in Greyfriars' Churchyard. There we read the inscription which relates that below are interred the remains of some two hundred men and women who suffered martyrdom for the faith. A little silence fell upon us. Of course we had read the story of the martyrs. Who has not? But faced with that tomb suddenly they, too, became real men and women who suffered tortures for the sake of that Lord of Christmas whom we claim to follow. And out of the little silence said one of us to the Scottish lady who accompanied us "I wonder would we have the courage to-day—I'm afraid not." And was the spirit of the martyrs which answered through the lips of the Scottish lady with as much sternness as her gentle nature would permit. "I think the power of Jesus is just as great as it was three hundred years ago."

Yet the same wonder returns when one stands by the Martyrs' Memorial in the high street in Oxford, or in the Coliseum at Rome, or in the busy traffic of Smithfield market in London, or comes on the tablet on the front of St. Bartholemew's Hospital relating that a few feet from that point was set up the stake at which were burned alive the Christian Martyrs. Could we, would we, go to the stake as these men and women of ordinary lives like our own did? And is it because we have lost the sense of necessary warfare against evil that the Christian Church seems to falter on its way?

IT was at Edinburgh, too, that the realization of how large a part the church has played in the development of old world civilization began to come home to us. We had read this in books many times, but then we had not seen the churches. We had not understood how men had gladly poured themselves out body, mind and spirit, that God might have houses worthy of him on earth. Just outside Edinburgh is the exquisite Roslyn Chapel. Begun in 1446 by William St. Clair, Earl of Roslyn, as a peace offering for a misspent youth, work on it continued for forty years and more before his death put an end to it. In that forty years only the choir of the prospective church was built. But in those years scores of men must have spent with lavish hand all their skill and understanding. Both outside and in, it is a mass of the most exquisite stone carving, as though no single effort was to be spared to make this a house wherein that God who was the Master of men's lives might delight to dwell.

One's opinion of Cromwell as the idealized religious leader forced to warfare to repel the wicked comes into fearful conflict with the real Cromwell who stabled his horses within this church.

And Roslyn, exquisite as it is, is only a beginning. No matter into what country one goes, there are churches on all sides. Churches of more or less beauty but all requiring stupendous efforts to build. Even now they would be achievements when done with the aid of modern building machinery, but in those days of no machinery one pictures over and over again the patient toiling men who spent themselves utterly in this work. Not to get finished but to build worthily was the guiding axiom of those days, and scores of years, sometimes hundreds, were spent in the erection of a single building. To this Canadian it was the cathedral at Milan which seemed the highest expression of man's religious fervor. Two hundred years was this cathedral in the making before it was far enough advanced to be consecrated, and another three hundred before it reached the state of marvellous perfection in which one now sees it.

But it is not only in those things that remain to us from hundreds of years ago that witnesses may be found to the way men have desired greatly to serve God and their fellows. In the top floor of a business building on the well known Paternoster Row may be seen by fortunate ones, the room in which over eighty years ago Sir George Williams laid the foundations of that now world-wide institution—the Y.M.C.A. In the quaint old panelled room with the furniture and pictures of the time of Queen Victoria, for it has been kept precisely as it was, we had tea round the table at which the founder and his "apostles" made their plans. Sitting in the chair which Sir George was wont to occupy at the head of the table, one would have been dull, indeed, not to feel that some influence of the mind which called this great work into being, lingered in the room, that some gleam from his spirit lightened, if only for a moment, the spirits of those who tarried there.

While we lingered we heard a story so illuminative of the old world and the new in their reaction one on the other that it might be told here. To that room came a great American financier, now dead. He saw it, as we did, under the guidance of Mr. Howard Williams who carries on the family business and his father's service to the Y.M.C.A. Greatly impressed, the American presently said: "But we must have this room in America. There the Y.M.C.A. has waxed great and strong, and there this room should be."

"That, I fear, cannot be," said Mr. Williams, "Since the room belongs to us here."

"Oh, but I'll pay anything you ask," said the American "and we will move it with the greatest care."

"It is not for sale," was the Englishman's answer.

And with many variations and neither side convincing the other the hour of visit passed away. The American left

Continued on page 8

Little children, wake, and listen!
Songs are ringing through the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth.

Corns Go
Just say
Blue-jay
to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly
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Knitted Christmas Gifts for Baby

Bootees, Knitted

MATERIALS—1 OZ. BEEHIVE ANDALUSIAN. 4 No. 14 Steel Knitting Needles. 1 yd. Ribbon.

Cast 56 stitches on one needle.

Work, in rib of K. 2 and P. 2, for 10 rows, increasing 1 stitch in the last row.

11th Row—Knit plain.

12th Row—Purl.

1st PATTERN ROW—Slip 1, K. 1, *K. 2 together three times then, (by bringing the wool to the front of the work), both make 1 and K. 1 five times, make 1, then K. 2 together three times, K. 1, repeat from * until only 1 stitch remains, knit this.

2nd AND 3rd Row—Knit plain.

4th Row—Purl.

Repeat the last four rows 10 times.

45th Row—Slip 1, K. 1, * make 2 (i.e., wool twice round the needle), K. 2 together twice, repeat from * until only 3 stitches remain on the needle, make 2, K. 3.

46th Row — Knit plain, but purling the 2nd of each of the two made stitches.

47th Row — Knit plain.

48th Row—Purl.

49th Row—K. 20 for the ankle, then continue on the next 19 stitches for the instep as follows:—Slip 1, K. 2 together three times, both make 1 and K. 1 five times, make 1, K. 2 together three times, K. 1. Turning the work, knit 19 stitches in plain knitting. Turning again, knit plain. Turn again and purl. Continue the pattern on these 19 stitches until 9 more repeats of the pattern are worked (10 in all). Then, finishing with a purl row and leaving these stitches on the needle, break off the wool and leave a few inches to run in.

Knitted Bootees
Worked in "Feather" pattern; these Bootees have a dainty appearance and are a change from the more usual plain knitted ones.

Infant's Jacket
Easy to make this little jacket with its colored band, collar and cuffs — Has a pretty appearance.

Infant's Jacket

MATERIALS—4 ozs. white and 1 oz. blue 4-ply BEEHIVE SCOTCH FINGERING. Two No. 8 Celluloid Knitting Needles, with knobs, and four No. 8 Needles pointed at each end. 1 yd. of Ribbon.

Using the white wool, cast on 56 stitches. Work 126 rows (63 ridges) in plain knitting, then divide the stitches for the shoulders as follows:—K. 18, knit the next 20 stitches and put them on to a thread, K. 18. Knit 15 more rows on the last 18 stitches then, continuing for the front, cast on 10 stitches at the neck (making 28 stitches in all) and knit plain for another 126 rows. Cast off.

Commencing again with the 18 stitches for the other shoulder, knit the 2nd shoulder and front to correspond with the first.

Sew up the side seams with the wool, leaving 4½ inches for the armhole.

With the right side of the work facing you, and using the colored wool and the needles pointed at both ends, knit up stitches as follows: 63 down the front edge, 28 along the lower edge of the first front, 56 along the edge of the back, then 28 along the edge of the 2nd front and 63 up the other front edge. Work 12 rows in plain knitting, increasing at each corner by making a stitch (wool forward) before and after the corner stitch in every alternate row. Cast off.

Still using the blue wool, knit up stitches round the neck as follows:—Miss the first half of the band, knit up 3 stitches over the 2nd half, 10 along the front of the neck, 8 over the shoulder, knit the 20 across the back, 8 over the other shoulder, 10 along the second front, and 3 for the first half of the band.

Work 3 rows in plain knitting, then make the holes for the ribbons as follows: K. 4, *wool forward, K. 2 together, K. 2, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Work 3 inches in plain knitting, increasing once at each end of every 2nd row. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES—Using the colored wool cast on 40 stitches and work 30 rows in plain knitting for the cuff. Fastening off the colored wool, join up the white and commence the increasings for the sleeve as follows:—K. 7, increase in each 2nd stitch until the last 7 are reached, knit these. Work 60 rows in plain knitting. Cast off.

Sew up the seams of the sleeves and fix the latter in the armholes, placing seam to seam. Thread ribbon at the neck.

See Page 73 for Instructions for Edgings.

Infant's Mittens

MATERIALS—1 OZ. 4-ply BEEHIVE SCOTCH FINGERING. Two No. 10 Celluloid Knitting Needles. ¾ yd. of Ribbon.

Cast on 40 stitches.

Work, in rib of K. 2 and P. 2, for 30 rows.

31st Row.—*K. 2, wool forward, K. 2 together, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Work 8 rows in plain knitting.

40th Row.—K. 19, increase once in each of the next 2 stitches, K. 19.

41st Row—Knit plain.

42nd Row—K. 19, increase once in the next stitch, K. 2, increase once in the next, K. 19.

43rd Row—Knit plain.

44th Row—K. 19, increase once in the next stitch, knit to the last 20 stitches, increase once in the next, K. 19.

Repeat the last two rows until 52 stitches are on the needle.

Knit one row without shaping.

In the next row, K. 20, knit backwards and forwards on the next 12 stitches for 11 rows. Then, to shape the top of the thumb, knit each two stitches together in the next two rows. Breaking off a length of wool, thread it through the remaining stitches, then sew up the thumb seam and fasten off very securely. Commencing again with the needle containing the 20 knitted stitches, knit up two stitches at the base of the thumb and knit the remaining 20 stitches at the other side of the thumb.

Infants Mittens
Worked with plain knitting, these are capital for wear and washing. The small amount of shaping required for the thumb will be found quite easy to follow.

Knit plain until 40 rows have been worked from the wrist. Then commence to shape the top as follows:—

1st Row—Knit together every 6th and 7th stitch.

2nd AND EVERY ALTERNATE ROW.—Knit without shaping.

3rd Row—Knit together every 5th and 6th stitch.

5th Row—Knit together every 4th and 5th stitch.

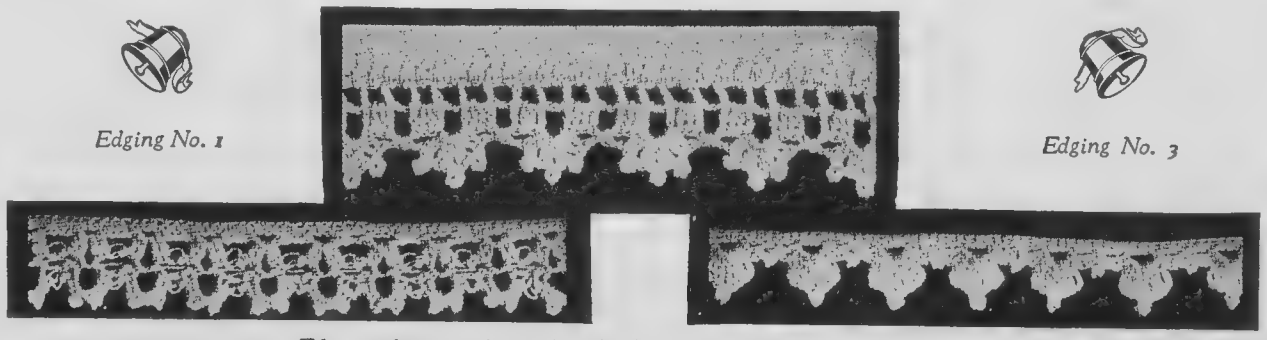
7th Row—Knit together every 3rd and 4th stitch.

9th Row—Knit together every 2nd and 3rd stitch.

Breaking off a length of wool, thread it through the remaining stitches and fasten off very securely. Sew up the seam and thread the ribbon through the holes at the wrist.

Check that head cold!
Vaseline
Trade Mark
EUCALYPTOL
PETROLEUM JELLY
will do it.
A small application of it in the nostrils heals the infected membranes of the nasal passages.
The best way to cure a cold is to *check* it. Keep a tube of "Vaseline" Eucalyptol Jelly ready for instant use.
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal

Edging No. 1



Edging No. 3

Edgings that may be used with pleasing effect on various articles.

"With the $1500.00 I Earned at Home We are Buying a Fine Farm"

This is the extraordinary record of success in Auto Knitting achieved by Miss Ella Holtz. Not many Auto Knitter owners have the time and energy needed to bring out the full money-making possibilities of their machines, as Miss Holtz has done, but in homes all over the country the Auto Knitter helps to bring in many welcome dollars every month the year round. Wouldn't you be glad to have some extra money in exchange for some of your spare hours? Then read Miss Holtz's inspiring story and send for free information about our "Guaranteed Wage Plan". That was how she got her start.

Miss Ella Holtz

By Miss Ella Holtz

My widowed mother, two brothers, two sisters and myself lived in a small cottage near town. We always got along comfortably until the War broke out. Then prices went so high that we could not afford to have anything extra and our money was shrinking terribly. As I was the oldest of the family I had to find a way to get extra money to help support the family.

I also wanted extra money for myself, as I found myself grown up and in need of the nice, pretty things that are dear to a girl's heart. I wanted to be as stylish as the other girls. But no matter how hard I tried to be neat, I always felt conscious of my clothes, for I had to wear the same dress over and over again, while my friends had new ones every time they went out to socials. Many times I cried over it. My mother could see the worried look, but of course I would not tell her.

One night, after crying until I could hardly see—I was heart broken—I picked up a magazine, and as I glanced over one of the pages I saw an advertisement of the Auto Knitter Company. I read it and it was a wonderful story, almost too good to realize, about a family just like ourselves. It told how they turned their spare hours into dollars, I was so interested that I sent for information right away, receiving same shortly afterwards.

The Auto Knitter Company's plan was reasonable. I learned that they sign a fixed wage contract for making standard socks with every owner of an Auto Knitter. It all seemed very fair and square to me, so I finally sent for the machine. That is now a year and two months ago.

I didn't know the first thing about knitting, but when the machine arrived I began to study the Instruction Book and I found everything so clear that I could understand readily. The first pair of socks I made took about 3 hours to finish, but it didn't discourage me, for I thought, practice makes perfect. The next pair was more easily acomplished.

I felt proud and happy the next day. I knit four dozen pairs and sent them to the Company. A few days later I received a cheque. Oh! how glad I was, no one knows. My first cheque. I earned it myself. I continued sending socks to the company, but by this time the neighbors were beginning to get curious and every day two or three came to find out all about it. They thought the socks a spendid value and I soon had orders coming in so fast that it took every minute of my time to fill them.

I found myself making $30.00 to $35.00 per week by just selling to private customers, local stores, etc. I knit socks, fancy stockings for skating, also underwear and scarfs.

Then I had a little shack built at the side of the house, all fixed up comfortably, and called it my little factory. Here I spent all summer knitting socks every minute of the day, as I had made a contract with the stores in several small towns to knit each so many pairs of socks. They supplied the yarn for all the socks I knit for them. At the end of November I packed the socks up in bales, all ready to be sold.

Altogether I knit 5,000 pairs of socks at a profit of 30 cents per pair, which amounted to $1,500.00. With this $1,500.00 I earned at home, we are buying a fine farm with nice buildings on it. Everybody said to me "The machine is like a good fairy to you." Now we are comfortably settled in our new home.

I am so interested in the work that I try all kinds of new ways. One day I thought I would like to make a corset cover yoke by using the fancy stitch and it turned out beautifully. Every lady that saw it wanted one like it, so in four months I made six hundred corset covers, with my mother's help at sewing on the straps. They proved to be very satisfactory pieces of work and I sold them at 75 cents each.

"Three weeks ago we got a new Sewing Machine

This week we got a New Range

My mother is getting so that she knows how to operate the machine also and I am figuring on getting another one for her. I am just doing fine, have got the nice farm which, although it is not very big, is a good start. It will pay its own way.

Three weeks ago we got a new sewing machine; this week we got a new range. We can always get a new range. We can always get everything we want, little by little. I cannot express in words what the machine has meant to me. I wish the company the best success.

Miss Ella Holtz, Alberta.

WHY NOT SATISFY YOUR WANTS THROUGH AUTO KNITTING?

Even though you have no actual need to earn money, how pleasant it would be to do so, wouldn't it? To sit down for a couple of hours in the evening at a light occupation that is really more fascinating than embroidery or crocheting, and to know that every bit of standard work you turn out has a steady, always-ready market waiting for it—that is real satisfaction!

That is the advantage which women everywhere, yes, and men too, now enjoy because they have learned to make a standard pattern of all-wool socks—on the handy little home-operated machine called "The Auto Knitter."

If you too had an Auto Knitter you could turn your spare moments into steady earnings that would rapidly grow into really worth-while sums of money—to be used for clothes, home-furnishings, savings, or any of the hundred-and-one needs and wants that keep presenting themselves—often unexpectedly, when your family income is already strained by regular expenses.

When an Auto Knitter owner needs extra money, she simply gets busy making standard socks on her machine, sends shipment of them to the Auto Knitter Hoisery Company, and in a few days she has the cash in the form of a "money order from Toronto."

"This money order from Toronto" is a welcome visitor in Canadian homes all over the country—and it pays for all sorts of extra comforts, pleasures and little luxuries. This money is used to help pay for new homes—to buy new furniture—to start bank accounts— to help educate children—to pay vacation expenses—to buy vacuum cleaners, kitchen cabinets, washing machines, phonoghaphs and farm machinery—to start mushroom and chicken raising businesses.

EACH WORKER PROTECTED BY A CONTRACT

You are given a signed Work Contract guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You can work as much as you please or as little as you please—and the standard product you complete can be disposed of promptly and profitably to the company. You are not compelled or obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling, then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

SEND FOR FACTS, STORIES AND FULL INFORMATION

If you have the slightest desire to earn more money— if you want to turn your spare hours into cash, then send the attached coupon today for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send for the coupon today. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. You do not want to postpone the day when you can have extra money—so don't postpone sending the coupon. Resolve now to do as others have done. Make up your mind to let your own spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.

Dept. 7312 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont

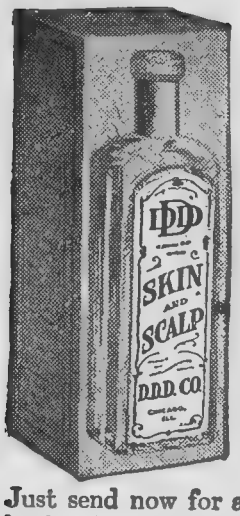
Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.
Dept. 7312, 1870 Davenport Road West Toronto, Ont.

Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... PROV.....



A Message to Skin Sufferers

Have you had to endure disfigurement—humiliation—itching—pain?

Have you many times followed hopeful advice only to be disappointed?

Just send now for a liberal trial bottle of D. D. D, Prescription, the famous liquid wash. A few drops from this trial bottle will *sweep away* all suffering. You will feel that welcome relief for which you have always hoped. Send for this free test today.

D.D.D. Prescription

The soothing oils of D. D. D. have no equal in the treatment of the skin. Physicians have used oil of wintergreen, thymol, glycerin and the other ingredients contained in D.D.D. with great success in the treating of the skin.

Free Trial Bottle

Try D.D.D. Send today for the generous test which will bring you relief absolutely free. Enclose ten cents to cover postage.

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Why Try To Treat Piles From The Outside

Don't Be Cut — Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

LET ME PROVE THIS FREE

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now, TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy

E. R. Page,
330C Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your method to:

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For sure relief try that famous old remedy

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

24

SOME CHRISTMAS—Continued from page 15

panic stricken to say they could not find it. "Cut some more timber and get out to them!"

They cut more timber, spanned the blowhole, and two men crept out. Ten minutes later Jasserman and Grimble were carried up to the bunkhouse, where their frozen clothing was cut off from their bodies. Not till they had received all the attention necessary did Churley draw attention to the fact that the fingers of both his hands were frozen.

But for the firewater they had swallowed, both Jasserman and Grimble would doubtless have perished, but, as it was, neither of them was much the worse. Churley, however, suffered agonies with his hands, and it was fairly evident that he would go through the remainder of his life with a partially crippled right hand. Not through any fault of his own—no, but because two other fools had chosen to get drunk, and because he had chosen to stand by them.

"Thanks," said Jasserman one day when he and Churley were alone. "You saved my life, but I suppose that, if I'd been a single man, you'd have let me drown?"

"Probably," Churley answered.

Jasserman was thoughtful. "And yet," he said slowly, "you talked about the Gold Coast once, and be hanged to my wife and family."

"Just so," answered Churley. "I wish to goodness you'd gone."

"Well," said Jasserman grimly, "I ain't got no wife and family."

Churley stared. "A dern good thing for them," he rumbled.

Christmas was only a week or so away when one evening after supper Jasserman addressed the men as follows: "I got good news for you. The boss is coming out to let Christmas in. The Managing Director, Mr Charlie McGill. I think you'll all agree that it's almighty good of this gentleman to leave his cosy fireside and his wife and kiddies—"

"Ain't got no wife and kiddies—" interposed the clerk.

Jasserman glared—"Hold your blooming tongue," he roared in the same even rumble. "To leave his wife and kiddies in order to see how his boys is getting on in this ding-dong north country."

At this juncture another diversion was caused by the clerk falling backwards off the form. He made a hideous crash and was apparently in a swooning condition. "He ain't got no—" he pleaded desperately.

Jasserman ignored him. "It's up to us to give the boss a hearty welcome," he rumbled on, "and to toast him best we can at the Christmas dinner table."

THUS, having delivered his speech, Jasserman rushed at Churley, gripped him by the neck, and ran him out of the cookhouse. At the door he thrust the boy yards away, then took a running boot at the seat of his trousers. Unluckily, however, Churley caught his foot, and yanked it shoulder high with a terrific upward heave. Jasserman's other foot slipped on the glazed snow, and he went over an awful purler.

Jasserman was too dazed to renew the attack. He simply stood and glared. "Yes, my lad," said he, "when the boss comes I'll soon get quit of you. You're nothing but a blamed nuisance!"

Churley looked at him. "If the boss fires anyone," said he, "it won't be me."

Next day brought a letter saying that the boss could not arrive before dinner time Christmas Eve. The clerk was to go to the railhead to meet him.

So, a day or two before Christmas, Churley, alone, left the lumber camp for the railway depot. An atmosphere of good will prevailed as he shook hands all round, promising to undertake all kinds of messages. Even Jasserman seemed to have forgotten his ill will, for it was a crisp and sunny morning, and he shook Churley by the hand and called him boy. "After all, sonny," he said, "we want the boss to think that things is working smooth at the camp, this being his first visit, so we'll just try to forget our little grievances while he's here."

"Right you are, old thing," Churley agreed, remembering the little incident of the till and the borrowed wages.

So away Churley went, and on the following day he rang up Jasserman from the railway depot.

"Say, Jass, old stick," said Churley, "there's a whole consignment of stuff arrived here for the Christmas festivities, about two sled loads. Hams and frozen turkeys and quarters of beef and bottles galore. About two sled loads. Also there's a packet for every man—pipes, tobacco, cigars, and the like, I reckon. I'm sending it all along by a couple of half breeds, and you should get it tonight. The boss and me won't get back till near dinner time tomorrow night, so you have to get the table ready and everything set out so that the festivities begin for every man soon as ever we arrive. Get a hustle on as soon as the stuff comes. Some Christmas!"

"Right you are, sonny," answered Jasserman. "Some boss! That all then?"

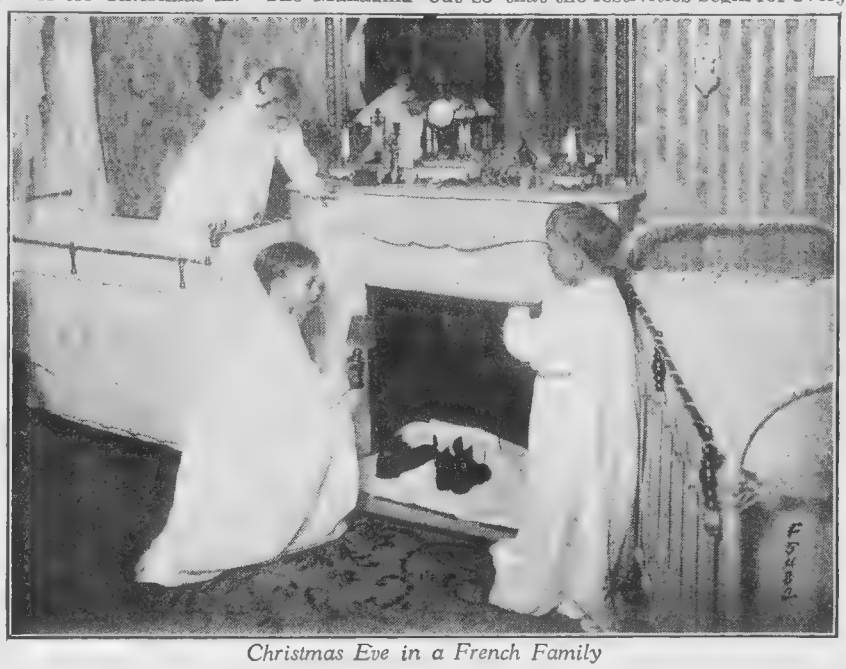
"Yes, that's all."

"Very well, and I say Churley! A little less of your 'Old Stick'!"

If ever a camp took a pride in arranging its Christmas table that camp was Smoky River. Moreover they were not short of materials. The grub was there and the hootch and the decorations. They made a kind of a throne at the head of the table, constructed of huge logs of the choicest timber the concern could produce, decked with a canopy of spruce boughs for the boss. Yes, it was to be *some* Christmas, and they would give him *some* welcome.

When Christmas Eve came, the men stood about in the darkness, listening intently. Inside the cookhouse candles flamed, gaudy banners and paper whatnots festooned the roof timbers, by every man's place was an unopened packet, and the tables groaned with such delicacies as most of them had never before tasted. So about the doorway they hung, every man shaven and got up like a hambone, till at length the faint far sound for which they waited came.

"Whist!" said a whisper. Tense silence followed—the silence of the bitter northern night. Then again that far sound—



Christmas Eve in a French Family

Excellent with Hot or Cold Foods -joints, entrées savouries etc.

Lea & Perrins' SAUCE

The ORIGINAL Worcestershire

WOMEN'S CLUBS can quickly raise funds with a Victor Safety Cinema.

No ready money required to secure this machine through new selling plan.

51

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COMBINGS!

Lovely switches made from your combings.
New hair added if desired.
$3.00 for making. With new hair, add from $2.00 upwards.

Elite Hair Store
283 Smith Street,
Winnipeg, Man.

SOME CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 72

the tinkle of sled bells coming down the trail, drawing nearer and nearer on the silver quietude, then a voice—an hilarious voice, echoing over a million million ice crystals. "Mush—hi! Mush on there, or we won't be home till morning! We won't be home—"

"That's them!" muttered Jasserman. "Now every man to his place, orderly like, and when I show the boss in cheer—just cheer! Cheer orderly like, and don't throw anything at him. Nothing hard, anyway. Just remember this ain't a bull fight."

The men dribbled into their places like good children, and there they sat, quiet as mice, while the tinkle of silver bells drew nearer. Then, through the open doorway, craning their necks, they saw a great sled, drawn by a dozen mighty huskies, and with two gaily attired half breed drivers, draw up opposite. Within the sled sat one man.

Now he rose. Casting his luxurious wolf robes aside, he stretched out his hand and clasped Jasserman's, who was standing by to do the honors.

"Evening old bean!" said he. "Merry Christmas to you. Is dinner ready?"

Jasserman gasped. It was Churley—Churley alone!

"Say!" muttered the foreman thickly. "Where's the boss? What the—?"

Churley ignored him. With slow and stately step he walked into the cookhouse, cast off his sparkling furs, then solemnly and gravely strode over to the throne at the end of the table.

He stood up and looked around. Every man was deadly silent. What did it mean? What had happened? Soon they were to know.

"Boys," said Churley, "I have to thank you for these beautiful decorations in my honor. I have come to let Christmas in, and from the bottom of my heart I hope it will be a happy and memorable one for all of you. My name is Churley—Churley McGill. Charlie they call it in England, but I'm Scotch. When the old gentleman died a year ago, and I automatically became boss of the show, I was at college in England. Of course I was born in Canada, and could handle a canoe when I was four. I wanted to get to know my men up in this north country, and I know that I could never do it as their boss. I had to be one of them, to work with them, and to know them as friends and brothers, and the experience has been a great one. It has been a thousand times worth the price paid"—— and as he said this many eyes wandered to his right hand, which, through life, would ever serve to remind him of a certain night— "for we have been pals all of us, and I know now that every cog in the great machine which is working for the firm is doing its bit as a British cog should, but is something more than just a bit of machinery. We have been pals on a level footing with interests and amusements alike, and I am pleased with you, proud of you—proud to be your pal, and to regard you as mine! And now Jasserman, old bean, just tell Cook to boost in the hog's head, and to look slippy with the haggis, 'cause we're all almighty hungry."

There was silence, rising into a titter, then a roar—such a roar as shook the massive timbers. Glasses were held higher. "'Churley, my boy! Churley old bean! Our boss! The best boss what ever lived!"

But Jasserman was at Churley's elbow. "My stars, sir—upon my soul—I didn't know!"

Churley looked at him. "Good night man, what's the matter? You look scared! Don't you want the boss to think that things are running smoothly? I always thought we would be pals someday, and by Jingo we will!"

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS

Continued from page 70

Illustrations on page 70

Edging No. 1

Make chain for required length.

1st Row—1 s.c. in each ch. st. across.

2nd Row—1 s.c. in first s.c. of previous row, * ch. 3, sk. next two s.c., 1 s.c. in next s.c., repeat from * across.

3rd Row—1 s.c. in first m. of previous row, * 1 p., 1 s.c. in next m., ch. 3, 1 s.c. in next m., ch. 4, then 3 tr.c., 1 p., 3 tr.c. in same m., ch. 4, 1 s.c. in same m., ch. 3, 1 s.c. in next m., repeat from * across.

Edging No. 2

Make a chain for required length.

1st Row—1 s.c. in each ch. st. across.

2nd Row—1 s.c. in first s.c. of previous row, * ch. 3, sk. 2 s.c., 1 s.c. in next s.c., repeat from * across.

3rd Row—Work in first m. of previous row 2 d.c., ch. 3, 2 d.c., ½ knot st. as follows: Draw st. on hook to one-quarter inch, take up thread and draw through this loop, then put the hook under the thread just drawn through between it and the loop below, take up the thread, draw through again. This forms 1 s.c. at point of loop, * sk. next m., then work 2 d.c., ch. 3, 2 d.c. in next m., ½ knot st., repeat from * across.

4th Row—Work in first space between 4 d.c. 1 s.c., ch. 7, 1 s.c., * ½ knot st., then 1 s.c., ch. 7, 1 s.c. in next space between 4 d.c., repeat from * across.

5th Row—Work in first ch. loop of previous row 3 s.c., 1 p., 3 s.c., 1 p., 3 s.c., * ½ knot st., then work in next ch. loop 3 s.c., 1 p., 3 s.c., 1 p., 3 s.c., repeat from * across.

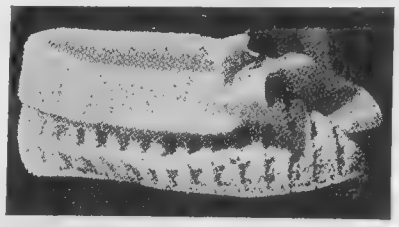
Edging No. 3

1st Row—Work s.c. sts. into material or into a foundation chain.

2nd Row—1 d.c. in first s.c. of previous row, * ch. 2, sk. 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next st., repeat from * across.

3rd Row—1 d.c. in each of first four sts. of previous row, * ch. 2, sk. 2 chs., 1 d.c. in each of the next four sts., repeat from * across.

4th Row—2 s.c. in first m. of previous row, * ch. 1, then work in nest m. 2 d.c., 1 p., 2 d.c., 1 p., 2 d.c., 1 p., 2 d.c., then ch. 1, 2 s.c. in next m., repeat from * across.



The honeycomb stitch, knitted in two colors gives a pretty effect, and is quite easy to work.

Bedroom Slippers, Knitted

MATERIALS—2 to 3 ozs. white and 1 oz. colored BEEHIVE FLEECY. A pair of slipper soles the required size. Two No. 9 Celluloid Knitting Needles.

WITH THE WHITE WOOL cast on 22 stitches for a woman's size, or 17 stitches for a child's.

1st Row—Knit plain.

At the commencement of each following row, after turning, always slip the first stitch.

2nd Row—Slip 2 (taking care not to turn the stitches), joining up the colored wool *K. 3 colored, slip 2 white, repeat from * until only 2 stitches remain leaving these unknitted, turn.

3rd Row—*P. 3 colored, slip 2 white, repeat from * until only 2 stitches remain leaving these unknitted, turn.

4th Row—The same as the second row.

5th Row—The same as the 3rd row but, when the last two stitches are reached, put them on the right-hand needle without knitting them.

6th AND 7th Rows—With the white wool, knit plain all the stitches.

8th Row—Purl with the white wool.

9th Row—Knit plain with the white wool. Repeat the last eight rows until the required length is worked. At the last repetition, instead of knitting the last row, cast off. Join up the shoe, gusset fashion, on the wrong side, i.e., sew the cast-off row along the side of the knitting for seven ridges. The corner makes the centre of the toe. The join should come at the right-hand in one shoe and at the left in the other. Sew the slipper to the sole.

The Ankle Flap—Casting on 12 stitches with the white wool, work, in plain knitting a sufficient length to fit round the ankle. Cast off. Sew the flap to the ankle. Thread ribbon through the holes (made by the pattern) along the top of the shoe and finish with rosettes at the front.

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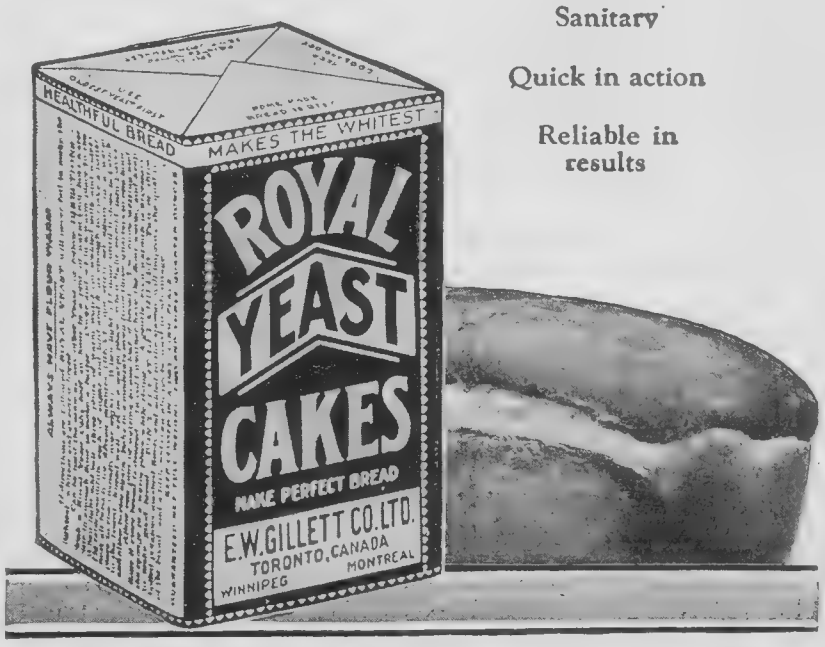

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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

The cape finish on a dress is most gracefully becoming to most figures, especialy to those that are faulty.

Brown promises to be the leading color, for suits especially, and that means brown in many shades.

Black is as ever popular, and goes well with silver or grey furs.

Chic tailored costumes are shown in one piece effects, made up in woollen reversible fabric, braid, or striped or plain. The blouse or coat portion may be of the one side and the skirt and sleeves of the reversed side.

It is the popular desire that tailored skirts shall remain short—3 or 4 inches above the ankle bone—and that the width at the foot shall be governed by the size of the hips, in order to give an appearance of grace and comfort to both slim and stout figures.

Color will be shown in all its intensity and beauty, not only in trimmings but also in materials.

There are new cotton velvets, soft as silk, and lovely for capes and wraps.

Day dresses are finished with long close sleeves.

Afternoon frocks show bell shaped sleeves, and those of peasant types. The new leg o' mutton sleeve is also in evidence, as are also tight sleeves trimmed with puffs and ruffles over the elbow.

A Fall suit of brown and black check has a smart short jacket with flaring sleeves, trimmed with puffings of brown satin.

A street dress of broad cloth in the fashionable cafe au lait shade, has a long bodice, bloused over a skirt, with uneven hem line and side closing.

The sleeves are tight to the elbows, with wide kimono sections added.

The blouse in "coatee" or "Jacquet" effect with surplice closing, and shawl collar trimming is a popular style, for wear with accordion or knife plaited skirts.

A very effective combination of beige and deep rose was shown in a youthful costume.

The frock of broad cloth in beige is loosely bloused at the waist, with a wide girdle belt of rose and beige. The skirt is slit from waist to hem at the sides forming two loose panel sections over an underdress of rose.

The popularity of the knitted costume is surely a fact. In white and in brown there are many smart models.

Straight unbelted coat dresses are among the new Fall frocks.

Vari-colored embroidery is used on dresses of black velvet.

Velvet and corduroy is shown for knicker suits and pantee dresses for children. Sometimes the smock only is of velvet, and the knickers in contrasting cloth. Khaki also is employed for these "play suits" trimmed with gay color braids.

For school dresses Poiret twill and novelty woollens are popular.

Party and dance frocks are in great demand, not only in crepe and crepe de chine but also in taffeta and velvet.

Panels, plaiting, and metallic ribbons are used to trim georgette frocks of bright and pastel colors.

Gay colored leather was used on a dress of velvet, appliqued with heavy embroidery stiches.

Simplicity should be the keynote of school clothes.

Topcoats are shown in two styles, a loose wrap coat with adaptable collar, developed in fine tweeds and homespuns and the Russian straight coat with high collar and deep cuffs of fur.

Plain reefer or single breasted coats in navy or brown are good for everyday wear.

Velours, trimmed with beaver or nutria is featured for the more dressy type.

For school wear, there are brushed knitted wool suits in plain tailored styles.

There are also capes of brushed wool, sweaters, jumpers, and scarfs.

Bloomer dresses, also knickers for wear with middies and blouses are made up in cloth and wash fabrics.

A Simple Frock for a Small Miss, 4188—Plaid gingham in brown tones is here shown. The dress is also attractive in gabardine, tricotine, percale and other seasonable materials. The sleeves may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 3 yards of 32 inch material. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require ⅜ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Under-garment, 4183—This style will readily appeal to the woman who desires freedom and comfort as applied to bloomers. Sateen, crepe, serge, flannel and silk are good materials for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes; Small, 27-29; Medium, 31-33; Large, 35-37; and Extra Large, 39-41 inches waist measure. A Medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Version of a Popular Style, 4004. Smart plaits lend graceful fulness to this charming "one piece" model. It will develop well in taffeta, linen, crepe, ratine, or spongeen. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 4⅝ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is about 2¼ yards. As here illustrated white flannel was used, with embroidery in yellow yarn.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New and Simple "Draped" Style, 4176.—Long and graceful lines mark this style, and the new leg o' mutton sleeve is an outstanding feature. This design is fine for the new crepe weaves, and for crepe de chine. It will also lend itself well to velvet, and kasha.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5¼ yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2½ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock for the Growing Girl, 4182.—To the girl who likes "something different," this model will be very attractive. It has new sleeve lines and neat inserted pockets. The neck finish is comfortable and pleasing. The style is good for knitted fabrics, for velveteen, taffeta, prunella and serge. The sleeve may be short, or, in wrist length.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 3¾ yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

An Ideal House Dress, 4179.—The simplicity of this model is its best feature. The pleasing fullness above the bust, and an equally comfortable allowance on the sides at the hips, are practical points that will appeal to the woman who likes neatness and comfort in her housedresses. The sleeve in short length is attractive and comfortable. The long sleeve may be turned up for convenience in working.

This Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4⅝ yars of 32 inch material. The width at the foot is 2⅛ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

An Attractive Comfortable Apron—Pattern 3719 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 5¼ yards of 27 inch material.

Gingham could be used for this, or seersucker, lawn, drill, percale, sateen and alpaca.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Set of Bibs for Baby, 4194.—These accessories are very serviceable, as all mothers know. No. 1 is illustrated in rubberized gingham with blanket stitching for a finish. A binding of tape is also suitable.

No. 2 may be of rubber drill, terry cloth, linen or gingham. The pocket may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in One Size. To make either style will require ⅝ yard of 36 inch material, this affords making the bibs in 3 ply.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Set of Serviceable Bags, 4195.—Denim, cretonne, drill, unbleached muslin, sanitas and rubberized cloth may be used for these models. No. 1 is a very simple design. No. 2 is a very useful bag

slippers but for other small articles. The ring at the top forms a convenient hanger. No. 3 is attractive as a child's shoe bag.

The Pattern is cut in one size medium. No. 1 will require ½ yard, No. 2 requires 1¼ yard, No. 3 requires ⅜ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Serviceable Model, 3026—Girl's Gymnasium Suit. Comprising a smart Middy Blouse, which may be finished to the waistline only, and a pair of comfortable, neat bloomers, cut with ample fullness. For the blouse, one could use madras, linene, linen, serge or flannel. For the bloomers, serge, cashmere, brilliantine or sateen is desirable. The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3¾ yards of 27 inch material for the Blouse and 3⅜ yards for the Bloomers, for a 12 year size.

A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Jaunty School Frock, 3853.—For combining plain and plaid suiting, this is an excellent model. In gingham with chambrey, or serge, with plaid woollen, it will make a very becoming school dress. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern provides a straight belt, which may be replaced with a girdle or sash, or a belt of metal or wooden beads.

The Sizes for this design are 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size will require 3⅛ yards of 44 inch material.

A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style, 3814—Every school girl's wardrobe should boast of a frock of this type. With a warm coat or cape it makes an ideal winter costume. Soft woollen materials, plaid or checked suiting, serge, poplin, repp, gingham, linen, pongee and taffeta are attractive for this model. The sleeve may be joined to the dress or guimpe.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 2¼ yards of 27 inch material for the guimpe and 3¼ yards for the dress.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Style for the Woman of Mature Figure, 4178—Broad cloth or serge with braiding, or with flat braid will be attractive for this model. The long waist is a good feature. The lines are graceful. Comfortable plait fullness adds to the width of the skirt.

This Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 54 inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2¾ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Two Dainty Aprons.—Pattern 3438 supplies these styles. It is cut in one Size: Medium. No. 1 will require ⅞ yard of 36 inch material, and No. 2 will require 1¼ yard.

Lawn, dotted Swiss, dimity, crepe and embroidered materials are attractive for these styles.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Street Costume, 4172-4174.—Plaid woollen for the skirt, and velvet for the coat, will carry out the idea here portrayed. One could have coat and skirt of velvet, or of twill cloth for service.

The Coat Pattern 4172, is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 3½ yards of 44 inch material for a 38 inch size. The Skirt Pattern 4174 is cut in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. The width at the foot is 2⅝ yards. To make this style for a 31 inch waist size will require 3⅜ yards of 44 inch material.

TWO separate Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH Pattern in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Set for the Boudoir.—Pattern 3770 supplies these three models. It is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, Medium and Large. The Cap No. 2, will require ¾ yard of 27 inch material. No. 2 will require ⅝ yard. One Pair of Slippers will require ⅜ yard for a medium size.

For the Caps: lace, batiste, net, lawn, satin, silk, cretonne and chintz could be used. The slippers are attractive in silk, satin, cretonne, chintz, flannel and eiderdown.

A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for "Service" or "Porch", 4180.—Chintz and unbleached muslin were combined to make the style here illustrated. The model is also good for cotton crepe, sateen and percale. The girdle may be omitted, and the fullness held in place with a girdle or belt.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40, Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure.

A Medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 32 inch material. To make the waist of contrasting material will require 1¾ yards. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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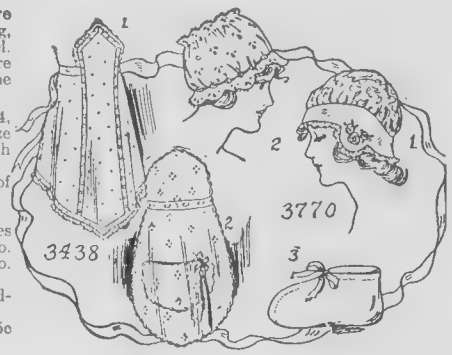

A Frock For Many Occasions, 3965—Here is a simple, youthful design,—a one piece model, with draped panels that may be omitted. The dress is in "slip on" style. It lends itself well to the new crepe weaves, as well as to handkerchief linen, taffeta and gingham. Plain and figured foulard will be nice for this.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 7⅞ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 yards.

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ONE of the McTAVISHES

Continued from page 9

Donald worked away so long before replying that the minister turned to look at him. A quizzical smile was in Donald's eyes.

"Well, minister," he said at last, "you were in such a bad way sometimes, and in so much distress about losing your religion, that I had to reason things out with you a lot; and some way, in trying so hard to convince you, I convinced myself."

The minister leaned back on his pillow and laughed, a big laugh for a man who had been so sick, and whose face was so pitiably thin.

"Donald, you old rascal," he said "I, am sure now that the story was true—the McTavishes had their own boat!"

WHEN the quarantine was over, Donald and the dun-colored ponies retraced the long journey, not forgetting to call at the Sixteen Mile House. Donald had sent a message to his clerical friend, but was not sure whether it had reached him or not.

When he drove up to his own door, after his absence of six weeks, he was met by the old dog, who gave him a glad welcome. A patch of potatoes in bloom, and a garden that he had not even dreamed of, met his eyes, and made him wonder if he were not on the wrong section. There were even some flowers blooming in the window of his small house.

When he went in, the cleanliness of the house amazed him. The cat lay asleep in the sun, as it fell on a mat on the floor; she was sleek and well cared for; so contented that she did not even trouble herself to look up.

He went out to put the ponies in the stable, and met the Rev. Alfred Kingston, dressed in overalls, and driving a team of oxen, coming in from haying.

The two men shook hands without a word.

"Well?" asked the clergyman at last.

"I found it!" said Donald.

The other man looked closely at him.

"Tell me," he said,

That night when all had been told, the clergyman said: "I knew you would find it, and I wanted to see for myself the change that would be worked in you. I have heard of the transforming power of God's grace; I've talked about it, preached about it—I have never really seen it until now. I have worked all my life, I think, on the edge of things, hoping that some good would come; but it has all been vague, indefinite, abstract. Now I know that once, anyway, I was able to help in a work that counted."

Donald looked him squarely in the face.

"Mr. Kingston," he said, slowly, "the Calgary minister told me to tell you that yours was the greatest work of all, for you were willing to do something in His name and for His sake. It is not what we say; it is not how well we can pray—it is what we are, and what we are willing to do!"

CHRISTMAS at RORY'S HOPE

Continued from page 5

for it, smiling as he saw what it was. He stroked the smooth surface of the little English plum-pudding, firm and round in its protecting sack.

"Two years!" he murmured. "Two years an' he never et any of it!" He patted the little sack wistfully and a mist came into his eyes—a mist that was filled with dim shapes of other Christmas times, long gone forever, when as a boy he had listened to the musical bubbling of puddings in the boilers and the home circle yet remained unbroken.

For a long time the Factor from the far-away Fond du Lac sat in the firelight. He grew drowsy after a while and his head sank forward upon the bunk. One hand crept across the blankets and rested in that of the Factor of Rory's Hope; the other held close to the round little sack.

Outdoors the storm was over. Everywhere for leagues the snow stretched in great white drifted piles. Overhead a vast dome of coldly glittering stars spread down and down to the freezing skyline in the north.

But within the little wooden Fort was drowsy warmth and no sounds save the soft purring of the fire and the gentle breathing of the sleeper. So Christmas passed out at Rory's Hope.

LAND'S END

Continued from page 15

south suite. In the midst of its immaculate and wonderful harmony, reposed Aunt Josephine's little black trunk. A maid was gently smoothing and brushing an old-fashioned bonnet. She looked up at Anita's entrance.

"Do look, Miss," she said, "so dear and quaint. My old grandma had one just like it."

Anita fled to her own rooms and locked herself in. Behind the privacy of the closed door she cascaded into the bed. Her anger overmastered her. She had been flouted by the servants. She buried her head in the pillows and kicked her coverlet until it was piled in a smother of silk and lace on the floor. She struck her toe violently on the angle of the bed-post, and the sharp agony of the contact brought the tears in a wild flood.

Presently she called her father's office on the phone, and had him brought out of an important conference, though she knew there was nothing that annoyed him so much as being disturbed by domestic troubles at such a time.

"Hello, honey, what's happened? Miss Morton said it was very urgent.

Anita determined to be very patient, very gentle.

"Daddy, I have just come to Leawood."

"Leawood! What's wrong there? Place on fire? If 'tis, let the insurance people worry. I'd rather have it burn to the ground than be disturbed just now."

"Daddy, I have just come to Leawood, and found Aunt Josephine on the verandah."

"Good heavens, Anita, the dear old soul isn't dead?"

"Daddy," continued the still small voice of the accuser, "what about my house-party?"

"Do you mean to tell me, Anita, that you have interrupted me on account of that damned party?"

"Yes, I have," replied she, throwing aside the role of accusing angel, "Of all mean tricks to play me. Those people will be here in the morning, and Anderson has taken it upon himself to cancel all my arrangements. There isn't a thing in the house to eat, and everything closed up but the east rooms, and the south suite for that old goose of a woman. You'd better get busy, and help me out of this mess!"

"Phone all those people, and tell them to stay at home."

"I'd rather die than do that. And if Anderson isn't out of the house by the morning, I am going to call the police and have him taken out by the collar."

"Listen here, little girl. Aren't you going rather fast? What has Anderson done?"

"He refused to obey my orders, and was insolent to me."

"How about you to him?"

"That's different. He's only a servant. Now don't let us waste any more time, daddy, we've got to have this set right at once."

"All right, Anita, here's my decision. You phone your guests that owing to something or other, you will have to put off your party for another week. Then go down and make peace with Anderson. It's time you learned a little civility, to the servants as well as to your own family. If I were a little nearer to you, I might take some other means to impress this lesson on your memory."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are not going to give me Leawood?"

"For heaven's sake, girl, have I got to go over it all again? You are getting completely spoiled Anita. I am ashamed that a girl of mine should be so selfish and unreasonable."

"You're not going to discharge Anderson."

"I am not. He has been with

Continued on page 82

CORRESPONDENCE

The editor of the Correspondence Page wishes to thank the writers to this department for the many interesting letters that have come to his desk during the past year. Contributors are still asked to bear in mind, however, that a wider range of topics is asked for and it is hoped that during the coming year our page will be brighter and bigger than ever. We welcome expressions of opinion from our readers on general topics and only ask that they be not too long. The publishers join with the editor in wishing the many readers of the page "A Very Merry Christmas."

Mabel on Dressmaking

Dear Editor and Readers

I see from the editor's notes to the page that topics of a different nature than have been discussed lately are asked for and I think I may tell the girl readers of this page how I make use of the oft spoken of "lonesome" hours during the winter. Well, girls, I do dressmaking. Perhaps many of the girls who read this page do so, but if they do they very seldom mention it. I do not mean I make a profession of it, but where there is a family of girls to clothe I am kept very busy all during the winter months. I send for my patterns through The Western Home Monthly and get just the thing I want, cut out my material to the shape and go ahead. Those of you girls who have never tried making a dress should get busy. Just try it out on an inexpensive piece of material for the first trial and if you follow the pattern and instructions I am sure you will be more than delighted with your first attempt, and girls, it is such a saving to the family purse. I never, I may say, attempt anything very hard to make, but simple dresses and clothes I am sure are the more suitable for us in the country.

Now, you bachelors, I know this won't be very interesting reading for you, but maybe I would have something interesting to tell you if you were to drop me a line. I haven't even given a description of myself, but I will leave that for another time.

I will perhaps write again if the editor can see a space for this letter.

Mabel.

Work and More Work

Dear Editor and Readers

A friend of mine once told me that he had written to your page and through it had gained some very interesting correspondence, but the fact that this is a real live page never seemed to soak through my head until last evening when I was reading poor lonesome "X's" letter. I felt just like patting him on the back and saying "Them's my sentiments exactly, Josiah," just as the old farmer's wife used to say, because I am a very, very lonesome "Schoolmarm" teaching out in the wilds with no congenial friends near. All that anyone thinks of here is work, work, work. Naturally that does not agree with me in the least. As this is my first year in the country, always having spent a very lively time in a lively town, I feel sometimes that I would welcome even some lively mosquitoes, but I live in hope of being able to make up for this next year.

Another person I agree with most thoroughly is "Onoway" in her views on powder and also on boys "fussing up" as she calls it. There is one thing I often wonder, and that is if boys like girls with bobbed hair. Mine is short. Perhaps some of the readers could satisfy my curiosity.

I notice as I read the paper that no one ever asks people of nineteen years to write. They seem to be beyond the pale, so I shall have to ask everyone to write me, no age limit, as I have loads of idle time. My guarantee is quick, snappy answers. Isn't that a pretty good promise from

"A Flapper".

Wants A Fair Correspondent

Dear Editor and Readers

I have just lately become acquainted with your most charming paper and thought I would like to join the happy band on the Correspondence Page. I was born in North Woolwich, England, and have been in Gibraltar and Ireland, and landed in Canada at Halifax. I have lived in Quebec and a few more places throughout the Dominion. I was in the army three years but was too young to go overseas. We hear lots about the possibility of another war, so I may have a chance to fight yet. I am coming in hope of gaining correspondence of the fair sex near my own age, 21.

I will try to answer all letters received and will try to make them as interesting as possible. Wishing the editor and members all success, I am,

Buster Brown.

Too Monotonous

Dear Editor and Readers

I hope you have room for another reader in your interesting page. I have just finished reading the Correspondence Page and couldn't resist the temptation to write. I live in a small coal camp which is very dead winter and summer. The only time it is a bit busy is when there is a football game on, then everyone seems to turn out. It is very dry here. Most of the people have to carry water from a long way off or buy it. The mines drain all the water from the wells.

Will Launcelot accept my deepest sympathy. I am sure some day he will meet Miss Right, then he won't be so lonesome and his pet dog won't have to sample the new recipes. I quite agree with Onoway about the fussed ones being the most popular these days, and if you can't dance the latest way around here you'll have to sit in a corner and be a wall flower. I am a cashier in the theatre here and get very lonely at times, for nearly all the girls from here are away working in the cities. It is just as "X" says, country life is too monotonous. Nothing ever happens here. One day is the same as the next.

Like many of the writers I am very fond of reading and dancing. I would like to hear from some of the readers, especially some of the young and lonesome bachelors. Best wishes to the editor and readers.

Jazz Baby.

They All Had It

Dear Editor and Readers

Feeling in a writing mood I decided to pen a few lines to the Correspondence Page of the Western Home Monthly. Launcelot, please lend me your ears one moment. Do you really, truly and honestly mean what you said in your letter in the October number that you had never had a love affair? Surely there is not a man living or woman either who has not had at least one attack. Most people seem to have half a dozen or more before they finally settle down.

I notice most of the correspondents tell their likes and dislikes, so as this is my first letter to the page I shall do likewise. I am very fond of music, reading, writing, dancing, skating and all kinds of fun. Oh, yes, I am fond of work too, as long as I don't have too much of it. Now for my dislikes. At the present moment the only thing I can think of to dislike is too much cold weather.

Believe I have written to as great a length as etiquette will allow for a freshette, so will ring off and sign myself,

Flapper 2.

Do not chase a rainbow unless you have a necessary errand in that direction.

A good farmer feeds his land before it grows hungry, and rests it before it grows weary.

A buzz saw can teach an inquisitive man more in a minute than the best instructors can teach him in a lifetime.

What Better Christmas Gift

THAN

The Western Home Monthly?

When you send The Western Home Monthly into a home you send a full year of entertainment, inspiration, helpfulness and counsel. For its helpful household departments, for its constructive editorials, for its splendid fiction, it is appreciated and enjoyed wherever it goes. And the rate is only $1.00 a year

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Copies will be mailed each month in the year direct to those for whom you subscribe. Avoid the worry over what to buy, the discomfort of the jostling holiday crowds, the trouble and expense of packing and mailing. Leave all that to us; just mail your order and remittance to us and we will do the rest.

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Winnipeg

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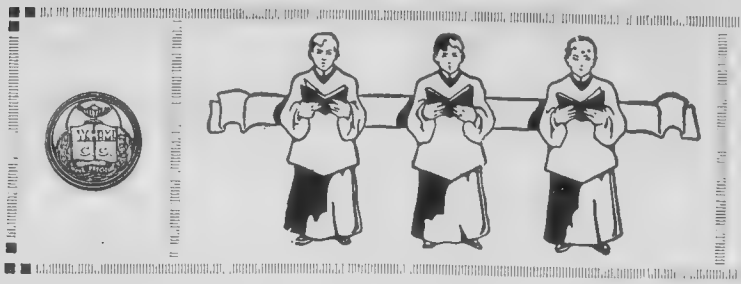


Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading there is Knowledge."

SOMETHING FROM THE EDITOR

And that something is just a good wish—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all our readers of the Cosy Corner. Such a nice year as we have had together, and such a nice year as we hope to have in 1923! I hope you will have a real old fashioned Christmas. The kind when you wake up early, early, and dare not get up, and finally go off to sleep again and wake up again half a dozen times—and then creep down stairs through the cold halls and find your parcels or your stocking or your tree, as the case may be, all laden with gifts useful and funny and ornamental. And then breakfast—a good big one with oranges to begin with, and sausages or bacon and mountains of toast; and then out to church to sing the lovely old Christmas hymns and carols, and to smell the fir trees that are decorating every window and pew. And then home, with people coming in with rosy cheeks and snow on their shoulders, and wishing each other all sorts of good wishes, and then, oh—the lovely smell of the turkey roasting, and the pudding boiling. And then the dinner—when you eat far more than is good for you, and are too lazy and dull to even play games for a while; and the crackers with the paper hats, and the games—musical chairs, and family coach, and forfeits and pinning tails on donkeys and then the sand man, and bed time and Christmas is over once more—but oh such a Christmas! That is what I wish you all every one of you, and the happiest New Year to follow.

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Merrily, merrily, merrily, O!
The reindeer prance across the snow;
We hear their tinkling silver bells,
Whose merry music softly tells
Old Santa Claus is coming.

Merrily, merrily, merrily, O!
The evergreens in the woodland grow;
They rustle gently in the breeze;
O, don't you think the Christmas trees
Know Santa Claus is coming?

Merrily, merrily, merrily, O!
We've hung our stockings in a row;
Into our beds we'll softly creep,
Just shut our eyes and go to sleep,
And wait—for Santa Claus is coming

Anon.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright.

Phillips Brooks.

Milk goats belonging to Ellis Levis, 4337 Kinnie St., New Westminster, B.C.

Gold buttons go to Jennie I. Murphy, Shelburne County, N. S.; Sven Morgren, Dubuc, Sask; Ellis A. Levis, 4337 Kinnie St., New Westminster, B. C.

If Orlin R. Hagman, of Mervin, Sask., will return his button to Bobby Burke, we will have a star put on it to show he has won another button in a competition.

Soon the editor will not have to do any writing for the corner. You will all be sending in so many good things. Here is a gold button for Olga Rygh of Kipling, Sask., who sent in a good story on "My Pet Kitten," and we will give honorable mention to her brother Albert Rygh, and to Evelyn Underhill, of Richard's Landing, Ont.

Last month buttons were also sent to Bertha Johnston, Southey, Sask., "A Beautiful Place I Know;" Alice E. Feader, Box 137, Moosomin. Special mention to "Bird Neighbors."

SOMETHING SENT IN

Kipling, Sask., Sept. 30th, 1922.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

As I am very interested in your contest and letters, I thought I would join one. I never have any pets hardly, but we have two little kittens that I love very well, so I decided to write on "My Pet Kittens."

One day we were playing catch around the haystacks, my brother and I. I nearly ran over something which I thought at first our cat Queeny. But I was mistaken. For, cuddled up in a cosy little nest lay two little kittens of which Queeny was the mother.

One, which I call "Fluffy," was nearly all white with a few grey spots and a very fat chubby grey tail which seems very large. Larger than I have ever seen any cat's tail. The other which I call Trixy because she is so full of tricks, is grey with a white strip around her neck. Part of her feet are white too, and her nose.

We put them in a manger to get them out of the way, where they stayed till they could see, then they moved to the garage of their own accord. One day Queeny caught two gophers and a big fat mouse for them. She also caught a number of sparrows for them, which we could not prevent her from doing. She kept the yard free of gophers and mice at least. She would hardly let us touch her kittens, these being her first. She was very scared that they should be hurt.

We have never let them in the house as we do not prefer cats or dogs in the house, and have not played with them much, so therefore they are very wild.

One day Queeny came mewing. I thought she wanted some milk and bread for her kittens, so I brought her some. This seemed to satisfy her. They would not come near when I was there, so I went away.

I have a tin in the corrall, and when I milk, I give the cats some milk. Queeny soon taught Fluffy and Trixy to come too. I used to have great fun watching them play. They would hide in the tall grass and when the other came up, would jump on its back. They will jump over one another and play with the hens though never hurt them.

I have to laugh at my foolishness whenever I think of it now. One night when I was milking the cows, Trixy climbed on my back and sat on top of my head. She tickled me and I had to laugh. I sat there laughing till she went off on her own accord; I not daring to chase her off for fear she would scratch me, for if you take a hold of them at all they will scratch.

But alas! a sad misfortune befell Trixy one day. They were cleaning the stable and just as they were going to haul the manure away, Trixy was right under foot, so they drove over one of her paws. At first we thought it was broken and thought we would have to put her out of her misery, but we soon found out that it was only hurt a little bit.

They are both getting big now and are not so wild, and are learning to catch gophers and mice for themselves.

Well, seeing my letter is getting long, I had better close and give some one else space. With best wishes,

Olga Rygh (13).

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO THIS MONTH

Put on your thinking caps and write me a story—not longer than a page and a half of foolscap, and see if in that space you can write a pretty fairy story for the New Year or about Christmas.

If the boys think this is too sissy, I would like them to try their hands at a detective story of the same length.

There will be a gold button for the best story by a girl and a gold button for the best story by a boy.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

By Orlin Hagaman, Mervin, Sask.

(Winner of competition)

Birds are the farmer's best friends, they help him by destroying insects and weed seeds. The farmer's life is made more cheerful by their pretty songs and bright plumage.

The different kinds of birds found in this locality are; Meadowlark, Robin, Barn Swallow, Goldfinch, Phoebe, Red-winged Blackbird, Screech Owl, White Owl, Hoot Owl, Butcher-bird, Night Hawk, Marsh Hawk, Crow, Partridge, Prairie Chicken, Chick-a-dee, Cow-bird, Flicker, Snipe, Duck, Whiskey Jack, Gull, Sparrow Hawk, Snow-bird, Blackbird, and several kinds of Sparrows. Geese, Cranes and Pelicans are seen in large flocks in spring and fall. There are also Yellow Warblers and Orioles.

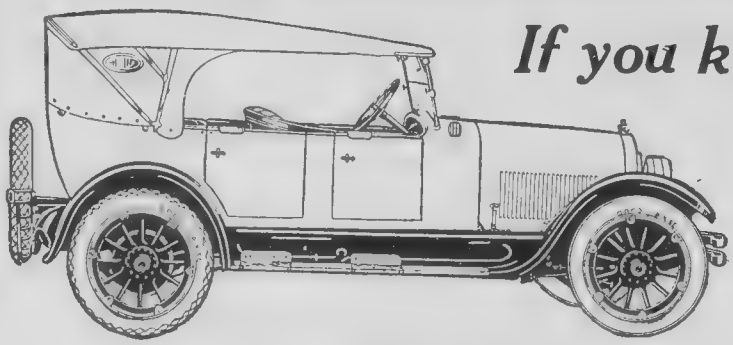
Birds worst enemies are stray cats, and sometimes pet ones, snakes, and among birds, Crows, Hawks, Butcher-birds and Cowbirds.

Continued on page 80

Freddie Earl Murphy, aged three, with his Dogs, Ponzi and Buster, Shelbourne Co., N. S. He is wearing his daddy's boots.

What are the Eighteen Most Common Christian Names?

If you know, You Win!



McLAUGHLIN MASTER SIX 1923 MODEL

If the winning ballot is sent in with $2.00 in subscription money the voter will be awarded this luxurious McLaughlin Master Six, 1923 Model, Touring Car, Winnipeg, value $1980, worth, freight prepaid, over $2000. The first correct or nearest correct ballot wins. Subscription rates $1.00 per year, $2.00 three years.

MAXWELL TOURING CAR 1923 MODEL

If the winning ballot is sent in with only $1.00 in subscription money the voter will be awarded this handsome Maxwell Touring Car, 1923 Model, Winnipeg, value $1465, worth, freight prepaid, over $1500. The first correct or nearest correct ballot wins. Subscription rates $1.00 per year, $2.00 three years.

One of These Automobiles and $1000.00 Given Away.

New and Renewal Subscriptions Count Alike. More ballots will be mailed on receipt of the one on this page. Only one prize awarded to any voter.

PRIZES

1. **AN AUTOMOBILE**
   If the winning ballot is sent with $2.00 in subscription money the voter will be awarded the McLaughlin Master Six Touring Car, freight prepaid to nearest station. If the winning ballot is sent in with only $1.00 in subscription money the voter will be awarded the Maxwell Touring Car, freight prepaid to nearest station.
2. **$500.00 CASH**
   Five hundred dollars cash, at par at the winner's bank, will be awarded the voter of the ballot which wins second place as the second correct or second nearest correct ballot received.
3. **$250.00 CASH**
   Two hundred and fifty dollars cash, at par at the winner's nearest bank, will be awarded the voter of the ballot which wins third place as third correct or third nearest correct ballot received.
4. **$150.00 CASH**
   One hundred and fifty dollars cash, at par at the winner's nearest bank, will be awarded the voter of the ballot which wins fourth place as the fourth correct or fourth nearest correct ballot received.
5. **$100.00 CASH**
   One hundred dollars cash, at par at the winner's nearest bank, will be awarded the voter of the ballot which wins fifth place as the fifth correct or fifth nearest correct ballot received.

PRIZES AWARDED MARCH 25th, 1923. DO NOT DELAY

It pays to enter early as the first correct or nearest correct ballot wins. Everything is to be gained by promptness, and the old saw "Do It Now" applies with special force to this vote. Fill out the order and ballot while you have it before you and mail with the money at the first opportunity.

HOW TO VOTE

Simply select from the list of twenty common names given in the ballot the eighteen which you think are the most common and mark them in what you believe to be their order of popularity. For instance, if Henry is your choice as the most common name you mark the figure 1 opposite Henry; if Margaret in your opinion is the second most common name mark 2 opposite Margaret and so on with 3, 4, 5 up to 18. Do not mark with an "X"—use figures.

That is all there is to it. When you are finished two of the names will not be numbered and the others will be marked in the order of your selection. In order to save making corrections on your ballot which will spoil it, select the names of your choice and write them on a separate sheet of paper and when you have arranged them in the order you think they ought to go, mark your ballot accordingly.

In Winnipeg where the Proportional Representation system of voting is used people understand the means by which the result is arrived at. But this need not concern voters in this name selection. All that you need to do is select the eighteen names in their order of popularity. You must win if you are right; the result will take care of itself. You can rely on the judges and the Voters' Representative to fairly determine the correct ballot. The system cannot be manipulated and those who know all about it do not enjoy any advantage in this vote over those who have never heard of it.

The ballot must be plainly filled in and no changes or corrections may be made in the figures. Do not mark with an "X." Once you have made the figures, leave them there. If you want to change them or have spoiled your ballot, write The Nor'-West Farmer for another. There is no limit to the number of ballots you may send in, but each ballot must be accompanied by the amount of money stated in the rules. More ballots will be mailed you on receipt of your first vote.

JUDGES

Mr. A. E. Parker, editor of Canadian Finance and Representative of the Proportional Representation Society of Canada, Winnipeg, will act as Chairman of the Judges' Committee and will select his own staff.

Mr. Parker supervised the work of tabulating the Proportional Representation vote in the City of Winnipeg during the last elections in the Province of Manitoba. He is a competent expert and will compile an exact impartial and indisputable list of the eighteen successful names in their order of merit. There is no question of the fairness of this method. The correct list will be determined solely from an actual count of all the ballots cast.

Dr. S. A. Bedford, Weeds Commissioner of the Province of Manitoba, will act as the Voters' Representative and will examine the records and check the work of the judges staff on behalf of those who vote. Dr. Bedford is well known throughout the West as an eminent agriculturist. He has acted in the interests of our readers on previous occasions to the entire satisfaction of all. Seven annual prize distributions have been made without a hitch. The names of Dr. Bedford and A. E. Parker, coupled with the reputation of The Nor'-West Farmer, and the method of conducting the prize distribution, are a guarantee of an equal opportunity for all.

RULES

READ THEM CAREFULLY

1. The winning ballot will be determined by the result of the total votes cast. The ballots are to be marked with the figures 1 to 18 opposite the names in their order of popularity. The name on the ballot which secures the most No. 1 votes will be the first on the correct ballot and the following 17 names will be selected in the same manner as candidates are elected under the Proportional Representation system.
2. The ballot must be properly marked with figures as explained under "How to Vote" and will be spoiled and disallowed if marked with an "X" or figures changed or corrected.
3. The first correct or nearest correct ballot received will be declared the winning ballot. All orders will be recorded in The Nor'-West Farmer cash book the day they are received and the order in which the names appear will be the order governing award of the prizes.
4. Anyone not connected with The Nor'-West Farmer residing in Canada west of the Great Lakes can take part in this name selection by sending in the subscription of any person who lives on a farm in Canada west of the Great Lakes or who owns or operates a farm in the above territory. This applies to new and renewal subscriptions, the voter's own or others.
5. Whether the McLaughlin or the Maxwell car will be awarded as first prize will depend on the winning ballot. If the winning ballot is sent in with $2.00 in subscription money the voter will be awarded the McLaughlin car. If the winning ballot is sent in with only $1.00 in subscription money the voter will be awarded the Maxwell car. The car will be shipped freight prepaid to the winner's nearest station—and the winner must take delivery of the car at that point.
6. $1000 in cash divided into four prizes 2, 3, 4 and 5 as shown under "prizes" will be awarded as indicated. Only one prize to any voter.
7. The Nor'-West Farmer reserves the right to disqualify any voter for any reason deemed sufficient by it, the Judges Committee and the Voters' Representative.
8. Additional ballots may be cast by the voter sending in more subscriptions and the required amount of subscription money with each ballot.
9. The Nor'-West Farmer reserves the right to amend these rules in the interests of the voters and the paper.
10. Premiums are not given on subscriptions with which ballots are allowed.
11. Ballots are not allowed on subscriptions previously paid.
12. The contest closes at midnight, March 15, 1923. Ballots will be received at The Nor'-West Farmer office up until 5.30 p.m., March 15, 1923, and all mail posted on that date bearing a legible post mark will be accepted up until noon March 20, 1923.

ORDER FORM

The Nor'-West Farmer
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sirs:—

I have enclosed $..... to pay for the following subscriptions. I understand that $1.00 in subscription money entitles me to a ballot that will win the Maxwell Car if it is the first correct or nearest correct and that $2.00 entitles me to a ballot that will win the McLaughlin car if it is the first correct or nearest correct. This money may be made up of my own or other persons' subscriptions either new or renewal, subject to the rules.

My Name .....

My Address .....

For ..... years. Amount paid $.....

Send paper to

Name .....

Address .....

For ..... years. Amount paid $.....

N.B.—This order Form must not be detached from the Ballot; both should be filled in and mailed to The Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg, with the money. Corrections or changes in the ballot figures will spoil the ballot; names or addresses may be corrected or changed if necesary. Ballots must be plainly marked.

BALLOT

BEFORE YOU MARK

Consider the names carefully, choose your first name with care; select your second choice, your third choice, and so on until you have made 18 choices.

Vote for your first choice by putting the figure 1 opposite the name of your favorite in the space provided.

Put the figure 2 opposite your second choice, the figure 3 against your third choice and so on up to 18.

Do not vote with an "X," if you do your ballot is spoiled.

Do not put the figure 1 opposite more than one name, if you do your ballot will be spoiled.

Do not make any corrections in figures.

Alexander	
Annie	
Edith	
Elizabeth	
George	
Henry	
James	
Jane	
Jessie	
John	
Joseph	
Mabel	
Mary	
Martha	
Margaret	
Robert	
Samuel	
Sarah	
Thomas	
William	

Voter's Name .....

Voter's Address .....

W.H.M

Do You Remember My Pictures? Charlie Chaplin

WIN $2500.00 IN PRIZES

NAME THE PICTURES THESE SCENES ARE FROM

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S Picture Plays have made millions laugh. He is particularly well known and appreciated in Canada. But whether or not you have seen all the famous Charlie Chaplin films that are being shown throughout the country, are you clever enough to find the names of the pictures from which the scenes at the right are taken? If you can you may share in the winning of $2500.00 in cash and prizes.

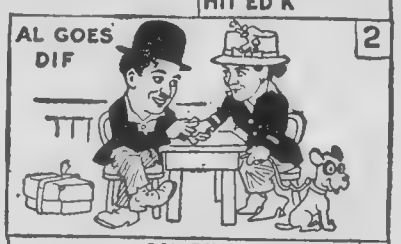
HOW TO SOLVE IT.

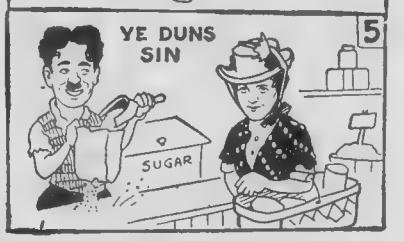
The object of this contest is to bring to your mind a few of the most popular of the famous Charlie Chaplin picture plays. The 5 scenes at the right are taken right out of five of his great pictures. In order to help you name them correctly the artist has put into these scenes the names of the plays themselves in jumbled letters. Unscramble these letters, put them into their right order and you will have their names. In case you are not familiar with the popular Charlie Chaplin picture plays that are appearing in Canada now, the names at the left will help you:

Favorite Charlie Chaplin Pictures

A Day's Pleasure.
The Tramp.
Shoulder Arms.
The Adventurer.
Sunny Side.
A Night at the Show.
His New Job.
In the Park.
A Dog's Life.
Easy Street.
The Idle Class.
Triple Trouble.
A Woman.
The Bank.
Shanghied
One A.M. The Cure
Pay Day. The Kid.

These Magnificent Prizes Given For Best Correct or Nearest Correct Replies.





PRIZE LIST

1st PRIZE FORD SEDAN
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2nd Prize Ford Touring Car, value - - $445.00

3rd prize $200.00 7th prize $25.00
4th prize $100.00 8th prize $15.00
5th prize $75.00 9th prize $10.00
6th prize $50.00 10th prize $8.00
11th prize $7.00
12th to 15th prize $5.00
16th to 18th prize $4.00
19th to 25th prize $2.00
Next 25 prizes . . $1.00
$500.00 in extra cash prizes will also be awarded to entrants to this contest.

2nd Prize
Value $445.00

THIS GREAT CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE. SEND YOUR ANSWER TO-DAY.

This great contest is nothing more nor less than a great advertising and introduction campaign. It is absolutely free of expense. It is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best known publishing houses in Canada, and has the endorsement of the great Charlie Chaplin Studios.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN HIMSELF IS HONORARY JUDGE!

Frankly this contest is intended to further advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine, but you do not have to buy anything, subscribe to anything or spend a cent of your money in order to enter and win a prize.

HOW TO SEND YOUR ANSWERS.

Write the names of the five pictures you think these scenes are from, using one side of the paper only. Put your full name and address (stating Miss, Mrs. Mr. or Master) in the lower right hand corner. Use a separate sheet for anything else you wish to write.

Mr. Chaplin as Honorary Judge, and three independent judges, having no connection with this company, will award the prizes, and the answer gaining 250 points will win First prize. You will get 20 points for each picture you name correctly. 40 points will be awarded for the general neatness, punctuation, spelling, etc., of your answer, 10 points for handwriting and 100 points for fulfilling a simple condition of the contest. This condition is only that you assist in this great advertising campaign by showing a copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine (which we will send you post paid) to just four friends or neighbours who will appreciate this really worth while Canadian publication and want it to come to them every month. The contest will close at 6 p. m. June 30th 1923, immediately after which the answers will be judged and prizes awarded. We reserve the right to alter the qualifying conditions from time to time as may appear necessary, though of course any such change will not affect anyone who has already qualified their entry. Don't delay sending your answer. This announcement may not appear in this paper again Address Charlie Chaplin Contest Editor, Continental Publishing Co., Ltd., Dept. 33 Toronto, Ont.

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COSY CORNER—*Continued from page 78*

Meadowlark

The Meadowlark is about the second bird to come from the south in the spring. It is the prettiest songster of this locality. Their chief food is insects.

The colors are; brown on back and wings with a few black dots across on upper part of wings, brown on back part of neck and top of head. Has yellow breast and throat with black ring on breast. White ring underneath and under tail.

The lark's nest is built on the ground, of dry grass. It has a covering of dry grass. The nest is made in April. The eggs are white, spotted with purplish brown. The nest is very hard to find. When the young are hatched they have a soft coat of down. They have most of their feathers when they leave the nest.

The Robin

The Robin is the first bird seen from the south in the spring. He is one of the nicest songsters here. He makes his living on insects, weed seeds and wild fruits.

The colors of the Robin are dark grey on back and wings, black on the head. The throat has some black streaks, the breast is orange red.

The Robin builds its nest in April and May. The nests are built of mud and grass. They are built on a shelf inside a building or in a tree.

The Robin lays 3 to 5 bright blue eggs.

May Your Christmas be a Merry One

The Barn Swallow

The color of the Swallow is blue-black on wings, tail, head and back, dull orange underneath. He also has a forked tail.

The Swallow builds it's nest of mud, lined with feathers, on shelves, in hay mowers or on rafters in old buildings. The eggs are white with brown spots.

The Swallow destroys many insects.

Gold-Finch

The Gold-finch is a very pretty little bird. It's song is pretty to hear. His living is made mostly on insects.

The colors of the Gold-finch are: male—black, black wings with a little white, tail black and white, bill yellow and body is yellow. The female's colors are: wings and tail grey, body and head dull yellow.

The nest is built in late spring, of grass and leaves, and 4 or 5 bluish white eggs are laid.

The Flicker

The Flicker is a wood-pecker. It's living is made pecking through the bark for ants, worms and bugs. It is a very valuable bird, for he helps protect the trees.

The colors of the Flicker are: male—yellow bill, light brown head with large spot of red on back of head, black under the eyes, throat has black mark. The wings are brown with black marks and black on half next to tip, tail is black, rump is white, breast white, speckled with black. The colors of the female are the same as the male only she has no black marks under the eyes.

The nest is built in a hole made in a snag, telephone pole or anywhere they can make the hole, and about six or seven white eggs are laid.

The Butcher-Bird

The Butcher-bird is one of small birds worst enemies. His living is made on mice, small birds and insects. He catches mice by sitting on a limb or wire, and when a mouse is seen pounces upon it. He catches the small birds by darting after them and following them until within reach to strike. When he catches his prey he carries and hangs it in a crotch of a tree or on a barbed wire.

The colors are grey on head and back, black spot behind the eyes, black bill, black tail, black wings with a little white and almost white breast.

The nest I found was an old Robin's nest. The eggs were white, marked with brown. The number of eggs in the nest was five.

The Butcher-bird is very noisy, especially when he catches something.

Red-Winged Blackbird

The Red-Winged Blackbird is always found around ponds, marshes, reedy lakes or anywhere where there is water.

COSY CORNER—Continued from page 80

The red shoulders make it a pretty bird. I like to hear it sing.

The colors of the male are blue-black, with bright red shoulders tinged with yellow. The female is greyish, with a little tinge of red on shoulders.

The nest is built among the reeds of grass and 4 or 5 pale blue blotched eggs are laid. When they are not mating they travel in flocks.

Blackbird

The colors of the male are glossy black, eyes white, bill yellow. The female has grey body and brown wings and tail. Nest is built in May of dry grass, and 4 to 5 greenish, speckled with brown, eggs are laid.

The Cow-Bird

The Cow-bird belongs to the black-bird family. They are usually found around cattle and horses, perching on their backs and catching flies. The food they eat is insects, weed seeds and grain. The female does not mate or build nests, but lays it's eggs of white speckled with brown, in other birds nests, and when the young Cow-bird is hatched, it crowds up and gets the food the mother brings the other birds. In that way it soon starves or smothers the other birds to death.

The Phoebe

The Pheobe belongs to the fly-catcher family. It lives entirely on insects. The insects are caught in the air. He keeps Hawks and Butcher-birds away from his nest.

The colors are dark grey on back, black head, black wings and tail, and white breast.

Couldn't find nest and eggs.

The Baltimore Oriole

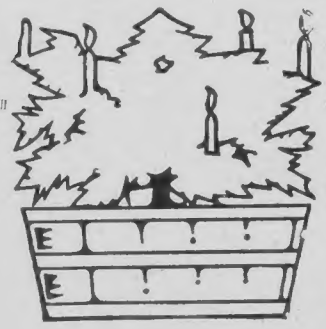
I do not think there are many Orioles in this locality. I only saw two this year, the male and female. The ones I saw, the male had a black head, black back, black and white wings, orange breast, orange rump, and orange and black tail. The female was all yellow excepting her wings, which were greyish brown and a little grey on the tail.

I couldn't find their nest.

The Screech Owl

I have not seen many Screech Owls this summer, but saw several last winter. There was one that stayed around the house a good deal perching in the trees. It was so tame we could catch it in our hands and it would not fly away when we let it go.

The colors were brown wings and back, speckled breast, white face with yellow around the eyes.



Santa's Trip

Santa seated in his airplane
Newly painted, red and black,
Had toys galore for little folks
Stowed away in his heavy sack.

The trip he knew without a guide,
No pilot shared his berth,
The clock struck twelve as he glided down,
To Dear Old Mother Earth.

He landed on a house top
Stalled his engine with much grace,
Took his pack from out the plane,
While a smile shone on his face.

Now he would do his little bit
To make children happy and gay,
For his trip comes only once a year
And this was Christmas Day.

—Melinda F. Stem.

Sparrow-Hawk

The Sparrow Hawk is a small hawk. They make their living on insects. They are caught by hovering over them and pouncing upon them.

The male is reddish brown on the back and tail, also there is a black mark on tip of tail. He has wings of blue and black. He has light breast with black speckles. The female has more red. She has not as much black on wings.

Yellow Warbler

Yellow Warblers are pretty numerous. They are found mostly around willows.

The male is yellow on body with a few specks of brown. It has brown wings and tail. The female is the same excepting the brown specks on the breast. Their nest is made from plant fuzz, and about five bluish white eggs are laid.

The Chick-a-Dee

The Chick-a-dee is found in among the woods or bushes. His song sounds like he says chick-a-dee-dee-dee. When he flies around among the bushes he says dee-dee-dee. In the winter time he comes around the house and picks up crumbs.

He is black on top of head, has black throat, dark grey wings and tail. The rest is white.

Haven't found nest and eggs.

Snow-Bird

The Snow-birds travel in flocks in the fall and winter to grain stacks and straw stacks. In the winter they come around the doorway to get crumbs.

The male is slate colored on the head, wings, tail, back and part of breast. The rest is white. The female is brownish. I do not know them in the summer time.

The Night Hawk

The Night Hawk flies through the air catching insects. When flying through the air he makes a hollow, booming sound. The colors are brown on head, wings and tail, some brown on breast, white rings on the throat and black bands on under part of body.

The Marsh Hawk

The Marsh Hawk is the hawk that is most common here. He sails over the fields in search. He sometimes catches small birds. He doesn't catch young chickens. In mating season he utters a shrill screech.

The colors are brownish-black on back, wings, upper part of head, upper part of tail is white and lower black. The white shows clearly in flight. The breast is red on some and grey with red speckles on others.

The nest is made in the marshes from dry grass and four or sometimes five white eggs are laid.

The Crow

The Crow flies in large flocks in spring and fall. He feeds on dead gophers and grain when they can get it. Some place I read where a crow was very wild. Well, here they seem to be pretty tame.

They are coal black.

The nest is made of sticks, horse hair, binder twine and about six dull, green, blotched with brown, eggs are laid. It is built 20 feet from the ground.

The Pelican

The Pelican usually is found around water. His living is made mostly by catching fish. If he catches more than he wants, he puts them in his pouch that is under his bill.

The Pelican has webbed feet. He is all white, excepting a little black on the wings—the pouch light orange.

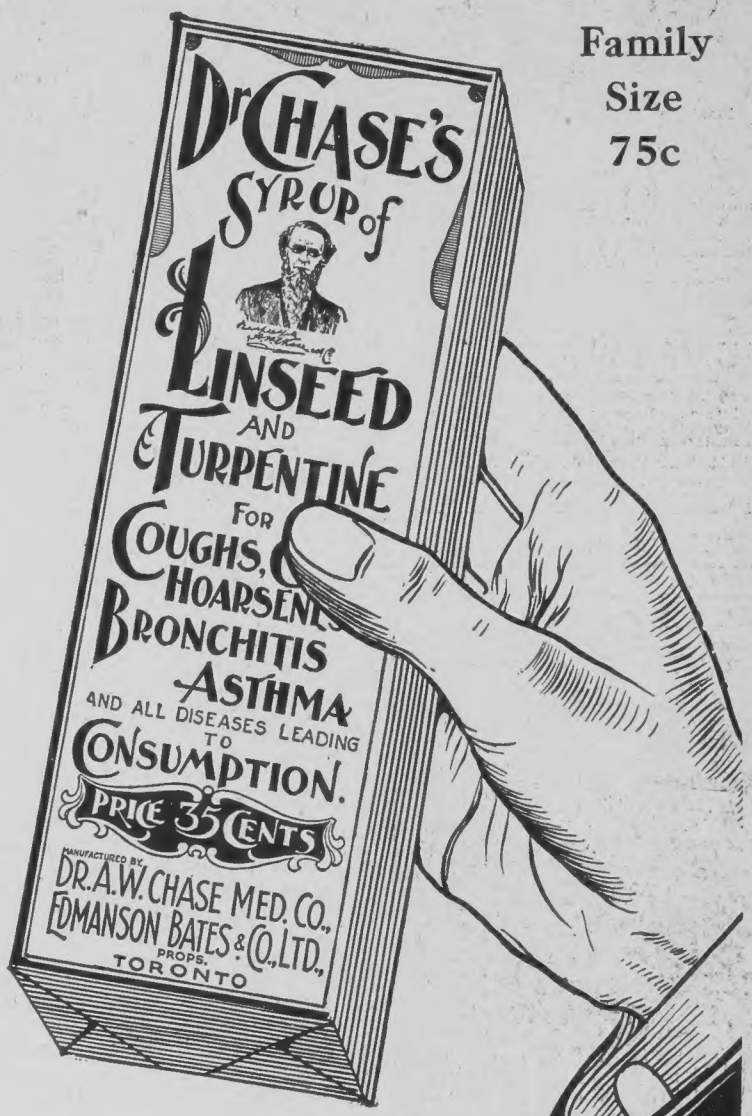
Prairie Chicken

The Prairie Chicken is usually found in the open fields. He feeds on grain and insects. During harvesting time he feeds on the grain stooks. In the winter time they feed on green feed stacks. They plunge underneath the snow so they will be protected from the cold.

Twelve or thirteen yellowish green eggs are laid in a nest made of dry grass, lined with feathers, on the ground.

The Old Favorite As Popular as Ever

Family Size 75c



And just as effective in relieving Coughs, Colds, Croup and Bronchitis

Boy had Bronchitis

MRS. E. HENRY, 556 Romaine St., Peterboro, Ont., writes:—"My little boy, now three years old, was born with bronchitis. We doctored with our family physician but he got no relief. He had it for two years, and all hope had been given up when a friend recommended DR. CHASE'S LINSEED AND TURPENTINE. I used several bottles of this, and it relieved him permanently."

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Has depended on Dr. Chase's Medicines for 21 years.

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The large bottle contains about 3 times as much as the smaller, and is therefore more economical buying.

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COSY CORNER—*Continued from page 81*

When a prairie hen has young ones she always tries to lead you away from them.

The colors of the prairie chicken are brown on the back, wings and tail; greyish on the breast.

The Wild Duck

The Duck is found around lakes, ponds and sloughs. One had her nest not far from the house in a low place where water stands in the spring, both this spring and last spring. There were nine eggs in the nest this spring, and twelve last spring. The nest was made from dry grass, warmly lined with feathers. When the duck leaves her nest to feed she always covers her eggs. The young ducks leave the nest almost as soon as they are hatched, for one evening a couple of eggs were pipped, and the next evening we went to look they were all hatched and gone.

The drake has a green head and neck, white underneath, brown on back and part of wings, the rest are several bright colors. The duck is mostly brown.

The Partridge

The Partridge is something like the prairie chicken. The partridge lives in the woods while the chicken lives in the openings. In the winter time the partridge feeds on buds of trees. Last winter they came around the barn picking up grain. We could get within a couple of yards from them and then they would not fly, but walk away. As soon as we would go away, they would come back again. They would also eat buds in the trees and we could go right under the limb they were on and they would not fly. The nest is lined with leaves and about twelve buff eggs are laid. When a partridge has young ones she always leads you away pretending lame. When I was about ten years old, a few years ago, I found a young partridge in the path. I started to pick it up and the mother partridge came and flew at me, so I put it down. In the winter the partridge either roosts in trees or sleeps in a snow drift or under the snow. Their feet are padded with down and in that way they can walk easily on top of the snow.

The Whiskey Jack

The Whiskey Jack is always found around where there is any meat scraps. He seems to be very tame, for he will come close and take any food he wants from campers.

He is grey with black on top of head.

The White Owl

This owl is only seen here in the winter time.

The Common Owl

The owl that is here is a hoot owl. He says "whoo, whoo."

The Gull

The gull is found mostly around the lakes. Sometimes in the spring, when the plowing and seeding is going on, they come in flocks and pick up the bugs and worms off the ground.

They have webbed feet and slim legs. Their bill is orange, head black, wings grey and the rest of the body is white. It is a very odd looking bird.

The Snipe

The snipe is a little grey and white bird with long legs. They wade in the water hunting for bugs.

LAND'S END

Continued from page 76

us for ten years, and I tell you, Anita, the man is my friend as well as my servant."

"Well, then, listen to me. If he doesn't get out, I am going!" I won't be put under a servant, and I won't take second place to an outsider in my own home."

"What are you going to do? Try economic independence, honikins?"

"Don't joke, you're going to be very sorry for this, daddy. I give you one more chance. Do I get what I ask for?"

"You'll get a darned good spanking when I come home to-night!"

"All right, then, I'm going. You can keep your Aunt Josephine and your Leawood, and your friend, the butler. I am going as far as possible from you. I hope I'll never see you again."

"By by, honey! Write us a post-card from China."

He returned to his conference, and while secretaries were distributing typewritten pamphlets on the resources of Alberta, said to his colleague on the left:

"What's the best thing to do when these kids kick over the traces?"

"Let 'em kick! It does them good. Remember my oldest girl, Marion? She got huffy at me, and left home, was going to make her own way, and be independent of parental control, and so forth. Well, she was back in a month, a sadder and wiser girl, and good enough sport to say so. Something up with Anita?"

"Yes. Just been telling me that if I don't give in to her latest whim that she will go so far away that I'll never see her again."

"Oh, well, she won't go far."

To be continued in January issue

OIL LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GAS

Burns 94% Air

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

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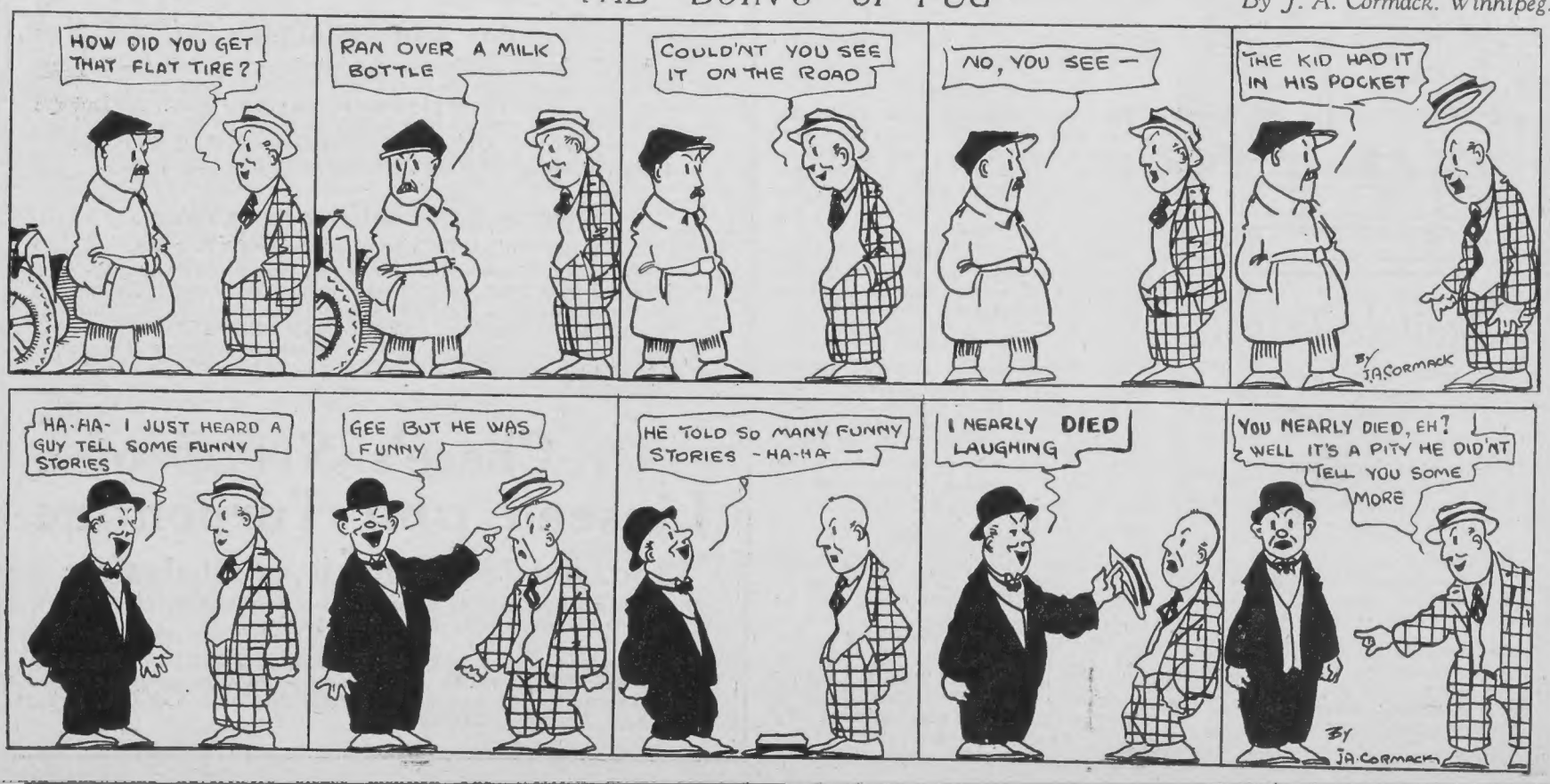
THE "DOIN'S" OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg.



THE GREY OLD MOTHER—EVER YOUNG

Continued from page 19

over the most Democratic nation in the world, a King more strongly entrenched in the hearts of his people than King has ever been, and serving as the visible link between the Mother and her daughter lands. There, too, humane ideals are being applied to industry and commerce; slums are being abolished, decent homes furnished for the people and life enriched on every hand. There the poorest child may hope to win the highest prize the nation has to give. A poor boy from a Mission School in Glasgow, with which I had to do, is now physician to many of the nobility and all the members of the Royal family. Lloyd George, brought up by a poor Welsh cobbler, has just retired from the most brilliant Premiership Britain has ever known, to be succeeded by the son of a poor Presbyterian Minister of Reston, N.B. Lord Beaverbrook, son of another poor Presbyterian Minister of Newcastle, N.B., has won wealth and almost the highest dignity Britain can bestow. Lord Inverclyde, and Lord Inchape were both poor Scotch lads from obscure villages, while Hamar Greenwood, a fellow student at Toronto University, crossed the Atlantic in a cattle boat to win fame and fortune and become Secretary for Ireland. Enterprise and integrity are nowhere surer of reward than in the Old Land, and no accident of birth can debar a man from achieving the best that is in him.

The war taxed the old Mother to the limit of endurance, but she paid the cost in blood and money without a murmur, and while other nations are whining and squabbling she has gone about restoring her crippled industries and her shattered economic fabric, and looks out with a stout heart to playing her part in restoring to mankind a decent world in which to live and prosper. Steadily, surely she moves onward, shunning extremes, sure of herself and sure of her destiny, the most Christian of all the peoples of the earth.

THE war took its toll of eight hundred thousand of her best, but her old virile spirit still survives, and her natural increase is 730,000 a year over and above the death rate, while in home and church and school and state the great creative forces which rejuvenate and perpetuate a race are as fresh and buoyant as in her youngest daughter state. She has many perplexing problems to face: unemployment is very prevalent, great multitudes have been impoverished by the War, there is widespread unrest, but one cannot help feeling that all these are but a challenge to her faith and steadfastness—a challenge she will not fail to meet.

Other Empires have died from the sheer weight of their own greatness, may it not be hers to show that a Christian civilization does not die, but goes from strength to strength until it leads the whole world up to undreamed of wealth of life and achievement.

Christmas is the time to relight the fires of love and gratitude in the Old Home, to call the children's footsteps or at least the children's hearts back to the old home. Is this Christmas not a fitting time to recall what we owe the Motherland, to quicken into newness of life our loyalty and affection for her, to support her in her tremendous task of world reconstruction by the whole souled devotion of all her daughter nations.

"It is a land that freemen till
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will.

"A land of settled government
A land of just and old renown
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

"Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread."

TENNYSON

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES—

Continued from page 69

behind him a signed blank cheque. "Fill it in for any sum you think reasonable," he said.

In course of time it dawned upon the American that the room was not for sale. So he sent men to copy the room. To the last detail this was done even to securing through advertisements in the Times copies of the pictures. Then carefully packed the room was sent to a shipping warehouse—and the warehouse was destroyed by a German bomb. Nothing daunted the American had a second copy made—not quite so complete as the first—and it may now be found in the Training School in Chicago.

Because at the Christmas season our thoughts turn naturally to the Lord of our lives, this article has stressed these impressions of direct witnesses to our faith. There are many others. One might speak of the way the old world has of keeping its past greatnesses before you, so that you are free of its treasures as you are not when you know them only in books of art galleries and libraries in the midst of busy thoroughfares of public squares filled with statues and monuments—some of them among the great works of art of the world—to its teachers and preachers and poets, its prophets of political and religious freedom.

OR one might speak of the realization one gets of the patient toil that for hundreds of years has gone into the making of that old world, done with a thoroughness and skill often defying time and the elements, and seeming to prove that it was done gladly without complaint for the satisfacion of having a share in the building. Nowhere did this come home more than when walking on the walls of Chester, slight though those walls are among the many walled cities of Europe. All that care taken, all that labor performed, to protect the frontiersman who came from Rome to carve out a new world in Britain. All in a moment the word we say so carelessly—"history repeats itself" came to have a new, a more real meaning to one who has the luck to be sharing in the building of another new world.

And even more than the toil of the body could one tell of the labor of the mind and spirit which went into the making of the ordered system of government which is our pride. How gladly could one tell how this too took on a reality before unknown as one made the eager pilgrimage to the Stone of London which the Romans almost 2000 years ago set up to mark the centre of their new camp; to an original copy of the Magna Charta in the British Museum; to the wonderfully beautiful Chapter House which so many miss when they visit Westminster Abbey where the first English Parliament met and where for two hundred years was waged the struggle for political freedom; to Westminster Hall, that marvel among old buildings, scene of so many significant happenings, the condemnation of Sir Thomas More, of Charles I, as well as of the acquittal of the seven bishops among others; and, lastly, to the Houses of Parliament in which three quarters of a century ago the British people expressed in noble architecture their sense of the dignity and worthiness of their system of Government by the people to which throughout the centuries men, seeking to serve not themselves but their country, have given not only the full service of their minds but often the sacrifice of their bodies.

Once more at home in Canada and thinking of these things, thinking also of the near appraoch of the blessed season when all men long to give in return for the Priceless Gift, their comes into one mind an old writing but with a new emphasis—"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Renouncing present Pleasure counts for Gain,
When present Pleasure carries future Pain.

Don't Praise yourself, lest others Doubt and Grieve you;
Yet don't Dispraise yourself—they might Believe you.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth eface.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from satan's power
When we were gone astray.

EXCURSIONS EASTERN CANADA PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS

HOME-VISITORS' FARES TO CENTRAL STATES

PACIFIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

—FROM STATIONS—

WINNIPEG AND EMERSON WEST IN MANITOBA SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA

—TO—

NEW WESTMINSTER, VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA

FIRST-CLASS ROUND TRIP TICKETS ON SALE

DEC. 5, 7, 12, 14, 19, 21, 26, 28, 1922
JAN. 2, 4, 9, 11, 16, 18, 23, 25, 1923
FEB. 6, 8, 1923

TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN UP TO APRIL 15

CHOICE OF ROUTES | STOP-OVERS

EASTERN CANADA

FROM STATIONS

WINNIPEG WEST IN MANITOBA SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA

FIRST-CLASS TICKETS WILL BE SOLD

SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD

FOR ROUND TRIP

—FROM—

DEC. 1, 1922 TO JAN. 5, 1923 (Both days inclusive)

—TO POINTS—

EAST & SOUTH OF & INCLUDING SUDBURY & COCHRANE

GOOD TO RETURN WITHIN 3 MONTHS FROM DATE OF SALE

CHOICE OF ROUTES | STOP-OVERS ALLOWED

TICKETS VALID IN TOURIST & STANDARD SLEEPING CARS UPON PAYMENT USUAL ADDITIONAL CHARGES

EXTENSION PRIVILEGES ON TICKETS

CENTRAL STATES

FROM STATIONS

ALBERTA AND SASKATCHEWAN

—AND BETWEEN—

HUDSON BAY JUNCTION AND THE PAS

FIRST-CLASS ROUND TRIP TICKETS ON SALE

DAILY DEC. 1 to JAN. 5, 1923

—AT—

SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD

TO POINTS IN

CENTRAL STATES

MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL, DULUTH, MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO, CEDAR RAPIDS, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, FT. DODGE, ST. LOUIS, SIOUX CITY, KANSAS CITY, OMAHA, WATERTOWN, MARSHALLTOWN

TICKETS GOOD FOR THREE MONTHS

Our travel experts are at your disposal. They will assist you in arranging all details, quote lowest fares, make reservations, and give you all information on any of the foregoing points.

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

A Proverb Up-to-Date

A drink in time will save nine—if it's wood alcohol—Hamilton Herald.

Less than a Cent

When a man makes his mark in Germany in these days, he doesn't make much.—Ottawa Veteran.

Genealogical Item

Each of us has a family tree, but some trees are more shady than others.—Montreal Standard.

Thus He Became Healthy, Wealthy and Wise

How did John D. Rockefeller make his money? Oily to bed, and oily to rise.—Ottawa Citizen.

Will they also Wag their Tails?

Prince Rupert, B.C., is trying to commercialize the dogfish. Easy: Advertise and hear the dogfish bark.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

Politicians' Portraits

Politicians appear to grow old everywhere except in their newspaper pictures.—Vancouver Province.

Politics

There are two sides to all political questions—the inside and the outside.—Washington Post.

Within a Close Shave of Half a Century

A Toronto barber, in business 48 years, is about to retire. And it was about time for him to cut it out.—Kingston Whig.

The Pioneer Districts

"Back to the Land" is a good slogan, but it needs to be accompanied by earnest effort to make life in the pioneer districts more attractive.—Edmonton Bulletin.

The World We Live In Now

Past experience alone will not do for the world we live in now. The great use of that is to show us what not to do. It has nearly wrecked our ship of life; we want something better.—Boston Transcript.

Economy and Taxes

A news item tells us that economy is needed to avoid new taxes. We find it essential in order to pay old ones.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

The Slippery Throne of Greece

Selecting a king of Greece is a good deal like vaccination—sometimes he takes and sometimes he doesn't.—Edmonton Journal.

Henry and John D

John D. Rockefeller's income is bigger than Henry Ford's, so tax returns show, but note that both are prospering at opposite ends of the same business.—Buffalo Express.

Soviet Militarism

Trotzky has declared military training compulsory. A beautiful thing—the perfect freedom which the soviet autocracy has brought to Russia. — Philadelphia Ledger.

Australia's Big Saving

Australia has cut her military and naval budget by £1,230,000 a year. This is a direct result of the Washington Conference, which did away with the Japanese naval bogey.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Something Columbus Hadn't

A new issue of postage stamps shows Columbus standing at the prow of his ship, holding a telescope, although the telescope was not invented until a hundred years after Columbus.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Ethiopian's Quiet Life

Italy, and Greece, Turkey and China, have each thrown a political fit. Only the Ethiopian in the jungles of Africa gets a crack nowadays at the quiet life.—Victoria Colonist.

Transatlantic Harmonies

Strains of an orchestra broadcast from a radio station in Newark early Sunday morning were heard in London. Bands across the sea.—Providence Journal.

The Search for Twelve Great Men

That search for the "twelve greatest men in the country" goes merrily on, with the opinion steadily gaining ground that there aren't as many as that.—New York World.

Hunting a Rabbit, Finding a Wild Cat

A story from the East tells about some men who went out to hunt a rabbit and found a wild cat. This is not an unusual experience in life.—Lethbridge Herald.

Is There to be No End of Ford Jokes?

Some jokes go a little too far. The Woodstock Sentinel Review says of Henry Ford's fortune that he can look at it and truthfully say that he shook it out of the people.—Toronto Telegram.

A Question Answered

When people ask "Who made Canada?" the answer is those who came here and worked here and stayed here; not anything they left behind them.—Saskatoon Star.

End of the Antigonish Ghosts Episode

Mary Ellen, heroine of the Antigonish ghost stories, has been sent to an asylum. Room should be found in the same institution for some of those who "investigated" or exploited the affair.—St. John Telegraph.

Naturally

Sir Thomas Lipton thinks the United States is much better off under prohibition. There are plenty of substitutes for hard liquor and indeed Sir Thomas can mention one that is very, very good.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Motorists and Pedestrians

There are getting to be so many motorists and such a reduction in the number of pedestrians that it may yet be necessary for pedestrians to be run over twice in order to keep the standard up.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The World's Hope

The world's hope is in the youngsters who are marching through school days to take up where we leave off. They are going to inherit big problems. And they will bring to the solution of those problems fresh energy and a new vision.—Galt Reporter.

Democracy

When the idea gets around that the people are governing themselves and are getting the kind of government they are providing for themselves then things may pick up a little and a better era be ushered in.—Stratford Beacon.

Rumania's Debt to Canada

The United States wants Rumania to pay its debt of $40,000,000, contracted for foodstuffs. We have not heard anything recently of the little debt of $25,000,000 which Rumania owes Canada—a debt, like that owed to the United States, which Rumania contracted for foodstuffs.—Journal of Commerce.

Glaring Automobile Lights

If there is not a law against glaring automobile lights there should be one. And if there is one on the books it should be enforced. The glaring headlight is a menace to human life.—Brantford Expositor.

Not an Extinct Habit Yet

Carl E. Akely, American naturalist, who has just returned from an expedition to Central Africa, says that man at one time used the roar of the gorilla. Some of them are still doing it.—Halifax Herald.

Impossible to Say

A hunter's stray bullet, shattering the window, knocked a knife out of the hand of a boy who was eating at the table. Whether to class this as a narrow escape or a lesson in good manners it is impossible to say.—Guelph Herald.

Peace and Co-operation

In a few thousand years, no doubt, a new and superior variety of the human species will have been evolved. In the meantime perhaps it may not be a mistake to cultivate a friendly feeling for the sort already in existence.—New York Tribune.

"Who Steals My Purse"

Slander laws should not be necessary, but for that matter we might as well say there should be no laws against robbery. In principle these two offences are much the same. But the victim of slander often is ignorant of the fact that he is being wronged, and at times is reluctant about having a false allegation aired in so public a place as a court.—Brandon Sun.

Our Farthest North Post Office

A Canadian Post Office has been established 850 miles from the North Pole. In that far Northern region there are said to be coal, petroleum, gypsum, iron, mica and possibly gold. Who knows what storehouses of wealth remain to be revealed in the vast regions of Canada which have not yet been investigated.—Ottawa Journal.

Too Much Government in Canada

Just at the time when there is a move for the creation of another province in Canada, an overseas visitor comes along and tells us that there is now enough governmental machinery in Canada to govern a population four times as great.—St. Thomas Times Journal.

A New Marvel of Human Flight

A speed of no less than four miles a minute is said to have been attained by a British airplane of a new type. This is a speed greater than any that has ever heretofore been attained by man, or as far as is known by any bird. It would only require that this speed be multiplied by four to enable an airman to start at sunrise and keep the sun rising behind him, but never getting any higher so far as he was concerned.—Fort William Times Journal.

The Turks' Most Powerful Ally

It is recorded in history that 300 years ago, after a disastrous war, the Sultan of Turkey ordered to be recited in every mosque this prayer, "May the Angel of Discord, who has always been our ally, come again to our aid, and confound our enemies." This ally has been doing yeoman service for the Turk during the past two years.—Chicago Tribune.

The Capacity for Leadership

Those who are capable of leadership will push their way to the top, no matter where they start. This was true in the pioneer days, when the log cabin produced Lincoln. This is true to-day, when the workshop has produced leaders like Henry Ford. There may be such a thing as "the aristocracy of brains," but it will never be an aristocracy dependent on birth and traditions.—Stratford Herald.

"Doing" the Government

The revelations made in the Canadian Post Office Department make it plain that if a government department is not handled by a man with the eye of a hawk, the courage of a lion, and the tenacity of a bull pup, the people will proceed to "do" the government at every turn. The public never appears to get the idea that the government's business is the public's business.—Toronto Star.

Joy in an Orchard

Apple pies fragrant with the fruit and scented with cinnamon, apple dumplings, apple sauce, apple butter, apple cider and dozens of other ways have been devised for the enjoyment of the apple, but no way is, in the final analysis, so good as eating the fruit from the tree as in the first of all gardens, with hundreds of other apples inviting one's kindly attention, with only good results to follow, rather than a gate barred forever on the pleasures of this life.—Hamilton Spectator.

Alcohol Prevents Efficiency

There is a kind of crime, unfortunately very prevalent, which is not associated with drunkenness, but on the contrary, demands strict sobriety. The modern bandit is not a drunkard. His occupation calls for a kind of efficiency that does not go with indulgence in intoxicating liquors. Much of his work is done in broad daylight or under conditions calling for a high degree of both nerve and skill.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Ex-Kaiser Self-Revealed

The more you read of the memoirs of the Ex-Kaiser the more you wonder how the author of such a book could ever have played the part William Hohenzollern is generally understood to have played in world affairs. The memoirs reveal a curious mind, but certainly not the mind of either a soldier or a statesman. He dabbled in everything, and doesn't seem to have known much about anything. One begins to doubt his responsibility for the Great War; how could such a man have led a great nation against its will?—Calgary Herald.

The German Will to Work

The plain truth is that Germany's real wealth consists not in her mines or her vineyards or her cornfields, but in the industry of the German working man, the organizing power of the German industrial captains, and the patient research of the German scientist. And all these assume a will to work in the classes concerned. How is it possible to pretend that this will not be destroyed if it is made patent that any profits (except perhaps a bare subsistence wage) will be ear-marked beforehand by foreigners.—London Daily News.

The Cost of Discovering America

A patient investigator who has been digging among the archives of Genoa has hit upon some information which enables him to state just how much the discovery of America cost the Spanish crown. Columbus, as a Spanish Admiral, had a yearly salary which would be equivalent to about $3,200 to-day. The voyage lasted about seven and a half months, so the item of the discoverer's salary would be little more than $2,000. That of his captains cost $2,250 and the men received about $21,250 for the voyage. The fitting out of the three ships was done at an expenditure of roughly $28,000. America was therefore discovered at a cost of barely $60,000. Surely this can scarce be considered excessive.—Montreal Gazette.

Woodrow Wilson

Some day there will be written a detached and comprehensive estimate of Mr. Woodrow Wilson in his relation to the greatest crisis through which humanity has passed. It will have an important place in the history of the world. Now, a few years removed from the events in which he participated, it is impossible to judge him fairly. He is still an enigma. With the passage of time, permitting the conflicting aspects of the strange figure to be measured in their co-relation, the real Wilson will emerge from the shadow.—London Times.